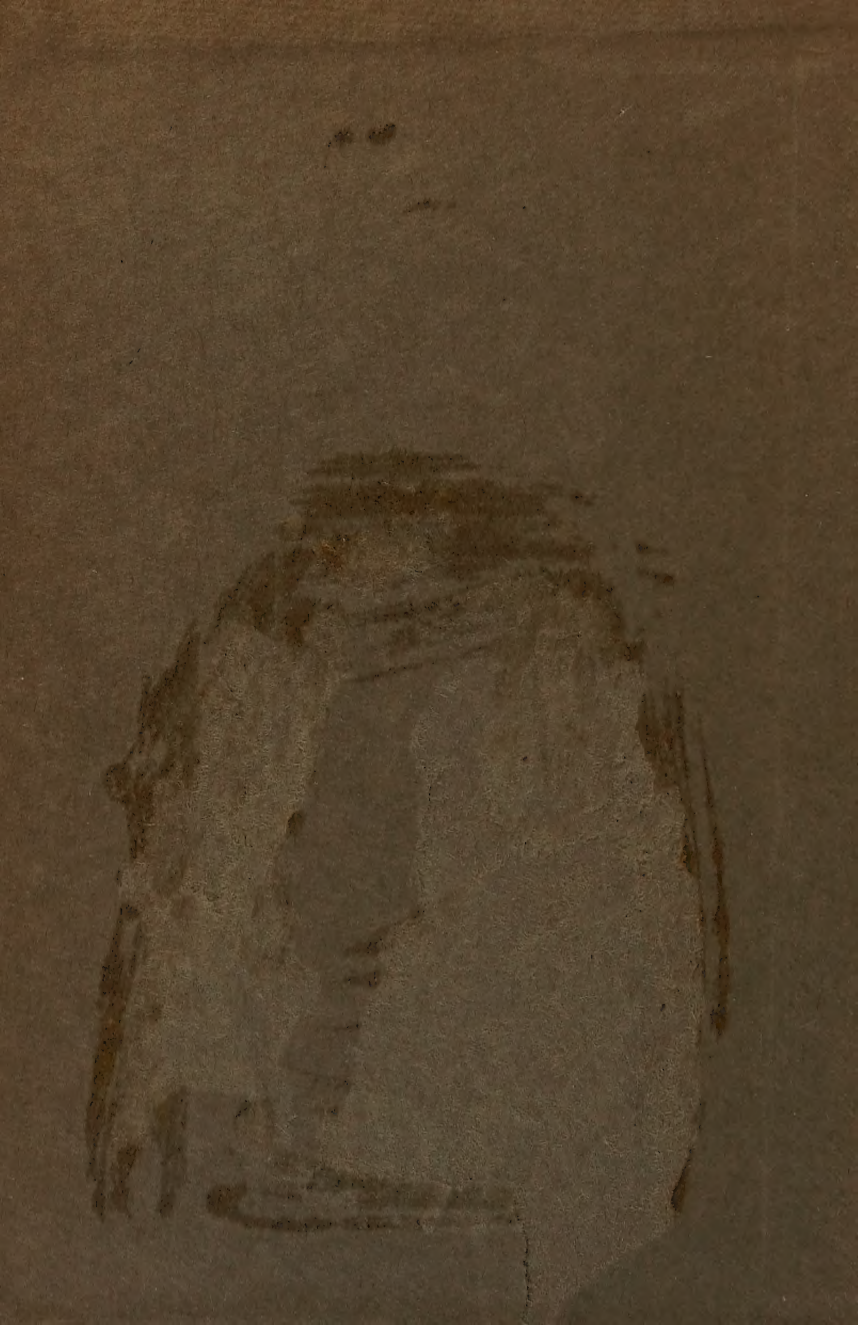

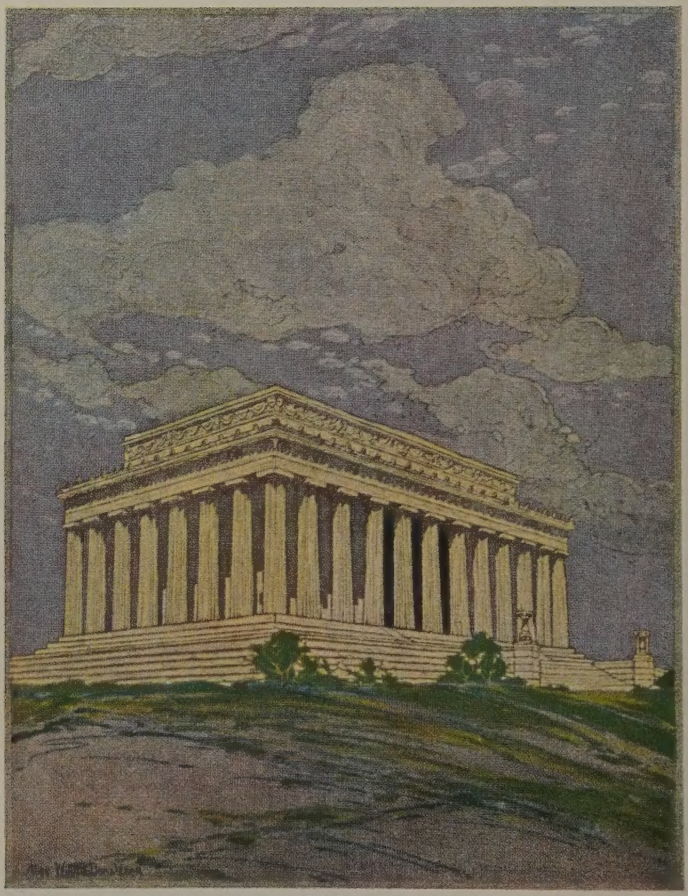

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

THE BOOK OF WASHINGTON

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By

ROBERT SHACKLETON

Author of "THE BOOK OF BOSTON," "THE BOOK OF NEW YORK," "THE BOOK OF PHILADELPHIA," "THE BOOK OF CHICAGO," ETC.

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA
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THE BOOK OF WASHINGTON

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THE BOOK OF WASHINGTON

CHAPTER I

THE CITY OF GEORGE THE GREAT

THE city of George the Great! And why should he not be known as George the Great! Familiarly to all Americans come such names as Napoleon the Great, Frederick the Great, Catherine the Great, Louis the Great, Peter the Great.

The leader in a republic is under a marked disadvantage, for his time is limited, his rule is for a few years only, whereas, a monarch may have many years of rule and op-

portunity. Louis the Fourteenth had over seventy years of kingship in which to win in history the undisputed title of "great," but the great Washington was head of the army for only eight years and gladly gave up the post; he was President for another eight years and, again, gladly retired. His contemporary, Frederick the Great, became king when Washington was but a boy of eight and continued to rule until three years after the completion of our Revolutionary War.

Another contemporary of Washington was Peter the Great, and he ruled arbitrarily for a quarter of a century and was formally given by what was known as the Russian Senate the title of "the Great" and remarkably, the Washington-like title of "Father of his Country."

Both Peter the Great and George Washington founded a city, a capital city, and in each case the city was named after its founder—the City of Washington and the City of St. Petersburg. Peter laid the foundation stone of his St. Petersburg and Washington the foundation stone that marked the beginning of the city of Washington, in the course of the same century! Each was an event of the seventeen hundreds. It is one of those facts on which the imagination loves to linger.

While winning his right to be classed among the great ones of the world, Washington won also loving admiration: he won distinction, honor, even veneration, in measure quite unapproached by any other of the great or the near-great or the little.

The very nation that he had fought, and from which he had wrested the Thirteen Colonies, led in doing him honor. Every Englishman of character and standing grieved when the news arrived of his death. And for example, a fleet of sixty anchored ships of war, at once set its flags at half-mast. When, a quarter of a century later, England was again at war with us, and a British fleet, under orders to attack and burn the cities of Washington and Baltimore, sailed past Mount Vernon, every ship put its flag at half-mast and the flagship solemnly tolled its bell.

Washington, at the time of his death, was holding himself in readiness, at the desire of President Adams and the Senate, to assume active command of our forces as soon as the then fully expected war with France should begin: but when the news of his death reached the French, their leader, Napoleon, then First Consul, ordered that for ten days all the standards of the troops should be draped with crepe, and in issuing this order the mighty Frenchman told his armies of the greatness of Washington and of his leadership for freedom.

When "Tom" Moore was in America, in 1804, his vanity was touched by not receiving more adulation than he did, and his foreign prejudices made him incapable of recognizing possibilities in the new city. He even searched for wasp-like phrases to use in belittling the mighty leader, and then gave up the effort as he burst into unwilling enthusiasm:

"Nor yet the patriot of one land alone
For thine's a name all nations claim their own.
And every shore, where breathed the good and brave,
Echoed the plaudits thy own country gave."

Before settling down to build the City of Washington, for its home, our Government had been peregrinative, perambulatory, peripatetic. It had exercised its functions not only at New York and Philadelphia, but at York, Baltimore, Annapolis, and Lancaster.

A settled home was required for the national housekeeping; and after a great deal of discussion, representative of a great deal of rivalry, a balancing of conflicting prejudices and interests, it was decided, carrying into effect Constitutional provision, that the seat of Government should be a piece of territory, not more than ten miles square, situated somewhere on the Potomac River, taken part from Maryland and part from Virginia, between certain defined points—namely, between the mouth of the Eastern Branch of the Potomac and that of the Conocheague (now what an unknown name!)—and George Washington was given the power to decide upon the precise locality. Literally, three men, of whom he was the chief, were to be the deciders, but in practice it resolved itself into a matter for Washington alone, for the other two promptly slipped out of sight. And he declared in favor of a territory which included the present site of the city, with also the already existent towns of George-

town (now within the city limits) and Alexandria. Half a century afterwards, the portion which included Alexandria was given back to Virginia, leaving a territory of something over sixty square miles of land and ten of water instead of the original one hundred. Or, if one would be particular to the point of absolute correctness, he may take it that the total area, of land and water, is now sixty-nine and one-quarter square miles.

Washington fixed upon the location of the capital city. The choice was made out of a wide local knowledge, with such promptitude that the decision was announced within three days after the passage of the enabling act. The new city, the Federal City he termed it, was at once laid out and its construction begun.

And in one particular the city was most curiously planned, for it was in a sense planned as two cities: one, with ancient houses, some of them still standing, leading to the southeast and to the ferrying point across the Potomac, that connected with Alexandria: the other town beginning with the White House, and connecting at once, past old-looking houses, with ancient Georgetown.

So it came about that the oldest homes in Washington are in two widely separated groups. The two separate communities, one dominated by the Capitol, the other by the White House, were to be connected by boulevards and gardens, which were to be lined by public buildings.

And it is keenly to be regretted that, until the present day, the nobly picturesque planning was but slightly carried into effect.

But it should not be forgotten that Washington had to decide according to the standards of commerce, of shipping possibilities, of problems of municipal growth, of communication with the interior of the States, and the north and south communication; and, always, that he was held to the best that he could do between the Potomac Branch, more frequently known as the Anacostia, and the long-forgotten Conocheague. And it may be that in the last four letters of this stream's name there were many who recognized something ominous for the new city.

With Georgetown and Alexandria both of them flourishing towns within the limits of the District, it assuredly seemed as if no better locality could be chosen for the new capital city.

Busy as Washington was with the multifarious duties of his position as President; the Constitution having but newly gone into effect, with its entirely new form of government; and with a myriad of problems confronting him as to home affairs and our disturbed relations with Europe; he still found time to devote close attention to the new city; knowing that the formation of the capital, its actual beginning, its holding a place on the map and in the public eye, would have a great effect in stabilizing public opinion. He did not attempt to plan the new city unas-

sisted. Always ready to assume complete responsibility, and always ready to make decisions, he at the same time had none of the vanity which would prevent his seeking advice. He knew intimately New York, Philadelphia and Boston, but not the cities of Europe. He talked the matter over with Thomas Jefferson, and Jefferson, remarkable man that he was, discussed fully and freely the plans and the buildings of numerous cities abroad. For Jefferson had not only closely observed what he saw on the other side of the ocean but had made voluminous notes.

An assistant was necessary and Washington chose a Frenchman, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant. Trained as an engineer, in France, he had come over with Lafayette. He had soon attracted the attention of Washington, had ably designed the construction of fortifications, and had been made chief of engineers. After the war he had remained in this country, designing and altering various buildings, principally for the Government.

L'Enfant threw himself into the new work with intense absorption. He saw in it, opportunity. And he promptly produced a plan for the city.

On the main street of Georgetown there still stands a little stone building which was used as an office, for the work of planning, by Washington, Jefferson, L'Enfant and others. There the matured plan of Jefferson, that of a checker-board city, was discussed and there it was rejected in favor of the

plan of L'Enfant. His plan is still the plan of the city.

The criss-crossing of numerous avenues at unexpected tangents, with numberless odd junctions and breaks and unexpectednesses, just as the streets and avenues are still seen, were all in the plan of L'Enfant: and even the combination of numbered streets in one direction and lettered streets in the other, with the State-named avenues running at the queerest of angles, was his. But of course there were then only thirteen of them. A witty compatriot said of L'Enfant, that he was well named; that he was indeed an "Enfant," for he was "practising his A, B, C and his 1, 2, 3."

L'Enfant visualized a fine city. His map, showing what he planned, has been preserved and is in the Congressional Library. The mile-long stretch between the two city centers, was to be a mile of beauty. A curious feature was to be a series of large mansions for foreign ministers, and another curious part of the general plan was to have a great national religious temple, to represent all sects, stand where the Patent Office was afterwards built. The proposed grouping of public buildings along the mile of planned beauty, was to be added to by artistic memorials, and bordered by beautiful mansions with gardens and sloping lawns. This at first empty space explains the woods so often ignorantly jeered at by early writers and travelers: for there was no haste in clearing away the woods even if they could at once

have been made to disappear. A monument to President Washington was planned, to be set at right angles to a line drawn southward from the center of the White House, and to stand precisely on the axis. By all this vision splendid Washington and L'Enfant were on their way attended. They dreamt of the most beautiful city in the world. An odd feature suggested by the Frenchman, was rows of shops, facing upon arcaded sidewalks: an effect attained in some of the old European cities.

America was a young nation and far from rich. With amazing bravery, considering her indebtedness and her lack of resources, her newness in handling large sums, the Capitol was begun and also the White House; and the street plan was carried into effect; but it was impossible to go on instantly with other public buildings: and before the matter could again be taken in hand, the region between White House and Capitol had largely been occupied by unbeautiful and undesirable structures. Private speculation had been allowed too free a hand.

It was unfortunate, too, that Washington and L'Enfant could not work long together. L'Enfant saw his plan beginning to fail of complete consummation. A perverse man, he took a high hand with such men as opposed him. When a house was placed by a private builder where it would interfere with the general plan, L'Enfant ordered it torn down. Finding his stand opposed he withdrew within himself, and refused to let his plans be shown or

known. Unfortunately, his irritation extended to Washington himself. And Washington, immensely busy as he was, had no time to spend on artistic travail. To him, Major L'Enfant was an officer who was insubordinate. And the Frenchman's connection with the city planning ceased after a year of enthusiastic work.

The blow crushed L'Enfant. He could not advantageously return to France, for France was in the fierce stress of her own Revolutionary changes. He stayed on in America, from time to time making claims on Congress, and lived more than a quarter of a century beyond the death of Washington. And he lived in proud and lonely wretchedness. Corcoran, he of the Art Gallery—so closely connected are the first days of the city of Washington and the practically present time—has told of how he used to see L'Enfant, wearing "a long green coat buttoned up to his throat, a bell-crowned hat: moody and lonely."

He always bore in his hands a roll of papers, ready to appear, if summoned before a Congressional committee: and he carried a silver-headed hickory cane. That keen-sighted English architect, Latrobe, wrote of him in 1806, with one phrase in particular, of tremendous vividity: "Daily through the city stalks the picture of famine, L'Enfant and his dog." How the dog adds to the grimness of the picture! And how one thinks of man and dog creeping off into the darkness! And how curiously is

this story of the bitter closing years of L'Enfant like the story of the bitter closing years of that other Frenchman also condemned by Washington, Pierre Landais, who stalked in poverty about the streets of New York, carrying the roll of papers which represented his claim against the American Government.

The body of L'Enfant long lay in obscurity, where, in obscurity, it was buried, but it was taken up a few years ago, and placed in an honorable position in honored Arlington.

Had it been possible for Washington and L'Enfant to keep constantly withir personal touch, the situation would probably have developed differently. But Washington, with the tremendous demands of the new Presidency, was most of the time in New York and Philadelphia in the early nineties: it will be remembered that the Government did not take possession of the Federal City until the administration of Adams.

We find L'Enfant writing to Washington: "From this height, every tower and building would rear with a majestic aspect over all the country round, and might advantageously be seen from twenty miles off, and facing on the grandest prospect to the Potowmack."

L'Enfant could not understand needful economy. He it was who drew such expensive plans for the Philadelphia home of Robert Morris that the mighty financier was ruined. And similar unchecked lavish-

ness would have ruined the finances of the United States.

In spite of his genius L'Enfant was impracticable. Washington was a genius who aimed at practical results. It was no time for nursing grievances but to do the best one could. Washington put in another engineer and the work went on. For the building of the Federal City could not be stopped. The name of the city was changed to Washington as soon as it began to be used as the Capital.

Rigid as Washington was in exacting results from others, he was equally rigid with himself. He never relaxed from standards of duty. Yet, with this, he possessed wealth of sympathy and affection. From the time of his marriage until his death he wore upon his breast, suspended, out of sight, by a gold chain, a miniature of his wife. And John Quincy Adams left on record that at a dinner when his mother, Mrs. John Adams, was present, Washington took out all the sugar-plums from a cake and gave them to Mrs. Adams to take home to her son, little John. Yet Washington was capable, on rare occasions, of fierce and blazing anger.

George Washington was indifferent to his ancestry. He liked to say that he was an American, of English descent; to him, that represented the best of combinations. Doubtless he knew, for he knew his Clarendon, that the most famous of the English Washingtons had particularly distinguished himself on the side of the King against Parliament in the

preceding century, and he deemed it not necessary, in the face of American conditions, to bring up comparisons.

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen: then none more fitting to map and plan and decide upon the outlines of the capital city.

One thinks of him, riding about this city in the making; leaving that little stone house over in Georgetown and going slowly, on horseback, toward the site of the White House and the Capitol: perhaps, sometimes, in the sporting costume whose description has come down to us: blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top boots, velvet cap, whip with one thong. Or he may have ridden about sedately, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, and with a long-handled umbrella attached to his saddle-bow to keep off the heat of the sun.

In the center of one of the many circles of the city, on Pennsylvania Avenue at the junction of New Hampshire, is an equestrian statue of Washington: and in relation to it there came to Bret Harte a grim conception. For Bret Harte, describing in swinging lines the Grand Review that marked the close of the Civil War, wrote:

"Two hundred thousand men in blue,
I think they said was the number,
Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,
The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of people who came to greet."

Whereupon he goes on to a dream vision of the night hours following the review. He imagines himself standing at the front of the Capitol.

"Then I held my breath with fear and dread;
For into the square, with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head,
O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
To the phantom bugle's warning:

"Till it reached the Capitol square, and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form that in State and field
Had led our patriot sires." Whereupon

"And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum,
Of wailing and lamentation."

And Washington reviews, for hour after hour, the dead soldiers of the Civil War: a strange weird fancy.

Washington made a point of not buying in the new city for speculation, but he bought two "squares," very difficult now to pick out, a little to the west of the Capitol, between North Capitol Street and New Jersey Avenue. Square 634 cost nine hundred and sixty-three dollars, and with the buildings, three stories high of brick, fifteen thousand dollars. He

also bought lots five, twelve, thirteen, and fourteen, on the "Eastern Branch," and his own estimate of their value was twelve cents the square foot. He also bought three so-called water-lots on the "Eastern Branch," in square 667, containing 34,438 square feet.

It would have been bad form to speculate in lots of a city which he himself laid out, so he bought only enough, for a rich man like himself, for a small, but encouraging investment. To have done otherwise would have been bad form, and Washington was never guilty of that.

That he was a surveyor of skill from the time that he was merely a youth, was the factor which more than any other made him capable of superintending the laying out of a city. He had, recently, at Mount Vernon, laid out approaches and grounds that are still recognized as models of the art of landscaping.

His beginning as a surveyor was for Lord Fairfax: not the Fairfax who was his pleasant neighbor down the Potomac, but the head of the house, an older man, the Lord Fairfax who banished himself, long before the Revolution, to the Shenandoah region, where he owned and laid out many thousands of acres.

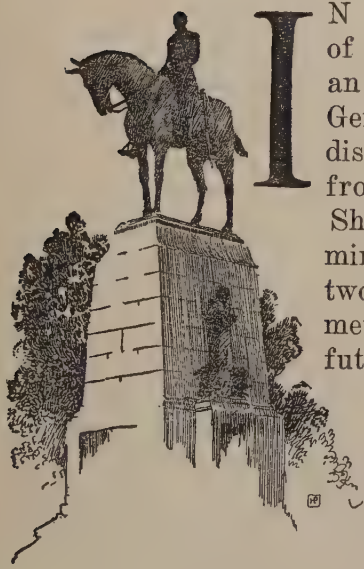
When the Revolutionary War came old Lord Fairfax was immensely disturbed, so tradition locally tells, and he could not get over the fact that George Washington was the American leader. One day there came to him sounds of great excitement, and

it was with reluctance that his body-servant told him, in answer to imperative demands, that Cornwallis was taken.

"And it is my George Washington!" he murmured; he turned his face to the wall; "It's time for me to die."

CHAPTER II

A HOUSE HAPPILY NAMED



IN front of the north face of the White House, is an equestrian statue of General Jackson: a short distance beyond the south front is one of General Sherman; and this is reminded of a time when the two famous leaders almost met. It was in 1836. The future General Sherman, then a lad of sixteen on his way to West Point, to become a cadet, looked for an hour or so through the railing (at that time a wooden railing) watching General Jackson, then President, as he paced back and forth on the gravel walk at the north front of the White House.

That the future general must have been intensely fascinated by the sight and proximity of the soldier-President is certain: the eager-minded youth, about to begin his own soldier career,

was tremendously interested in watching the victor of New Orleans: but whatever his thoughts, all that he sets down, when he comes to write his memoirs, is that he noticed that Jackson wore a cap, and that his overcoat was so full that it made him seem smaller than the lad had supposed him to be.

The building in front of which Jackson was pacing was even then often called "The White House," although it did not officially receive that designation until the time of President Roosevelt. It had been known as the President's House, the Palace, the Great House, the Castle or the Executive Mansion, but the simplicity of the two words "White House" finally made its permanent appeal.

The name of "White House," delightful and descriptive name that it is, has often been supposed to have its origin from the home of the wealthy and brilliant widow, Martha Custis. For she was owner of a "White House" when she and Washington first met; he being on his way to the capital of the Colony, mounted on the horse that the dying Braddock had given him, and attended (it is Washington's adopted son who tells this, so it must often have been talked over in the family circle) by Braddock's body-servant, Bishop, an old soldier whom the general, dying, advised not to return to England but to stay on with George Washington. "Never," said Custis, "did a man make more complete acknowledgment of error than did poor brave Braddock in his last hours, when recanting his criticism of the Americans."

It was not, however, because Martha Custis was owner of her "White House" that the White House of the Presidency took that name. For the term came, naturally and simply, after the Presidential home was painted white to cover the marks of smoke and fire, after its partial destruction by the British in the war of 1812. From the first, the name pleasantly attached itself. It is so unpretentious a name, so simple and pleasant a name, a name with, somehow, suggestion of charm even beyond what obviously impresses itself. It is an ideally American name: and it was one of the notable acts of President Roosevelt—the importance of official acts being measured, in final effect, by different standards than those of obviousness at the time—it was one of his important acts to give the name of "White House" officially, it having been for decades thus used unofficially.

Roosevelt, astute politician though he was, or, rather, because he was, was in some respects frankness itself. He enjoyed being President and living in the White House, and felt not the slightest hesitation in saying so. Neither did he hesitate to say that he had always been a lucky man. He was especially lucky when, after most positively refusing to accept the Vice-Presidency, even to the point, at midnight before his nomination, of thundering out his refusal from the depths of his bath-tub, and accenting his words with tremendous poundings upon the tub's edge, he reluctantly accepted. He dreaded the inactivity of presiding over the Senate—as if

he could ever have been inactive!—and luck so adjusted matters that he was presiding officer of the Senate for only one week.

A glance at the equestrian generals reminds one again of the close proximity of Jackson and Sherman so many years ago, and it is remindful also that Sherman, had he in his later days so chosen, could himself have been the official occupant of the White House. For the people wanted him as President. But he, loyal to his older brother, would not stand in John's path to the Presidency. John Sherman was unable to win the goal and William Tecumseh's abnegation was therefore of no practical good to either. John, by the way, could never overcome his intense disappointment. I remember having a talk with him in his room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in his old age, when he almost violently complained even then of what he termed treachery and bribery used by his rivals to keep him from the White House.

Jackson was one of the Presidents who left an impress. And he was of that class of men who always do what they think at the moment the proper thing to do. As, one bitter day when he was seen carrying a little girl in one arm and her little dog in the other. "The child was crying. They were cold. I'm taking them to a fire." And thus they entered the front door of the White House.

Presidents are remembered for little things for different reasons: some because there were no great things to mark their holding of a great office: others

because they were giants whose slightest touch made indentations in history or legend.

Andrew Jackson loved children. When asked for something special to put in the corner-stone of the Treasury Building whose site he had one day marked with peremptory impatience with his cane and which was forever to block any possibility of a view in that direction from the White House, he clipped a lock of hair from the head of the baby of the White House, the tiny daughter of the wife of his adopted son.

When this same little girl was christened, Jackson deemed the occasion important enough to justify asking both Houses of Congress to be present: and few dared not to go! And the highly self-important and sartorial Martin Van Buren was godfather. Dignifiedly as the name seems to befit a man of fine personal dignity, it is amusing to remember that until well on in life he signed only "M. V. Buren."

There have been Presidents who are remembered, if at all, through their connection with some one or some event apart from themselves. As, broadly speaking, what was there about either Fillmore or Pierce more important than their going arm in arm, when Fillmore was President and Pierce was President-elect, to a lecture by Thackeray, in Washington, on which occasion, as they met the distinguished Englishman, our own Washington Irving, who was present, murmured to Thackeray, "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose!" And as I write

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who can say that the best remembered thing about President Harding, after all his acts of apparent world importance, may in the distant future be that he one day chose to play golf on a public ground of the city—paying the regular fee of twenty-five cents rather than go as guest to some fashionable club!

Hayes, man of excellent intentions and fair abilities, boomeranged into the White House by the Electoral Commission, when the Democrats fully expected to seat Tilden, would be quite forgotten, as a personality, were it not that his wife succeeded in establishing, for the Hayes term, prohibition in the White House, to the amazement of the world. What floods of merciless wit were poured upon them! How Evarts chuckled over his description of a state dinner, when "water flowed like wine!" And now—the entire nation has swung around, to formal acceptance of prohibition.

The ill-natured quietly claimed even under the Hayes régime that wine was now and then inconspicuously served at special dinners at the White House; as, at a dinner to Grand Duke Alexis: and some good Americans grumbled about privileges given to Russians. And it was claimed that at least at some state dinners a certain kind of punch was served that was flavored with Jamaica rum and familiarly known as "the life saving station." But Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were probably sincere in their views, and stood for them in spite of ridicule. How incredible it would have seemed had some one

prophesied then, that in less than half a century stern laws were to order absolute prohibition!

Among the occupants of the White House, few have been so interesting as Theodore Roosevelt. His mind was always alert, and he especially enjoyed historical correlations; and he writes, after a dinner at which the Prince of Battenberg and Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte sat together among his guests, that Bonaparte was the grand-nephew of the Great Napoleon and grandson of Jerome, King of Westphalia, and that Battenberg, British admiral, was grandson of a Hessian general who had been a subject of the same King Jerome—who, as Roosevelt does not forget to add, deserted Napoleon discreditably, in the midst of the Battle of Leipsic.

Roosevelt traveled a great deal after leaving the White House and found a warm welcome at one court after another. Of course they welcomed him, he declares cheerfully: their official rules so hampered them that they could be but slightly in real touch with men of the world, and so he served as "a relief to the tedium, the dull narrow routine of their lives." Apparently, what is needed in a king, he decided, thus getting back to his pet aversion the vice-presidency, is that the king shall be a kind of sublimated vice-president.

"Please put out the light," murmured Roosevelt, drowsily; and they were his last words in this world. The last words of his immediate predecessor, McKinley, dying in Buffalo and remembering the

comfort and beauty of the White House, were something regarding the swaying of the trees outside the White House windows.

The White House has always been, outside and in, a place of charm, except after its burning, and during the period of the unsocial rule of Wilson.

The White House has always been looked upon as representing the social as well as political leadership of the nation. No other political leader, no matter how powerful, has ever been able to equal the power of the man actually in the Presidential chair: Hanna coming nearest to doing this, through his position as unscrupulous head of the group managing McKinley's involved fortunes.

And always, in spite of the power and claims of social leaders, has the position of the President, and "the first lady of the land," given social leadership: because, first, of the Presidential hold upon the great titled ones from abroad and because of the power of the President to appoint to important posts.

Socially and politically there is naturally a national head, and that headship naturally goes to the White House if the White House will assume it.

More prominently and importantly than even the Roosevelts took leadership, did the Madisons do so: and that was because the capabilities of wife and husband fitted and supplemented each other.

Madison was a man of ability and achievement; not a soldier, but an excellent politician, or statesman; an extremely good dresser, a small man, with rather a mild face; a sort of conciliatory man, often

and good-naturedly referred to as "Little Jimmy." His wife was taller than he, a good-looking woman, still to this day loved and known as "Dolly" Madison; of remarkable qualities, accustomed to her own way. As wife of Secretary of State Madison, she had been mistress of the White House for the widower Jefferson, and then she was President's wife for eight years more.

Under the Madisons, the White House was a happy place of social gayeties, and the turbaned "Dolly" was a cheerful social despot, often called "the queen," whose rule no one thought of disputing.

Even the broad-brimmed western hat of Roosevelt (a kind of hat I used to notice in the West, that was made in Philadelphia, where still earlier a broad-brimmed hat of another kind was common) was never so well known as the turban of Dolly Madison. It was always of some striking or perhaps even vivid color. Some were crimson, some were spangled with silver. She is said to have spent a thousand dollars a year on her turbans and always had them made to match her gowns. As Washington used to send to London for his clothes, painstakingly writing his measures and demands, so "Dolly" sent to Paris for her grand costumes. She was not above such homely habits as using snuff, and one evening, talking with Henry Clay, she drew a bandana from her pockets saying smilingly, "This is for rough work": then she drew out a filmy square of lace and said, "But this is my polisher." No won-

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der she was recognized as the leader of polished society!

When one thinks of the White House, it seems inevitable that thoughts should first come of the folk who have inhabited it, with thoughts of the building itself to come only afterwards.

And of all its famous occupants, two more than any others in the long list (there have been twenty-nine Presidents while there have been but six sovereigns of Great Britain) stand out markedly as the possessors of that vivid social personality which combines power and rulership with camaraderie and an immense enjoyment in it all: and those two have been "Dolly" Madison and "Teddy" Roosevelt. Debonair, arbitrary, sparkling, human, all-alive, they were natural rulers.

Dolly Madison lived in Washington or in touch with Washington for almost fifty years. Many are still alive who were alive when she died. And she was a social ruler until her death. The Madisons, as with most others of the early leaders of family, lived in a beautiful and stately home, Montpelier, just as Washington lived at beautiful Mount Vernon, and Jefferson at beautiful Monticello: these and other beautiful homes giving dignity to the living of the leaders of those days. As to Mrs. Madison, she visited the city of Washington but briefly for the many years between her husband's retirement and his death, but those brief visits kept alive in the city the close knowledge of her personality, and when, in the last years of her life, she once

more made her home in Washington, she was again yielded leadership. As a widow in Washington she held actual court: on New Year's and the Fourth the important people, after calling at the White House, went direct to her home.

Grant, though entering the White House a popular idol, and remaining there eight years, was one of those who on the whole made little impression. His inaugural ball, however, held in the Treasury Building, certainly made an impression, of sorts, for fully six thousand people had their wraps and coats checked, and all system was lost, and never was there such muddling and mixing of belongings. It was a cold and stormy night: there was shortage of carriages: many men and many women walked to their homes, without hats or wraps or in the belongings of other people, while many huddled in corners and helplessly wept or swore. There were colds, deaths, loss of clothes and jewels and furs—after all, a not likely to be forgotten administration, one sees!

The great stealings of members of his administration have been almost forgotten, so vastly have expenditures grown huge and unchecked in recent years.

In Grant's time it was still matter of common knowledge that when President Buchanan learned that the expenses of the trip of the Prince of Wales to Mount Vernon were about to be charged to the Government he instantly ordered that they be made a charge to himself. How times have changed! And it was not forgotten that when President John

Quincy Adams bought a mirror for the White House, out of a Government appropriation, paying for it thirty-six dollars, there was such an outcry about extravagance that he paid for it himself.

Some years after Grant, the entire country was agitated by the so-called assurance of President Cleveland in using for a modest outing a modest Government light-house tender: but the country was not a particle shocked when, not many years after this, Roosevelt began to use warships with some freedom, even to the extent of ordering one to take one of his children across the Sound from Oyster Bay, to see a boat race. And in only a few years, so swiftly do changes sometimes come, another President personally ordered himself and attendants carried to Europe at immense Government expense, using one of the world's greatest liners as his private yacht. What a change within three decades!

Grover Cleveland is to be counted among the most serious of White House occupants; yet he had his humorous side; and he loved to tell stories of happenings such as the jumping overboard, at the imminent danger of his life, on one of the Presidential fishing trips—Cleveland being a devoted fisherman —of an old darky, who saved a colored youth at the last gasp for breath. Cleveland could not understand it. The darky had never impressed him as cast in heroic mold. "Is the boy a relative? No? Then why did you take such a risk?" "Well, sah, de fack is, sah, dat boy had de bait!" A stern, un-

WHITE HOUSE: SOUTH FRONT

shakable man was Cleveland, who would admit, with close friends, that his frequent apparent ignoring of political considerations was quite likely to be actually planned as good politics.

Fisherman that he was, I remember being told, while in the Berkshires at a place where he loved to stay, that at times he would patiently sit beside his little boy, leaning with him over the porch rail, the boy with dry fishline dangling and the Presidential father instructing him soberly in the art of fishing and the mysteries of bait.

That three Presidents have been murdered within the short space of our national life; that the three tragedies came well within the period of forty years; should be realizingly remembered, as showing the evils possible to even a Republican nation. And to this should be added the fact that still other Presidents were the objects of attempted assassination!

Besides those who were assassinated, while President, William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor died while holding the office.

Harrison's wife was too feeble to accompany him to his inauguration. In a month he was taken back home dead: but his widow, unable as she was to make the journey to Washington, survived him to almost the age of ninety. It is told, down in Virginia, that Tyler, succeeding Harrison, was so sartorially unprepared that, when the news of the death of Harrison reached him, he had to make hasty borrowing of the needful clothes.

Tyler had become Governor of Virginia through

the death of the one holding that office: he had become Senator by appointment after a death: and he became President through the death of Harrison.

Again and again one sees that in writing of the White House, one turns aside into writing of those who occupied it. It is curious to know for example that Zachary Taylor, when elected President, had never in his life cast a ballot in any election. He had seen so much army service, in Indian Wars, fighting in Mexico, in marching and campaigning and garrison duty, during the greater part of which his wife had accompanied him, that, when nominated for the Presidency, he remarked that for more than a quarter of a century the battle-field had been his home: but I noticed, in the memoirs of Mrs. Logan, the widow of General John, the very different statement that for a quarter of a century General Taylor's home had been his battlefield!

From the words, "Old Rough and Ready," it would be supposed that New England was right in estimating him as "an ignorant frontier colonel." Yet his announced platform was one in which even the greatest American of any section could have felt pride. For it was: "I have no private purposes to accomplish, no party projects to build up, no enemies to punish, nothing to serve but my country."

So far from being one of Hawthorne's "bullet-headed generals," he is described as a gentle-faced, white-haired man; with mild eyes and a soft and pleasant voice. Whenever a group, passing him,

bowed respectfully to him as President, he would say, gently, "Your humble servant, ladies," or "Heaven bless you, gentlemen." In all he was one of the most interesting of the occupants of the White House.

Over and over one notices what little points are those which mark most of the Presidential careers. Tyler was the first President who was not born a British subject. Even Van Buren could be technically claimed by England as he was born in 1782. But Tyler was born in 1790. And still more odd is the fact that this technically first American President was a member of the Confederate Congress when he died.

Tyler was not a man who shrank from publicity. When he married his second wife, Julia Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, at the end of Long Island Sound, he was President and fifty-four years of age, and she was scarcely more than a girl. They were married in New York and after the ceremony the couple drove down Broadway in an open coach drawn by four white horses.

Between the death of the first Mrs. Tyler and his marriage to the second, his son's wife was for sometime mistress of the White House. She was the vivacious and charming daughter of an actor named Cooper. Not knowing that fact, one night a Senator said to her, at a ball in an old theater transformed into a ball room, that on the very spot where they now stood, he once saw the best acting he had ever seen in his life: that of Cooper in Macbeth.

And Mrs. Tyler tells of how there came surging over her, thoughts of the changes that had come within the six years through which she and her father, who was the actor, Cooper, had struggled since the appearance spoken of.

One of the ablest and most American of the White House occupants was the first one of all, the choleric John Adams. It is interesting to remember that he was born at what is now Quincy, in a sweet but decidedly humble little house, and that to a similarly humble little place close beside it, he took Abigail as his bride, and there their son John Quincy Adams was born. The sixth President was son of the second and the twenty-third was grandson of the ninth! Special interest lies in the fact that John and the able Abigail Adams came from that humble living to the White House, and that Mrs. Adams was from the first full of complaints. There was shortage of servants, to be written lengthily about, shortage of fuel, shortage of means of getting about in bad weather. No one could suppose from her letters that she had ever lived in that simple home in Quincy!

John Quincy Adams inherited a full measure of irascibility, yet in spite of that became President. Before going to the White House he represented our country abroad, becoming familiar with London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg—an unusual acquaintance with cities for an American of that period. He was our first Minister to Russia, and finding it necessary to go to Paris, he left his wife

in St. Petersburg. And then he had to send for her to join him. With her child she bravely started off: bravely, for all Europe was in turmoil, as the time was immediately after the Russian disasters of the great Napoleon. She was in Paris when the Emperor returned from Elba, and witnessed the storm of delight with which he was greeted. Many and unusual were the memories that she could carry with her to the White House.

A curious point in connection with White House dwellers is that of the unexpected prominence of Friday.

Monroe, Hayes and Pierce were born on Friday. Pierce was inaugurated on Friday and died on Friday. Both John Quincy Adams and Garfield, as well as Pierce were inaugurated on Friday. Tyler and Polk died on Friday and Lincoln was shot on Friday. Friday indeed, has from the first been important in the history of America. Washington was born on Friday, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday, but, to go back to the beginning, Columbus sailed, on his first voyage, on Friday, first sighted land on Friday, and on still another Friday discovered the continent of America.

A coincidence of another kind, one of the most remarkable in all history, was that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died, old men, not only on the same day but on July the Fourth, and on not only that, but July the Fourth of the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration. Monroe also died on a Fourth of July: not a Signer, but a participator

in the Revolutionary fighting and the author of the Doctrine which for more than a century stood as the symbol of high Americanism.

That Grant was the first President to wear a moustache, that Lincoln was the first to wear a full beard, are among the Presidential facts. And as to Lincoln, it is interesting to remember that he and his rival President, Jefferson Davis, were both born in Kentucky, and within a year of each other, and that one worked out his future through going into the Southwest and the other his through going into the Northwest.

And Lincoln ought not to be blamed, as he often is, for that hat! For the daguerreotypes of the period show that it was quite the vogue.

What may be termed the most picturesque custom in America takes place annually in the grounds of the White House. And the fact that it is an ancient custom, dipping back vaguely into the misty centuries, that in all probability it long antedates the time of Christ, adds to the vast interest of it. It is a celebration of Easter, coming down, vaguely, out of the mistiness of vanished centuries.

It is the annual egg rolling: which became a custom here in the White House grounds perhaps some three-quarters of a century ago. Eggs and Easter time have long been associated and never was so charming an association as this. For all that might be grim in something coming down from the Druids has somehow vanished, and only the picturesque remains. It reminds me of an ancient Druid custom

that I came across in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, where, in a lonely place in the unsettled northern portion, on one night in the year, the children build a fire and then come rushing down the Druid-haunted hill, each waving a flaming brand.

But in Washington the function of egg-rolling is in daytime and not at night: it consists in the rolling of painted Easter eggs, on Easter Monday, on the grassy slopes of the White House grounds.

The children gather by thousands, boys and girls, and all young. No adults are admitted, except such as are in definite charge of a child. What may be termed the childless fathers of Washington (not the fatherless children) form a long unbroken line, along the stone base of the enclosing iron fence, standing tiptoe and eager to watch the gay scene within. I took my chance with the general public, and was curtly refused admission by a particularly stern policeman whom I had noticed turning back one adult after another. I briefly said a half dozen words to the effect that I was a stranger in the city, who had not brought a child. Apparently he did not hear me. He looked sternly over my shoulder at the Washington Monument, and in a growling undertone responded to "go back a little and adopt a child." So within five minutes I was within the grounds—and it was astonishing how soon that adopted boy was lost!

The sweeping grounds were thronged. Every moment more were arriving. They came in singles and twos and threes and they came in a succession of

little throngs as street car after street car unloaded; they came, very many, in motor cars. And in the closed cars the little children, gathered half a dozen or so in a car, looked like crowded nests of brightly plumaged birds, for it was a gathering that included every class. The rich and the well-to-do were there; the poor were there, proud of their colored eggs.

There was no formal procedure. Each child carried its eggs, all fancifully decorated, and most of them sat quietly on the grass on knolls where their eggs rolled easily.

There was, oddly, a general appearance as if there were only children, for the elders were practically lost, practically unnoticeable, among the gayly colored throng of little ones. Quite amazingly colorful were the children and their accessories: their parasols, their many-colored toy balloons, held by strings, the bright baskets, the eggs themselves, the hair ribbons, the jackets and hats and skirts, in reds and blues and lavenders, in mustards and pinks—there were children like lilies, all in white, children in pale linen, children like yellow daffodils, seated on the pale green grass.

Some were moving about in gentle happiness. A great fountain was gloriously playing and all the lilacs were in delicate flower. Intermittently came the music of the Marine Band; and always was the softly chirring sound of children's voices.

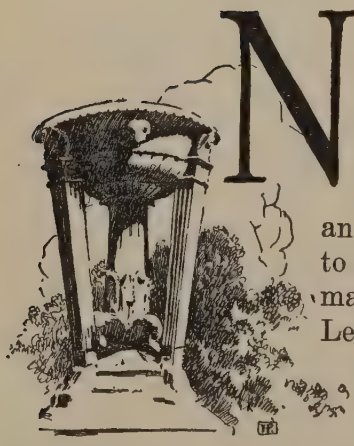
It makes the most picturesque scene in America, with its noble background of the White House: it

was like some unusually beautiful fête day for children in France, with the beauty of grass and shrubs and trees and costumes accented by the noble jet d'eau.

The entire scene, colors and children and fountain and the White House itself, all seem like a Watteau picture. And yet, the White House was not designed by a Frenchman though there were many Frenchmen in America, veterans of our Revolution, refugees from their home. It was an Irishman who gave the design for the White House; James Hoban, of Charleston, South Carolina. His design won in a public competition, and he was given the first prize, of five hundred dollars.

CHAPTER III

A CURIOUS VISIT



NOT only was an Irishman, Hoban, the architect of the White House, but it is generally said to have been made from the inspiration of an Irish model. It is said to have been inspired by the mansion of the Duke of Leinster, near Dublin; but although this supposition is frequently referred to, it is with difficulty that one finds a picture of the Irish house; but I am fortunately able to reproduce an engraving of "the Seat of His Grace the Duke of Leinster," named "Carton," in the County of Kildare, from an engraving of the year 1824, and it shows considerable similarity in general style to the White House, as the White House was in early days, before the projecting portico was added. For the front and rear porticoes, which are such important features of the White House as it now is, were not part of the structure until about 1825.

STATE DINING ROOM: WHITE HOUSE

Hoban's White House was one hundred and sixty feet long, of stone, two stories in height, with a front of great dignity. The driveway now sweeps up across the broad lawn and under the portico, with its four Corinthian columns and classic pediment. On the first floor, on either side, are four windows with tops alternately pointed and rounding. Along the roof runs a balustrade. All is simple, all is dignified and fine with heedful care of proportions. Above the fan-lighted front door hangs a large lantern for electric light, and from this door one looks beyond a charming water basin, into Lafayette Square, with its statues and memories, and on to the long vista of Sixteenth Street.

The building is one of evolution, of additions, of accretions. Hoban was a man of fortunate temperament. He made governmental connections and held them. He rebuilt the White House after its burning. In all he worked for the Government for some forty years.

The pillared centers of the front and rear seem to have been the idea of the Englishman Latrobe, who had so much to do with the Capitol, for they show in a drawing made by him a score of years before the idea was carried out.

The rear of the building is even more charming than the front. It is very beautiful indeed. The front and rear are greatly alike, as to windows and the balustrade along the roof, and in general air, but at the rear there are effective pilasters between the windows, reaching cornice-high, and the portico

is higher than at front, also reaching cornice-high, without the angle-topped pediment of the front: and the projective portico with six taller pillars than at the front, is semi-circular instead of square. It is a house of spirited dignity, seen from either view: and from the house itself, looking toward the south, the eye sweeps the broad enclosed acreage of the White House grounds and on to the stretches of the Potomac and the heights beyond.

Beautiful as the White House is, for it is beautiful in its interior as its exterior, no less a man than Mark Twain said that, "It is ugly enough outside, but that is nothing to what it is inside": though, when one thinks of it, this is so stated in "The Gilded Age," so it may represent Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain's collaborator in that book, and not Clemens himself, except in the sense that each man must necessarily be responsible for the statements of either.

Nor was this criticism meant as humor: it was very literally a deliberate opinion: but it is only fair to realize that at the time that book was written, the White House, although ready to be made beautiful, had so many features of ugliness outside and in, barnacles acquired in the course of decades of bad taste, that perhaps Mark Twain was somewhat justified at that time after all.

It was in the administration of "the prodigious Roosevelt," that the building was given its full beauty: President Roosevelt so deplored the many unbeautiful, disfiguring things that had come to the

building as its adjuncts, that he asked for and was given an appropriation sufficient for restoration, and he went ahead with all the forcefulness of his forceful nature, and with heedfulness of the intelligent advice of those whom he called into consultation. And the result is what we now see.

There was clutter of the unsightly against the building on each of the four sides. At one point there was an unsightly greenhouse for Presidential grapes. At another point there was a lean-to greenhouse for a Presidential lover of cucumbers! There was a structure for a cow to give milk for Presidential grandchildren. There was very much that needed clearing away.

Roosevelt, in announcing the plans regarding the removal of the ill-looking and unfit, that had been allowed to gather there, and the making of the White House into what it ought to be, said: "The stately simplicity of the architecture is an expression of the character of the period in which it was built, and is in accord with the purposes it was designed to serve." And he finally expressed the feeling that such a building ought to be preserved as an historic monument, "to keep alive our sense of continuity with the nation's past."

The terraces which we now see, follow a design by Latrobe made in 1803, but are now adapted for entranceway and for offices. The modern architects of restoration of the original designs were McKim, Mead and White. The public has always given greater credit for what is positively beautiful in the

designs of that firm to Stanford White more than to the others, but it is only fair to say that McKim especially had consultations with Roosevelt before the work was begun.

One feature of great interest was added during the Roosevelt administration: the collection of the historical china of the White House. This is a getting together, in addition to the little already possessed, of what could be gathered of Presidential china of the various administrations. Not from the standpoint of beauty, but of historical succession, the success was all that ardent china lovers could ask: and the fact that the gathering was done by Theodore Roosevelt displays another side, an unexpected side, of his myriad-sided nature. No wonder—not apropos of old china but of everything concerning Roosevelt's remarkable personality—a distinguished Englishman, John Morley, went home and declared: "I have seen, in America, two great forces of Nature: Niagara Falls and Theodore Roosevelt."

The china of the White House is unavoidably irregular in quantity as to the different administrations. For some there had been the purchase of entire new dinner services, in hundreds of pieces, giving opportunity for excellent choice for this collection: for other administrations there had been but the purchase, from time to time, of such new pieces as were absolutely needed, leaving little for the collection. And as to early days, much of the belongings of the White House, of all descriptions, was destroyed or lost at the time of the burning of

the building by the British, in the War of 1812. Dolly Madison, vigorous and capable woman that she was, saw to the saving of as much as possible, even in the time of fright and excitement when the British soldiers were momently expected, but it was impossible for her to save any great amount.

One of my visits to the White House was under most curious conditions. President Wilson was ill and the White House was closed. My last previous visit had been several years before, and I feared that I should miss another visit through a long closing for house-cleaning, after the arrival of the Hardings.

For over a year the White House was shut to visitors: a house giving the impression of being full of gloomy secrets, for the public knew nothing of the mental and physical condition of their ruler: except for such impressions as could be gathered when he went out for a motor ride. Such ostensible information as was given out was often contradicted and generally held in doubt. Yet the Governmental system which had been established was such that the rule of the man hidden from sight in the fine white mansion was still unbroken.

A curious report likely to grow into a tradition of our times in future years, has to do with iron bars on the White House windows. It is not surprising that such a story should be current, for the ruler of our Republic was secluded from public sight under circumstances of great mystery, and there were the bars in the windows! Many gazed through the fence

and saw them, many crossed States and returned to tell of them. But as a matter of fact, the bars on the windows which caused such awe, can be seen in photographs of the White House, taken in the happy administration of Roosevelt: and perhaps the bars were put up for the safety of the children of even earlier administrations.

A request for permission to go through the White House was promptly and courteously answered; so that, on a chill afternoon, a few days before the Wilson occupancy was to end, with his removal to his new home on S Street, I found uniformed and plain-clothes un-uniformed guards, and locks—even a literal padlock on a gate which had in other days always been open—yielding to the power of a permit, and I was passed from those outside to caretakers inside, who were to accompany me.

From the first, the building was solemn and lonely. We entered the East Room; the great apartment which hundreds of thousands have in the course of our history entered and looked upon as most typical of the White House. It was not only lonely—it was pitch dark! The curtains of the room, which had seen so many meetings of distinguished folk, where the great people of the world had come, were tight drawn—because the darkening had been made for the exhibition of moving pictures, and the apparatus, the gift of a famous film actor, stood, sheeted, ready for removal, in the middle of the room, as was evident as my guide first fumbled for some electric lights and then drew aside a curtain that let in the

light of a bright wintry afternoon. And it was curious to think of the President, one of the greatest men in the world's history, a man who had outwitted and controlled people by balancing one set of views and persons against another, a man who had come within an infinitesimal distance of being himself actual ruler of the world, sitting lonely here, in the seclusion of the East Room, of all rooms, to watch the dramas of the screen unravel to interest his brain! How recently had that wonderful brain, that intense determination, been engaged in bringing about world results infinitely greater than any film could picture! From the first, in this mansion, I felt that I was in touch with tremendous history.

On the east wall had hung a beautiful tapestry, the gift of the French government to Mrs. Wilson, and removed only the day before to the S Street home—where, made as the tapestry was, for a palace, it was quite too large for its new situation and had to be tucked in at top and bottom with astonishingly ineffective result.

In the mingled glow of electric light and daylight, the East Room was revealed: a splendid room with its elaborate ceiling gloriously wrought, with its striking decoration above the main entrance door, with its great crystal chandeliers, with its splendid classic cornicing, with its exquisite hardwood floor, rich in beauty and in wide expanse like the floor of some superb French palace. The room is eighty-two feet long, forty feet in width and twenty-two feet high.

There is a smaller Green Room, a room of dignity and charm, a room of beauty. There is the wonderful Blue Room, superbly proportioned, with its beauty markedly increased by its elliptical shape. The golden eagles above the windows, the marble mantel, are but some of the special features of this room.

A prominent southern novelist tells of being taken, young secessionist though she was, to a Lincoln reception and of his standing at the door of this Green Room speaking gently to her and taking her hand in his, and of how even toward the close of her life, as she writes of it, "I can distinctly remember that the power of Abraham Lincoln's personality impressed itself upon me for a lifetime. Everything faded out of sight beside the apparition of the new President towering there."

Curiously, Roosevelt writes much like this young Southern girl: "I think of Lincoln shambling, homely, with his strong, sad, deeply-furrowed face, all the time. I see him in the different rooms and in the halls. For some reason or other he is to me infinitely the most real of the dead Presidents."

One of the most curious facts in regard to Lincoln is that when he was an unnoticed Congressman before the Civil War, he so little felt his own high destiny that he made an effort to become a Washington office-holder, securing the endorsement of a number of influential Senators and Representatives to his application. It is rather appalling to think that if he had become a Washington desk-man

he would never, in all probability, have had a career worthy of even the most casual notice.

The Red Room is another apartment, palatial in its effectiveness although, like the last mentioned two, it is intended for more intimate use than the spacious East Room.

And how brave were the early Americans who dared to plan so large and beautiful a palace in what was a wilderness! It was to quite an extent for effect upon foreign nations as well as upon America. Washington himself believed in the necessity for a fitting habitation for the coming line of Presidents. The best American homes of the time were beautiful, therefore the White House ought to be fittingly beautiful.

To walk through these great and splendid rooms, as we did on almost the last day of the Wilson administration, gave an effect as if, in their richness of beauty, they were abandoned, deserted, forsaken, and that we were ghosts softly treading from room to room. I knew that in another portion of the house were the private apartments of the President. I knew that in that wing to the westward, so admirably constructed to be utilitarian without injury to artistic outlines, were the busy executive offices; but none of that busy life and none of the family life was indicated as we went slowly through the splendid deserted apartments.

We went into the State dining room, a sumptuous apartment of rich and restrained effectiveness, finely paneled, with a great fireplace of stone of elaborate

workmanship, finely worked out in beauty of detail. And here, in the room made for friends and hospitality, for the glow of wit and life, the loneliness was more marked than even in the great East Room. "I felt like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted": never before had I recognized the full strength of those simple old lines. I have been in deserted old-time palaces in Europe and have felt the loneliness of effect, but here, in this building which would normally be full of present-day life, it was almost uncanny.

There has been more individual talking in this dining room than in any other room in America. For every President has found that all his guests were ready to listen silently when he talked, and the temptation to talk was irresistible. Even the grim President Jackson talked. "Indeed, he did nothing but talk," wrote Harriet Martineau after dining with him.

No President loved to talk in the White House as did Roosevelt, who frequently said that he "had a bully time" there. And no President so loved to ask all sorts of distinguished or about-to-be-distinguished men to lunch with him as did Roosevelt. And thousands treasured the big square envelopes which held the precious paste-boards of invitation to sit at luncheon with this delightful monologuist.

In contrast to all this comes the haunting story of George Washington and Mrs. Washington driving up from Mount Vernon and walking slowly through the almost completed White House, without com-

panions of any sort. For they felt intense personal interest in the building although John and Abigail Adams were to be the first occupants. But I do not remember any allusion by Washington to his thus going through the building, near the end of his life, not even in his diary. And so the story comes down as a sort of myth, true though it must have been.

Of especial interest, in the White House, are the portraits, for there are many here, of Presidents and the wives of Presidents and many others. No other record is so good, for enabling a final historical judgment to be made, as are the portraits of national leaders.

After all, to become President requires much of greatness, and there have been many degrees of greatness in the White House. Healy's numerous portraits possess the veritable quality which he usually managed to show, but most of the others are not even as good as Healy's, though one may gain a fairly good general idea from them. What one would most of all like to see is an excellent George Washington, an excellent Lincoln, and, whether or not one likes him and his methods, one would like to see a realistic Wilson. And will not the future be concerned with Roosevelt?

There is a portrait of Washington in the White House, and it is of curious interest, for it is the one which Dolly Madison ordered taken from its frame and carried to distant safety at the time of the raid in the War of 1812. It is often referred to as a

genuine Gilbert Stuart, and Dolly Madison herself took it to be a Stuart. But in reality it is one of the copies made by that Winstanley who had an uncanny faculty of following Stuart's style, without any scruple whatever as to passing his products off as genuine Stuarts. Stuart, naturally, abhorred him, and drove him from his studio in Germantown, when he went there to ask Stuart to make two or three brush marks on each of his Washingtons, so that without contradiction he could declare them to be the work of Stuart; the two to divide the money thus made. Stuart himself painted a constant line of replicas of his own best Washington, which is now in Boston, and these he readily sold, calling them his hundred dollar bills, for they were always in demand. The portrait of Mrs. Washington at the White House is of no real value, as it was painted but a few years ago.

It was in front of the Winstanley Washington that John Adams, on one of his choleric and hasty days, stood and shook his fist, squeaking in the high notes into which his voice sometimes ran: "If that wooden-headed man hadn't kept his mouth shut, he'd have been found out!"

Next to the Washington portrait in interest, is that of Benjamin Franklin. It was carried away without permission by Major André from Franklin's home in Philadelphia. André gave it to the vigorous General Grey, his superior on whose staff he was. General Grey carried it to England. It was shown to Ambassador Choate, in 1900, at Howick Hall, in

Northumberland, by a descendant of General Grey, Earl Grey. As a consequence, within a few years, in the administration of Roosevelt, Earl Grey sent the painting back to America, with the request that it be kept in the White House, and Roosevelt placed it there.

The entrance to the spot where stood the fine house of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia, built by him after prosperity and fame had come, is by means of little Orianna Street; leading off Market; and on Orianna Street was the little printing house where James Wilson, the Irish immigrant grandfather of Woodrow Wilson, worked as a journeyman printer.

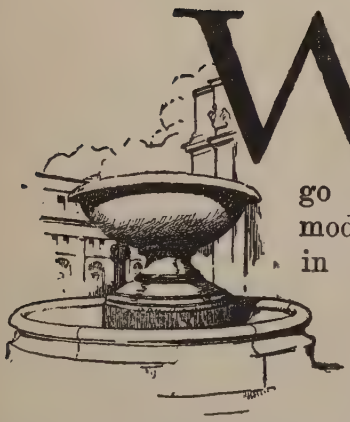
When we turned to leave the White House after our curious visit of loneliness, we went out past the door of the East Room, and glancing in at the moving picture machine, there again came vivid thoughts of the immolated President sitting in that great room, perhaps entirely alone, feeding his strange mentality with dreams from the pictures.

On leaving, it was quietly suggested that if we cared to see President Wilson closely, face to face, we need but go down to a remote rear gate, used by the President on returning from his motor rides. We waited there until there was an odd sound of a horn from the rear of the White House. It was curiously like the signal that used to be made when the Kaiser was entering Unter den Linden. There was a scarcely perceptible sign from the head policeman, and instantly all traffic was stopped on three

streets and with absolute unobtrusiveness of action. A few seconds, and a great open motor car came swiftly on. It turned into the gateway, which was so narrow that the car had to check its speed almost to nothingness. A car followed, literally loaded with secret service men. Standing at this gate I looked directly into the President's face at the distance of not more than four feet. His face was pallor-stricken, a face of grayish white, an unforgetable, an uncanny face. Forcefulness, will power, unshakable determination were there, and the eyes had a burning intentness. The car passed on, and the thought came of the contrasts in this man: ruler of the world, devoted attendant on vaudeville shows, close student of the world's history, lover of moving pictures, staid college president, tosser of base balls, rager at those who opposed him, and happy utterer of such dry humor as, "The A, B, C, of politics, is in the Primary."

CHAPTER IV

OUR APPIAN WAY



WHEN Commodore Decatur left his home near the White House before dawn one morning, to go to breakfast with Commodore Bainbridge, who was in a few hours to be his second in the fatal duel with Commodore Barron —how easily one may drop into the European habit of rolling titles one upon another!—he followed in the faint light of the coming morning the whole length of our Appian Way. One pictures him busy with thoughts of breakfast and dueling, swinging down the road with all the dash of his "right or wrong, my country!" This lonely hurry of Decatur, in the vague half light of coming day, has always seemed to me one of the most striking of the teeming associations of our national thoroughfare; Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House to the Capitol being called our Appian Way because almost every American, well known in any walk of

life, political, literary, legal, artistic, ministerial, mechanical, managerial, and uncountable millions of the not well known, have followed this road between the White House and the Capitol.

Pennsylvania Avenue in both directions extends beyond the mile and a half of the so called Appian Way. On the far side of the Capitol it goes as far as the Anacostia. In the other direction, beyond the White House it taps Georgetown. But it is the portion between the Capitol and White House that is fittingly given the old Roman name.

In the earliest days, before the road was anything but a trail, George Washington himself used to follow it. Jefferson planted it with lines of poplar trees. Since then millions have followed its length, including not only Americans from every State in the Union but great numbers of foreigners from every part of the world.

Inaugural processions, the mighty parade of the armies at the close of the Civil War, statesmen, generals, Presidents, men on evil errands or good: men and women walking, riding, driving, on foot, on horseback, in carriages, in street cars, in motor cars: and it is no jest to add, in airplanes.

Rome still has its Appian Way and it may be followed through the purple haze that makes mysterious the ancient ruins. London has its Appian Way, now known as Watling Street, along which the greatest men of the world have gone throughout the centuries: Julius Caesar himself, Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, statesmen, poets, generals,

kings, even poor little David Copperfield, running away from the bottling works, and Dickens himself. And Dickens was one of the many millions who have gone over this American highway.

Necessarily it is far from being as old as those roads at London or Rome; but after all age is but comparative. London is not so old as Rome: Washington is not so old as London: but each city has won its place in the history of the world, and even this American Appian Way has in its century and a quarter of existence gathered about it a hazy atmosphere as of a distant past.

It was Thomas Jefferson, man of so many flashes of inspiration, who, in the early days of the city, termed this road the Appian Way, for he saw even then its unique importance of situation and use.

Leaving the White House and the enormous ungainly State, War, and Navy Building adjoining, and you find on your right the huge and positively beautiful Treasury Building. How superbly designed! Classic in every detail, with great pillars, with a colonnade of stately Ionic columns, with great pediments, and broad sweeps of stone steps, with hundreds of rooms, it is in all a splendid and imposing building.

It is unfortunate in its location, in that it stands forever—if one may dare to use the word "forever!"—a mighty structure immediately between the White House and Capitol at the very beginning of the Appian Way, cutting off the view which these two buildings were intended to have of each other.

A little variation would have obviated the fault: but it was in the time of Czar-minded Andrew Jackson, and he was as impatient and arbitrary as the Russian Czar who, irritated regarding the line of a railway that was to be built, marked a straight line, and said curtly "Follow that." And Jackson, impatient of delay as to locating and beginning, struck his cane upon the ground with a peremptory "Put it here"! And here it was put. And, although not altogether the best relative location, it is a location which at least gives the building splendid prominence. And, if anything, superb though the main front is, there is in some respects somewhat more of charm, and quite as much of splendid dignity, in the front facing southward.

It is from the southern front that Pennsylvania Avenue goes on its Appian Way. Here it is that the mistake of location as to this building is apparent, for at the very beginning of the thoroughfare far down here, cut off by the Treasury, there is much of the unattractive, the insignificant, amazing to be found, so close to the White House.

Immediately north of this vicinity is a group of hotels, two of them bearing names known for generations in Washington hotel life. One is the Willard. The Willards—there were several of them—came to Washington through a curious circumstance. There was a hotel, not entirely a success, built by one of the Tayloe family, distinguished Southerners, near the White House. Odd, how many distinguished families go in for hotels! But then, the dukes, espe-

cially Westminster and Bedford, have long been doing it in London: perhaps are doing it even yet.

Mrs. Tayloe was a Northern woman: she remembered the steward in charge of the dining room of one of the Hudson River steamers. He was written for: he came: he used to stand, white aproned, at the head of the table, and carve. He sent for his brothers: and Willard thus became a well-known name among hotel keepers of Washington.

And when a Willard's Hotel arose, there was a gathering of a hundred or so distinguished men, and the exclusive New Englander, Edward Everett, made a speech, in appreciation of the good work done by the principal brother, the one of the steamboat: Everett declaring that it was not an occasion for Mr. Willard to return thanks for the honor of their gathering, but for them to return thanks to him. And he recalled that, among those dead and gone who had benefited by Willard's hotel activities and purveying, had been such men as Chief Justice Marshall, John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Clay and Webster. Gastronomic devotion was not taken carelessly by the statesmen of those days!

In early years, Pennsylvania Avenue was but little of a pathway of any kind. It was mainly a deep morass covered with alder bushes. Shortly before the Capitol was reached, the road, or marshy trail, was crossed by a little stream—large, in rainy weather, and even at the present time existent but piped away in safety. It was known as the Tiber and it is generally believed, though personally I doubt it,

that it bore that classic name before the Capitol was ever thought of. It is on the L'Enfant map by this name, but that does not prove when or by whom it was named. The little stream at times gave complete impassibility to the trail, and it has been told that not infrequently Congressmen, arriving on horseback, have tied their horses to branches and scrambled precariously over fallen trees. Bulfinch, the architect, somewhere writes of the "vale" between Capitol and White House. Others have recorded that skiffs were at times actually rowed on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Even as late as when Dickens came to America, the avenue was often very muddy indeed, an avenue difficult to travel. Dickens did not see the future: he told of spacious avenues that began in nothing and led nowhere; he saw streets whose only want, so he declared sarcastically, was houses, roads and inhabitants. He was practically as short-sighted as Tom Moore, who jibed at "this embryo capitol where Fancy sees squares in morasses, obelisks in trees."

Where the tall Raleigh Hotel now stands, there stood in the Civil War days, an earlier hotel distinguished above its fellows by the fact, that there Andrew Johnson was hastily sworn in as President on the April night after Lincoln's death.

Just at the edge of Pennsylvania Avenue between Seventh and Ninth Streets is Center Market. It is altogether disproportionate to its actual importance, for it is a building that was put up to replace a

structure that really did possess quite a degree of picturesqueness, and as I write there is a plan to do away with it altogether.

In the public mind, the present market structure stands for the picturesque association of the past: when leaders in society and in politics came here in person, to choose their fruits and vegetables, their fish, their fowl, their cuts of meat, their great turtles.

How much more of the picturesque life held in those days! The stately Webster was often here in all the glory of his blue coat with gilt buttons, his white cravat, his silk stockings, his varnished shoes and yellow gloves as on the morning of the day on which he received the twenty-five thousand dollars raised in State Street, and the twenty-five thousand raised in Wall Street, to make it seem financially possible for him, so it was quietly understood, to make what he deemed the sacrifice of taking the office of Secretary of State: and never was he more solicitous to select the perfect shad: never more the man of dignity, with no thoughts, so far as his superb appearance went, of anything below mighty affairs of state. General Scott, six feet four inches in height and remembered as an epicure, personally went marketing for his family. His favorite dish was terrapin—pronouncing it "tarrapin"—and he ordered his oysters by the barrel.

From Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the middle of Center Market, may be seen close at hand to the north a beautiful high-set pillared building of stone,

a veritable Doric temple: but this beautiful building merely faces down Eighth Street, which is almost wholly lined, in this section, with garages and stables. It is curious that this unusually beautiful building, now used as the Patent Office, stands where L'Enfant planned to locate the Chapel of all Religions.

Pennsylvania Avenue, which ought to be the most dignified of all the avenues of the city, has an astonishing proportion of the shabby and the unimportant. This is especially true of the district between the pleasant greenery round Center Market and the Capitol, and this does not refer to many excellent buildings that have deteriorated, but to buildings that from the first were inadequate. The dignity of the avenue is upheld by the high-cockaded, high-mounted Pulaski, in bronze, and the little park about the Pole—and helped also by the little stubby, long-waisted Benjamin Franklin in white marble, philosophizing over the sidewalk, one of fewer than half a dozen civilian in-the-streets statues that come to mind as I write, three others being Longfellow, Witherspoon and a Masonic Pike.

The building of the great new Union Station has worked an immense influence upon the city, making permanent, and increasing, the movement that had already begun, to take away much of the business, much of the traffic and travel from Pennsylvania Avenue. It used to be that everybody was on much of the Avenue much of the time. Now it is quite possible for visitors scarcely to see Pennsylvania

THE CAPITOL

Avenue at all! And this, whether they go about on foot, in street cars or in motor cars. But it will probably long continue to be the thoroughfare of the nation.

A little more than half way toward the Capitol is a really old-time hotel: dormered: with galleries two stories high, of Southern type, a reminder that this is essentially a Southern city; a hotel with an air of the past, although without a full share of its picturesqueness. It is associated with many famous names, for it was long the principal hotel of politicians and statesmen.

Few of the associations of Pennsylvania Avenue are more full of interest than the inaugural parades that have gone through this thoroughfare. There was Taft's; notable for the terrifically bad weather, although the weather man had promised a beautiful day. There was Polk's, when it was so muddy and slippery that marching was almost impossible, and soldiers in the line slipped and fell in the mud. There was the second Wilson parade, when among those prominent was the Governor of Mississippi with his military staff: in carriages. But what they lacked in mounts they made up in titles, in the estimate of the wicked-minded onlooker who declared that he counted thirty-eight majors!

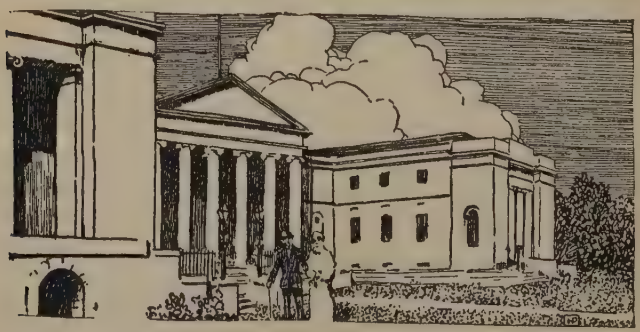
Senator McDougall of California, a bitter opponent of Seward, leaving the Capitol one evening after a storm, stumbled into a ditch of dirty running water as he started down Pennsylvania Avenue, and with difficulty, and with the aid of a policeman, got

out. "Who are you?" asked the policeman. McDougall looked ruefully down at his ruined clothes. "I was—I was Senator McDougall—but now—now —I think I'm Seward!"

Daniel Webster himself, one day, found the carriage in which he was driving suddenly mired in the mud of the avenue, whereupon, after vain effort for release, the driver lifted the mighty orator in his arms and bore him to the curb.

Not only the living, but the dead, have traversed our famous way. Here Garfield was shot, in a railway station since torn down: and through the length of the avenue his body, brought back from the seashore, where he died, was solemnly carried, the center of a nation's grief, over the route which he had on his inaugural parade so recently traversed.

Along this avenue, too, moved the solemn parade of those who followed the dead body of the mighty Lincoln, in silence unbroken except by footfalls, by the slow music of funeral marches, by the dirges, the muffled drums the sobs of the people.



CHAPTER V

THE CAPITOL

LIKE the ancient Romans we modern Americans have our Capitol as well as our Appian way; and whereas the first formal founding feast of Rome itself, was the lupine luncheon of Romulus and Remus with their four-footed hostess, the first formal founding feast of our Capitol, which accompanied the laying of its corner-stone, was also a feast out of doors. It was a barbecue. A great ox was roasted in what the newspapers of the day delightfully referred to as a "cavazion," into which George Washington descended and from which he emerged, presiding over all of the ceremonies, at which, according to a narrative of the time, there was "every abundance of other recreation"—which was not meant to be a doubtful statement!

Washington presided over the exercises as a Mason: and it has been stated and it is probably true

that every President of the United States but two has been of the Masonic fraternity.

The corner-stone was laid on a September day of 1793 at what was then the southeast corner of the building, as it is expressed on a long inscription on a silver plate with the statement, signed by James Hoban and Stephen Hallate—his name however being usually spelled Hallett—as architects, and by "Joseph Clark, R. W. G. M. P. T."! whatever all this initialing may have meant.

Near the corner-stone, which is not far from the center of the east front of the building as it stands, is what at first seems an insignificant door into the basement story, under the center portico, but one may notice that the door is one of the special features of the Capitol, for it has beautiful pillars inside the doorway, with the famous corn-stalk design of Latrobe, a highly American feature and design; and close beside it there is a beautifully designed spiral stair of marble with most graceful balustrades of wrought-iron.

It may be said that there were really several architects of the Capitol. At least there was a combination of plans and ideas. Hallett, of Philadelphia, at first came nearest to pleasing President Washington, and the committee that with him was to decide upon a design. There was a competition, and the prize of five hundred dollars was awarded to Hallett. Then came in some plans from a Doctor Thornton in the West Indies; a Quaker Englishman who had

served as a cavalry officer in the Revolutionary War, and his plans pleased more than did those of Hallett. There were attempts to harmonize the two men and their plans, but as harmonizing was impossible Latrobe was made supervising architect. A man full of original ideas, with a wide knowledge of European architecture, he had even taken a commission for a while as captain in the Prussian army; and after his connection with the Capitol, he went west to Pittsburg, near which city a town still bears his name, and still later to New Orleans, where he died.

The city has not been a one-man city nor has the Capitol been a one-man building; and when Latrobe after a while was dropped, the still greater Bulfinch, the New Englander with experience on the Boston State House, was placed in charge.

Bulfinch had toured Europe as a young man in 1785. Even before that he had felt a tendency toward building, and in Paris had been aided to see things by the architectural-minded Thomas Jefferson, whom he met there. Writing of Paris, the buildings are what he first of all mentions. He then went through much of France and Italy, and in telling of the things of interest that he saw, he said: "particularly the wonders of architecture."

It would seem as if his seeing so many fine buildings in Europe rather discouraged him when he came to the necessarily simple American towns. After he put up the Boston State House he believed that everything in the way of public buildings was

built, and he actually influenced his own son from following architecture, believing that no more great buildings would be needed.

It is curious that no great part of the early Capitol was the work of professional architects. And it is curious that the White House was inspired by a building in Ireland and planned by a non-professional, and that the Capitol had as first designer a doctor from the West Indies. After all, architects are not valuable because of being architects but for the buildings they make: which obvious truth has been much too often overlooked.

The finest in America in early years were built by architecture-loving amateurs: as Monticello, by Jefferson. The three beautiful old brick State Houses of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, were built at the early period when they were Province Houses. The two finest old buildings of Philadelphia, and they are still standing to prove their beauty, were designed, one by a local lawyer, the other by a local doctor!

The Capitol is on a plateau, eighty-eight feet above the Potomac River, and practically the same height above the low-lying land that stretches away from its western front. The length of the building is seven hundred and fifty-one feet, and the greatest dimension of its varying width is three hundred and fifty feet.

It is vast, huge, profoundly impressive. It thrills with pride every American.

Above the plateau on which the Capitol stands

rises the dome, to a height of almost three hundred feet, and it is topped by a bronze statue of Freedom, by Crawford, which is itself within a few inches of twenty feet in height. Liberty wears a liberty cap but not of the European type but distinctively American, it being of eagles' feathers. A most curious feature of this liberty cap, designed and used in this way, is that it was suggested to Crawford by Jefferson Davis!

These feathers are of the fine upstanding kind that Admiral Sampson had in mind when he was guest of honor at a dinner given by the bluff old English seadog Admiral Fisher. Sampson, so Fisher narrates, sat silent until the dinner was almost over even when toasts were proposed to himself and his country. Then he suddenly rose and said only, "It was a damned fine old hen that hatched the American Eagle!"

The building has a wealth of columns, terraces, balustrades, arcades; and in both fronts are majestic flights of majestic steps, giving important and temple-like approaches.

To the eastward the level land stretches off superbly, with first a great paved esplanade for vehicle approach and then the great open park, wide as the great Capitol, stretching out liberally away to the Congressional Library. At the western front the land drops quickly away to the level, eighty feet below. Bulfinch, when he first saw the Capitol, whose construction he was commissioned to continue, at once saw that there was danger in the nearness of

so heavy a building to the edge, and he gave great care to strengthening and planning retaining walls and the stairways which are still such an aspect of this approach.

An astonishing feature of the Capitol is the insignificance of the main entrance-way on either front. Latrobe's own idea as to this was to have a beautiful Grecian portico at the central entrance.

On the pediment of the grand central portico is an effort at designing a group of sculpture, by John Quincy Adams, who was then a versatile Secretary of State. It represents what Adams himself called the "Genius of America," with the Goddess of Liberty morally and neatly supported by Justice and Hope.

The dome of the Capitol, so magnificent in appearance in its exterior, loses nothing of magnificence in its interior view. It is almost one hundred feet in diameter and its lower portion, the Rotunda, is surrounded by a series of large historical paintings, of which those by John Trumbull are by far the best. This same John, who won high fame as a painter, had taken active part in the Revolutionary War, had become a colonel, and had been made military secretary by Washington. He was the son of Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, the original "Brother Jonathan."

As did such a proportion of early American painters, he went to Europe to complete his artistic training, and while there, there arose within him the ambition to make for his nation a series of paintings representing the most important features of Ameri-

can history. He went back and forth among the European cities, seeking out and portraying such historical American characters as were then on the other side of the Atlantic: including John Adams, who was representing America in London, and Jefferson who was similarly in Paris. This part of his work covered some years following the close of the War of 1812. Abigail Adams, seeing one of his American paintings in London wrote: "He is the first painter who has undertaken to immortalize those great actions that gave birth to our Nation. By this means he will not only secure his own fame, but transmit to posterity characters and actions which will command the admiration of future ages." Coming back to America, he sought out other living Americans, and for those who were dead he copied the best available portraits. Washington himself, he not only remembered but had made of him, in the course of the Revolutionary War, what is always considered one of the most interesting of Washington portraits.

It was after more than thirty years of preparation that the American Government commissioned him to paint four great paintings.

Most important is the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, the arrangement of the figures being made as Jefferson, Franklin and others described it to him. In looking at different prints or engravings of his Signing one notices, and wonders about, the fact that they are not all quite alike as to the members included or their postures. They are al-

most alike, but the differences have come from Trumbull's having made several slightly varying replicas of this painting: one being in New Haven and another of them being in Hartford.

Besides the painting of the Declaration there are three other large paintings by Trumbull, bought by the Government, and placed here around the lower part of the Rotunda. The second picture is of the Surrender of Burgoyne and was painted from sketches made on the spot by Trumbull in 1777.

It shows among the trees of the locality a score or so of officers all without hats, an unusual feature. The third painting represents the Surrender of Cornwallis; and the marching of the British soldiers between the lines of French and Americans is not fanciful but represents the scene just as Trumbull saw it, he having been present. The fourth and last Trumbull painting is of the Resignation of Washington as commander-in-chief.

If any one wishes to see the coat worn by Washington on the occasion, it may be seen at the National Museum, and the commission which he surrendered is preserved in the Department of State, and the room is still in Annapolis!

Never was a better criticism made of the great marble reliefs which have been placed around the Rotunda than was made by a Menominee Indian chief. He looked at the sculpture of the landing of the Pilgrims, over the eastern doorway, and said: "Indians give white man corn." He gazed for a time at one of the Indians making the treaty with

Penn and said: "Indians give white man land." He then turned to Pocahontas saving the life of Captain Smith, and here his sober comment was: "Indian saves white man's life." Then he looked at the relief over the last door, of Daniel Boone with his foot on the body of a dead Indian, plunging his knife into the heart of another: and at this his eyes gleamed and he said sternly: "See! White man kills Indian."

It used to be, for no reason quite apparent, that Washington was called the city of magnificent distances. Had the Capitol been called the building of magnificent distances, it would have been another matter, for there are what seem to be interminable corridors.

One's first impression is naturally that the Capitol is used almost altogether by the Senate and the House of Representatives, but their meeting halls take much less than half of the total space of the building, the main part of it being given up to committee rooms, document rooms, offices of clerks, cloak rooms, lunch rooms, reception rooms, corridors and libraries. In addition, between the Rotunda and the Hall of Representatives, is Statuary Hall. Between the Rotunda and the Senate Chamber is the United States Supreme Court. In the passages are signal lights, so arranged as to tell whether or not either body is in session.

Statuary Hall was originally the meeting room of the Representatives and it was in this room that all the early Representatives spoke, including Clay and

Webster, Calhoun, Randolph and Cass. It was in this room that former President John Quincy Adams, then a Representative from Massachusetts, was struck down by paralysis only to die two days later in an adjoining apartment. Henry Watterson, then a lad, and at the present day only recently dead, after a life of unusual prominence and activity, was near Adams when he fell, and went with him as he was carried into the ante-room and knelt beside him, fanning him. Watterson, it may be added, was very fortunate as a young man as to being present on important occasions. He was just naturally born that way. He stood close to Lincoln at Lincoln's first inauguration, narrowly observed him, as only a young man like Watterson could, and wrote down that the new President looked dignified, firm and self-possessed, and "as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life."

All through the corridors and in vistas or niches are statues or paintings of Americans and American events calculated to stir patriotic feelings. It gives a national and historic background to transact public business near paintings such as the "Battle of Lake Erie" and the "Attack on Chapultepec."

Statuary Hall, a semi-circular room nearly one hundred feet in its greatest width and whose ceiling is a high half dome, was originally and for many years the Hall of the House of Representatives, and it is a very much more beautiful and more impressive room than the present Hall of the House of Representatives.

It was in the time of the Civil War that the suggestion was made and approved that this earlier Hall of the House should be used as a hall of memorial statuary of great Americans, each State to choose its own two examples and to present the statues in either marble or bronze.

In a way this room is like that part of Westminster Abbey where there are so many monuments and memorials, for both the English collection and the American contain a marked proportion of men whose particular fame has already been forgotten. At the same time both collections are impressive in their showing that both nations are striving to do honor to those who have honored them and to point out to posterity the great national achievements of the past.

An amusing and in some respects even absurd feature of Statuary Hall is that some physically insignificant men have large statues and tower above such physically great men as Washington and Webster.

The statue of Webster was not sent by Massachusetts, whose adopted son he was, but by New Hampshire, where he was born. Massachusetts did not forgive Webster's notable speech, which was taken to be in favor of slavery. Whittier, the Quaker, killed him with a few strokes of the pen in the tremendous "Ichabod," one of the most terrible of attacks.

Yet in spite of this loss of prestige, Joseph H. Choate has declared that to Webster, more than to

any other man, was owing the fiery promptitude with which the North sprang to arms in defense of the Union—Webster having been pre-eminently the defender of the Constitution.

Ethan Allen, who was not a particularly large man, was a man not only of heroic deeds, but he was provided with a statue of heroic size by the State of Vermont. Ethan Allen would not have objected to over publicity, for one day, when he attended church in a Vermont town, the minister spoke in the highest terms of the men of Bennington, but did not name Ethan Allen as a hero of the battle; whereupon Allen arose in his pew and said, "Please let the Almighty know I was there!"

Washington and Robert E. Lee naturally are Virginia's favorite sons, Washington's statue being by the famous Houdon, who had been employed by Virginia to make a Washington statue and who lived for a time at Mount Vernon studying his subject. Richmond has the original and the city of Washington a replica. Lee's was placed here in the 1900's.

In 1921 the Suffragists had a three-headed statue made out of a monster block of marble, out of which rise three heads intended to represent Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, and Susan B. Anthony. The Suffragists hoped that this statue would be placed either in Statuary Hall or the Rotunda, and, to be ready for its unveiling, it was hauled up into the Capitol by powerful winches. Passing there, within a few days after its unveiling, I saw the workmen conveying the statue down again, as it

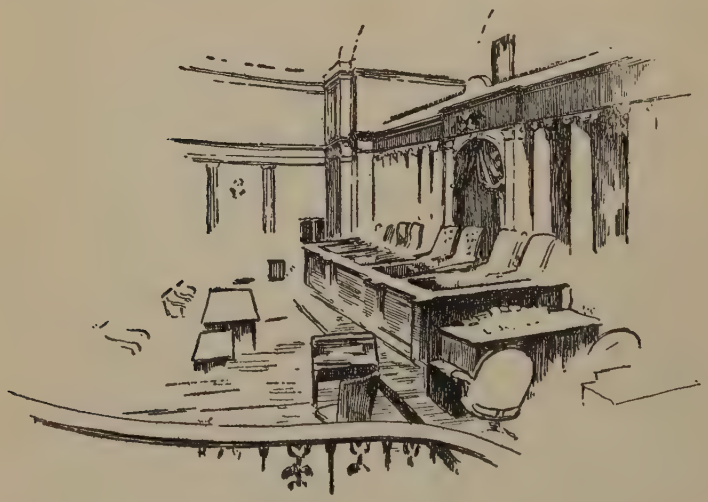
was declared to be too heavy for any part of the floor, and it is now tucked away in the crypt.

When Statuary Hall was the Hall of Representatives, it was recognized as having poor acoustic properties. However, so many admirable things were said there that this was largely overlooked. Here the then Speaker of the House, Henry Clay, eloquently welcomed Lafayette as the guest of the nation, and here Lafayette, in eloquently flowing periods, replied—so eloquently and so flowingly in fact, that shrewd listeners quickly realized that although the words were spoken by Lafayette they were in reality the composition of Henry Clay.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who restlessly went to Washington, in the course of the Civil War, took comfort in finding artists busily at work in esthetic embellishment of the dome of the Capitol while other people were so worried about the fate of the nation. At those very times, down in the basement floor, barrels of cement had been placed as barricades; some of the basement corridors were used for storing army provisions; there were rooms making a great wartime hospital, and in other parts of the basement bakeries were in operation, making as many as sixteen thousand loaves of bread a day for the army.

One is well repaid by wandering through the old part of the basement area, with its scores of heavy columns, its passages, its remarkable domed vault. Here underneath the center of the Rotunda, it was early planned to place forever the body of George

Washington. The plan got so far that his widow gave her formal assent to it. For some unknown reason the plan was dropped, but not until a "keeper of the crypt"—what a feudal flavor the title has!—had been appointed. And for fifty years a salary was paid for the supposititious performance of the duties of keeper of the crypt.



CHAPTER VI

"GRAVE AND REVEREND SEIGNIORS"

NEARLY the most important points of distinction in the career of Chief Justice Marshall seem to have been, first, that he took an active part, under Washington, in the attack on the home of the then Colonial Chief Justice Chew in Germantown; second, that he has by all means the greatest claim among Americans to proficiency in the old-time game of quoits. Chester Harding, the painter who went from the wilderness of western New York to Paris to establish himself as an artist—but Paris in Kentucky!—and afterwards to Washington and to Great Britain to paint all the great ones of the day, describes the enthusiasm of Chief Justice Marshall at a game of quoits, kneeling on the ground, measuring with a straw,

calling out in excitement: in fact not acting at all with the tremendous dignity with which less than an hour before he had presided over the Supreme Court of the United States. After mentioning the above two points of distinction it may be well to put in a reminder that he was the ablest in the entire line of American Chief Justices.

Like the House of Representatives, the Senate gave up old quarters for new when the Capitol spread its wings to its present dimensions. The room, the special triumph of Latrobe, which used to be occupied by the Senate is now the court room of the Supreme Court. It is a distinguished room of unusual design and the Bench is a straight row of nine big black easy chairs occupied by the Supreme Justices and at once attracting the eye. The gold eagle chair in the middle is naturally the chair of the Chief Justice.

Behind the Bench is a long arcade fronted by pillars of Potomac marble supporting a narrow gallery, and above the gallery curves a great cassetted arch. The rest of the ceiling is cassetted on the curve of a flattish half-dome.

There are concentric rows of dark upholstered settees for spectators, facing the seats of the Justices. There is not room for many of these seats, but many are not needed for almost all the visitors stay but a few minutes and hurry away, most of them considering the session merely as a spectacle and not an exciting one.

On the other hand it should be said that the lack

of dignity is not wholly on the part of visitors, for the Justices themselves, in their prominent location, are very comfortably settled in their chairs and too frequently seem very near sleep.

The Justices, following the English custom, are all solemnly robed in black, and on the days when they are to sit they enter in single file to the ancient cry of the court-officer.

The Supreme Court makes so positive a rule as to the impossibility of reversing any of its decisions, leaving us a good modern impression of the Medes and Persians, that it is fascinating to remember that Ben Butler, who was never afraid of anybody, once managed to secure a revocation. As he began his claim one of the Justices reminded him that he was violating court ethics. Whereupon Butler replied: "If Your Honors will read my brief, I am certain you will be inclined to thank me." Whereupon they read and reversed.

There is here an excellent portrait by Gilbert Stuart of the first Chief Justice of the line, John Jay, representing him not in the plain black silk robes which became customary, but in a black satin robe with scarlet facings; and there is a portrait of Marshall by Rembrandt Peale.

In this room, when it was the Senate Chamber, Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated, the fiery John Adams having refused to accompany him. Here too war was declared with Great Britain in the year 1812.

Numerous of the most interesting of Supreme

Court cases were argued and decided before the court moved into this room, one of the most interesting cases being that of Dartmouth College, because of the extravagant-seeming description of the effect of Webster's oration not only on the audience but on the court. Justice Story, didactic writer and talker that he was, wrote: "We listened for the first hour with perfect astonishment, the second hour with perfect delight, and for the third with perfect conviction." A letter from one of the audience to Rufus Choate says that Webster's lips quivered and that his eyes filled with tears. And Chief Justice Marshall, who presided, is described as bending forward, eager to catch every word, his eyes also suffused with tears.

Naturally, Webster won much more distinction as a senator than as a lawyer for his abilities were marvelously oratorical. Among his few greatest speeches was his reply to Hayne, the Southerner having made an extraordinarily able attack on the North and especially on New England.

In the night that intervened between Hayne's attack and Webster's reply many a Northerner lay sleepless, depressed and anxious and fearing that Hayne would prove the superior. But a friend who called at Webster's house, for his daughter, who was visiting Webster's daughter that evening, was surprised to find the great New Englander not only cheerful but playful; not in his library worrying and working at his speech but out in the sitting

WASHINGTON FROM ACROSS THE POTOMAC

room with one of the girls on each knee.

His friend was well ahead of time at the Senate Chamber next morning, anxious to see Webster enter, and he was relieved to see him come in immaculately dressed and very calm. Many members of the House of Representatives joined the throng of listeners. Every particle of space was occupied. Lobbies and staircases were packed. There was general anxiety as to Webster's ability to make suitable reply.

"It is time that the people should know what the Constitution is," said an anxious Senator to him as he entered.

"They shall learn this day what I understand it to be," replied Webster, and with that he went to his place, and in his speech he so absolutely demolished Hayne that even the most ardent Southerner admitted it. A painting of the scene holds the place of honor in old Faneuil Hall.

When he visited England Webster was greatly interested in the House of Lords, and especially noticed the highly important Lyndhurst, who, as Webster tells, spoke with scarcely a movement except now and then to move his right hand to his left breast. Necessarily a judge of oratory, Webster also observed that Lyndhurst was conversational, argumentative, logical without any attempt at brilliancy.

The extraordinary Lord Broughham, who was beside Webster, remarked, that the Peers considered

Lyndhurst the ablest debater in the House of Lords.

"Naturally, I am glad to hear that," responded Webster, "Lord Lyndhurst being the son of the American painter Copley and Boston born!"

The French Minister to the United States one day asked Webster, when Secretary of State, whether America would recognize the new French government under Louis Napoleon. The answer is worth noting, especially by those who believe that the establishment of a government means its permanent endurance. "Why not?" said Webster. "The United States recognized the Bourbons, the Republic, the Directory, the Council of Five Hundred, the First Consul, the Emperor, Louis the Eighteenth, Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe, so why not Louis Napoleon!"

Among all our Senators of the United States Webster stands pre-eminent.

The Senate Chamber is now in the northern wing of the Capitol, and has no windows looking to the outside, and is lighted by skylights from above. It is not a distinguished looking room. It is something over one hundred feet in length, and not far from being as wide as it is long.

The galleries extend all around the four sides of the chamber and, although designed to accommodate visitors, from every part of the country and at times in very large numbers, the galleries, which offer the only space for visitors, are so poorly planned that they seat only one thousand persons; and the space for these one thousand is largely and closely re-

stricted to families of the members, to diplomatic representatives and to the press, leaving very little opportunity for the public to attend the sessions.

The Vice-President of the United States is, under the Constitution, the presiding officer of the Senate, but in reality he for a great deal of the time calls some Senator to the chair.

The seats of the members are arranged in semi-circular order, and each member has his own individual seat and desk. So far as possible the Republicans are seated at the left of the presiding officer, and the Democrats are on the right, but necessarily this arrangement must at times be modified, when one party or the other has a considerable majority of the membership. Each member keeps his seat during only a single Congress and all draw lots at the beginning of the next for a choice. As an aid to the public, plans of the seats are printed and handed to such visitors as care for this marked convenience.

The most unimportant men in American public life are considered to be our Vice-Presidents of the United States, but at least they are given in turn the honor of a bust in the Senate Chamber and already there are a large number of busts, each set in its individual niche. One, that of Vice-President Wilson, is not in the Senate Chamber, but in the Vice-President's room where he suddenly died.

The bust of Vice-President King is here, reminding of the fact that ill health took him to Cuba, during his campaign, and that a special act of Congress

authorized him to take the oath of office there. Returning, he died on the very day after his arrival in his own country.

Unavoidably there comes the old time line about "most potent, grave and reverend seignors," but somehow the Senate of nowadays does not impress so potently as America would like it to; but the greatest men come after all in cycles of importance. Never was a more important Senatorial period than when there were at one time such remarkable members as Webster, Clay and Calhoun, and we may fairly hope that the time will again come when such men will appear.

It comes so natural to think of the Senators as potent that it is interesting to mention, that in one respect, they were not only potent in the past, but have continued to be so even in recent years: and that has been in marrying their daughters to army men who after marriage rose to the greatest prominence. Fremont won high place and fame in the army, after he married the daughter of the powerful Senator Benton. It is pleasant to remember that Fremont as a young officer courted Jessie Benton in the open park in front of where now stands the Pension Building. William Tecumseh Sherman won his first important advancement through having married the daughter of the powerful Ewing. John J. Pershing secured his early and astonishing advance through being the son-in-law of Senator Warren. Pershing's early advance was given him by Roosevelt, who found some rule in the way of

giving the fairly moderate advance that was intended and thereupon, rather than be balked or have the Senator's wishes balked, made what is believed to have been by far the greatest advance in rank for Pershing, ever made in our army. All America realizes how fortunate for the country it was that Pershing was given such early promotion, for without that he would not have reached the place of command of the American army of millions in the great war.

Oftentimes the Senate, in session, does not look as imposing as it might do. There are often only a few members present, but the explanation of this lies largely in the fact that a great part of senatorial work is done by committees, with a general steering committee in control, behind the scenes. But there are times when almost every member is present: when some bill of special importance draws out discussion of intensity, with speech following speech in sequent earnestness. When there is heard a jingling bell which calls in such members as may still be in some committee room, it may be understood that an important vote is on the point of being taken.

A general falling off in impressiveness is perhaps, absurd though it at first seems, owing to the vanishing of formal long-tailed coats and to the coming in of short sack coats. After all a great deal of dignity accompanied the old time dressing.

Nowadays there is much of standing carelessly and listlessly about. The pages of the Senate, who

are very young for their work, are called by a hand-clap and go on a run, not a walk, to the summoning Senator and this adds materially to the stir and confusion of the room. Vice-President Marshall made use of this rush and hurry as a comparison when, in his farewell speech to the Senate in 1921, he told them that too many of the Senators themselves had been "running with Congressional cracked ice" at the call of President Wilson.

It is a great shock to the visitor to the Senate Chamber, be he foreign or native, to observe that tobacco is still chewed with the inevitable disagreeable result. This is not confined to Southern members nor limited to either party. Out of their own mouths they are condemned.

This has been so stressed as a national vice by English travelers, and it is so seldom seen among respectable men outside of the Capitol, that it is generally taken to be a vice of American origin; which makes it interesting to remember that the charming Rosalind, pictured in the Forest of Arden, must have had this in mind as a habit of the time and place for she says: "Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit." Which is remindful of Mark Twain's pleasantry, of the Prince who went out with the falcon on his finger, "hawking and spitting."

Our "seigniors" by no means fill Shakespeare's description of "grave," for most of them are not serious of aspect. And there have frequently been extremely humorous retorts delivered on the Senate

floor. The usually sober Senator Burton, whose constituents referred to him as "being as reserved as a box-seat at the Opera," one day surprised his colleagues by remarking "We must have peace, even if we have to fight for it."

Among old-timers, actions were quite as important as words, and Clay and Randolph once actually fought a duel: although Randolph really did not fight but took Clay's fire, and himself fired in the air; whereupon the two promptly fell into each other's arms. Senator Benton wrote of this that it was a "high-toned duel."

The tirades of Senator Randolph were often intensely fierce, yet a touch of unintentional humor was frequently added by his directing some assistant doorkeeper to get him some more porter, in regard to which it has been declared that in the course of an afternoon speech he would not infrequently drink three or four quarts! His antagonist in the duel just referred to had a curious habit of sitting in his Senatorial seat and sucking striped peppermint candy.

The picturesque Sam Houston used frequently to sit in a waistcoat of hairy panther skin and often he was giving all of his time in the Senate chamber to whittling little pine hearts and other trinkets for his women friends. There was more to Sam Houston than panther-skin clothes. As a young man, Governor of Tennessee, he solved a situation in his own way. On his wedding night his bride wept and told him she loved another but would try to make

him a good wife. "Miss," said the Governor, "no white woman is my slave. Good-night." He resigned the governorship and went to live with the Cherokees—but emerged later in life to high public office, another wife, the name of a city in Texas and of a street in New York, and became a picturesque feature of Washington for years.

Henry Clay at another time fought a duel with Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky; they fought over the line in Indiana, and at least a thousand men accompanied them and were spectators. Clay was wounded in the thigh and played cards in bed until he was well.

Martin Van Buren was not looked upon as a humorist but the public managed to find a great deal of humor in the fact that when his household goods were sold, on his leaving the Senate, it was found that the carpet of his library was worn bare where he had been in the habit of rehearsing his speeches and posturing before a mirror.

Senator Evarts often made witty remarks. His "Water flowed like wine," is the most famous, but there are many others. At a great dinner at which Webster and Brandreth, a pillmaker, were present, Evarts spoke of the happiness of the company in having with them "the two pillars of the Constitution." At a Thanksgiving dinner Evarts arose and began a speech by saying: "You have paid attention to a turkey stuffed with sage: I hope you will now pay brief attention to a sage stuffed with tur-

key!" A woman friend once asked him how he could stand the variety of food and especially the different wines in his many dinings out, to which he replied, "Ah, madame, it is not the different wines; it is the indifferent."

Senator Ingalls of Kansas will long be remembered for his reply to President Cleveland's ponderously uttered remark: "A public office is a public trust," when he cleverly snapped off, "A public office is a private snap." After a defeat at the polls (these were in the spirited days of sockless Jerry Simpson!) Ingalls referred to himself as a "statesman out of a job," but laconically admitted that even so he had many responsibilities and added that about the only people who could escape their responsibilities were those who travel with "a bandana trunk with a pin lock."

Kansas was often the object of jeers in the Senate but no Senator had the temerity to try this twice while Ingalls was Senator. One day a Pennsylvania Senator spoke disparagingly of Kansas, especially as compared with a State like Pennsylvania, whereupon Ingalls retorted:

"Mr. President: Pennsylvania has produced only two great men—Benjamin Franklin of Massachusetts and Albert Gallatin of Switzerland." At another time it was a Delaware Senator who risked a criticism of Kansas, whereupon Ingalls instantly arose and said: "Mr. President: The gentleman who has just spoken represents a State which has two

counties when the tide is up—and only three when it is down."

The best-known retort of the Senate was made by Ben Wade of Ohio. When a Southern member sentimentally declared that a certain law would impose a great hardship on Southerners who wished to settle in Kansas for it would make it impossible for them to take with them their dear old mammies who had cared for them from childhood, Wade interposed sternly: "We do not object to the gentlemen taking their old mammies into Kansas. What we object to is their selling them when they get there!"

In spite of openness to much criticism the Senate on the whole is a great and powerful body; the old phrase "the over-shadowing Senate" remains.

A reminiscence comes of the days before the present Senate Chamber was used. Webster was particularly anxious that his long-time friendly rival and opponent Calhoun should hear him deliver what came to be known as his "Seventh of March" speech. He knew that Calhoun was very ill at what is known as the Old Capitol, at that time a boarding house which had been used as a meeting place by Congress after the burning of the actual Capitol by the British.

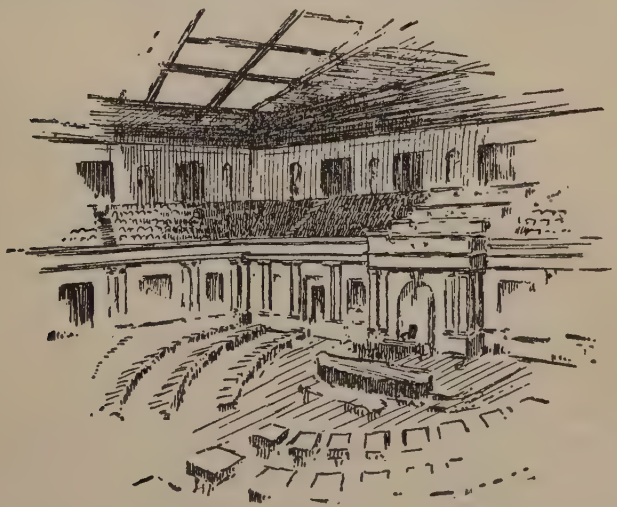
In all his superbness of physical bearing, Webster entered Calhoun's room and found him lying frail and almost helpless. Calhoun could only express his regret that he would never again attend a Senatorial meeting.

Immensely saddened, Webster went thoughtfully

to the Senate, and a little later arose, and before beginning his actual speech pathetically expressed his profound regret that his dear friend Calhoun, the especial champion of the slave-holding viewpoint, was too ill to be there.

As Webster was saying this a tall white-haired black-stocked, black-suited, black-cloaked man feebly entered the meeting room and sank into a seat. As Webster continued his feeling remarks regarding Calhoun, the Southerner feebly spoke, but the Massachusetts man did not at first hear him. Webster continued, and then, in a pause, there came again the feeble sound; and the Senate sank into intense silence except for the thin voice of Calhoun who said: "The gentleman from South Carolina is present."

He was dead before the month was over, but he heard his rival's "Seventh of March" speech.



CHAPTER VII

REPRESENTATIVES AND MISREPRESENTATIVES

AT any point on entering the Capitol one gets the impression, that the building in one place or another contains pictures of every event in American history and portraits or sculptures of every American of prominence and a great many who are not thought of as having ever been prominent. When in the House of Representatives end of the building, one finds a Gilbert Stuart wasted on so forgotten a man as Gunning Bedford, one feels that the limit is there positively reached.

At the same time it must never be overlooked that on the whole the portraits and paintings are invaluable as a pictorial and realistic record of the country; and if one must needs have a certain proportion of such forgotten men as Gunning Bedford, it is by all means excellent to have them by a Gilbert Stuart.

One of the most interesting although not among the very best paintings in the Capitol is that of the

Signing of the Proclamation of Emancipation, because it gives war-time portraits not only of President Lincoln but of Stanton, Chase, Seward, and the other members of his Cabinet. A portrait of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who will always be known with this full designation because he thus signed the Declaration, remarking as he did so, that as there were so many Carrolls, King George could now tell precisely which one he was, is one of the portraits of the Capitol, and it is especially worth while, because it so happened that this man of picturesque appellation was the last survivor of the Signers.

One of the most popular of Capitol paintings is the large one which won the title of "Westward Ho!" representing as it does all the figures of an early far-West emigrant party, with every detail shown.

The meeting room of the House of Representatives, and the various other rooms given over to the use of that body, are in the opposite end of the Capitol from the rooms of the Senate, and the Hall of Representatives, as it is usually termed, is about twenty five feet longer than the Chamber of the Senate, although one would naturally expect it to be much larger on account of the much greater number of members. And although the members are so many, the accommodation for visitors is barely more than is allowed by the Senate, for only twelve hundred in all can be crowded in even at the most important sessions. One may fairly wonder if this was not intended by the planners, to make it impos-

sible for any large number of the possibly disaffected to gather about either of the Houses in session. The same reason may have had much to do with the keeping of the chambers of both Houses in a state of windowless isolation, through having the lighting come from overhead skylights.

It used to be, as late as 1830, that it was the custom of the members of Congress to follow the old and extremely odd English Parliamentary custom of wearing their hats during the sessions.

There are no longer desks in the House, and the members are not given each his own individual seat, in this differing markedly from the Senate, but the Representatives shift about at their own will, individual seating not now being feasible with so large a membership.

The two important figures of authority are the Speaker of the House, who is a very important figure indeed: and the sergeant-at-arms who on occasion carries the Mace of the House. The Mace is of authority by representing the entire power of the House. When not in use it remains on its marble pedestal and there signifies that the House is in session. It is a bundle of ebony rods fastened with transverse bands of silver, having thus a marked Roman air. When the sergeant-at-arms is making his stately progress to carry out some order of the Speaker, as for example the quieting of a riot or a fight among the members, he holds the Mace aloft in his hands, advancing thus, in a sort of stately progress.

Even at the present time there are now and then fights or near-fights and a great deal of abusive language; as to the last point, however, the members might point to the vividly abusive authority of the great Roosevelt, who although never a member of the House, loved on occasion to give himself full verbal freedom: as, for example, when attacking Parker, his rival for the Presidency, he declared: "The statements made by Mr. Parker are unqualifiedly and atrociously false!"

As the Mace represents an old-time custom, for it has been used in precisely its present way since the very first Congress, so also is an old-time custom represented by the quaintness of turning back the hands of the clock to lengthen by this obvious and recognized fiction the close of a final session of Congress. Unfortunately, however, this is not altogether a matter of quaint and expected custom, but is made an opportunity at times by the unscrupulous to rush through without question in the last few minutes some more or less nefarious bills.

The Hall of Representatives is not impressive in design, although I remember recently reading that it is one of the most marvelous meeting chambers of any legislative body in the world! Such matters must necessarily always remain questions of individual taste.

A very great amount of space is given by the House to purposes of individual comfort, as for restaurants and many kinds of meeting and resting

rooms; and the vast and beautiful new office buildings offer still greater space.

The Congressmen of both Houses, Senators and Representatives, alike lose their names when they enter the meeting chambers. They are always referred to as "the gentleman from Ohio," "the gentleman from California," and so on. The exceptions come when there are two men of the same surname from the same State, in which case they must needs be differentiated, or when the very rare occasions come when a member is called to the bar to be publicly censured by the presiding officer.

An amusing twist was given to this general custom by a Vice-President of some years ago who, whenever he recognized one of the two Senators from Arkansas, knowing that one of the two pronounced the name of the State with the final "s" sounded, and the other with the last syllable pronounced as if it ended with "w," always recognized one of the members as "The gentleman from Arkansaw" and the other as "The gentleman from Arkansas."

In a sense the members of Congress constitute an intellectual melting pot quite as importantly as do the people of the great cities; for men gather together not only from distant parts of the country, but from parts where there are widely different problems as to the needs and proper treatment of different classes of people. Here in Washington, by mingling with the Southern members, the members from the North may come to an understanding of the

negro problems, and the Southerners for their part may come to an understanding of the problems connected with the enormous number of un-American foreigners in the North.

Even more than with the Senate, and this naturally is owing to the much larger number of members, there is almost always some one ready for a quip or jest. One day, annoyed by what he deemed foolish talk of two fellow Congressmen, Thomas B. Reed remarked: "They never open their mouths without subtracting from the sum of human knowledge."

One day Congressman Springer, in an effort to be particularly impressive and convincing declared: "As for me, I would rather be right than be President." At which Reed instantly drawled in his cool fashion: "Well, the gentleman will never be either." That Springer's phrase was originally used, one day, by Henry Clay used to be remembered by old-timers, and it was perhaps fortunate even for the great Clay, that Reed was not then a member.

It is naturally difficult if not impossible to refer to the general type of Representatives, for after all you may get an impression from one Congress which will be altered by the next, and yet, it does seem a fact that the usual Member of Congress is a trifle under average height, is a little more broad shouldered than the average man, this perhaps being typical of being able to push his way, and is inclined to have a somewhat rounder head and a shorter neck than men of other classes. It seems to be that there are more successful dark-haired politicians than

those of other hirsute coloring. John Quincy Adams, one of the most striking examples of lengthy continuity of office, could scarcely be referred to as an example of either class, his head being bare through his hair being so scant and sacrosanct. It was a very sensitive point with the irascible Adams, and when a constituent one day called at his Washington home and said that his wife, when a little girl, used to call at the Adams home and often curled John Quincy's hair, Adams forgot any caution as to offending a constituent and snarled: "I suppose she combs yours now."

Franklin Pierce, when he was a Congressman a dozen years before he was made President, one evening gave a striking illustration of the kind of helpfulness that makes friends. For being out with a convivial companion, this companion fell into one of the old-time open sewers. Pierce tried in vain to pull him out. Then he said: "I can't get you out, so I'll come in myself!" On which, fully dressed as he was, he leaped in.

The House of Representatives has been quite a goal for odd or even freakish members. One Southerner was so large and heavy that a special chair had to be made for him. One of the unusual old-time members of Congress, or to be precise, a delegate from the Territory of Michigan, was a Roman Catholic Priest, named Gabriel Richard, who received orders in Paris and went as a missionary into the Northwest Territory. And this is reminded of another ecclesiastic, John Witherspoon, pres-

ident of Princeton, whose statue stands at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and Eighteenth Street, who was the only clergyman who signed the Declaration of Independence. One of the city's most interesting characters, Eleazer Williams, was not a Congressman, but a lobbyist sent by Indians to sway Congressional action in regard to them. He has generally been supposed to be a half-breed Seneca—but he aroused immense interest by formally claiming to be the lost dauphin of France, brought up in the American backwoods.

It was Congressman Jim Campbell who, when confronted by President Cleveland with Constitutional reasons why a bill in which Campbell was interested could not be signed, replied coaxingly: "Oh, just sign it! What's the Constitution between friends!" Which immensely amused the usually placid Cleveland, but, naturallly, did not secure his signature.

As with the Senate, so with the House, it is often the case that only a small proportion of members are present, and as also with the Senate, so with the House, it is often the case that there is a general effect of inattention, as if the members are heedless as to the passing or not passing of bills of immensely important character. But also as with the Senate, the explanation is to quite an extent to be found in the fact that much of the most important work is done in committees.

The Representatives in general are of not nearly so much importance in Washington, either politically

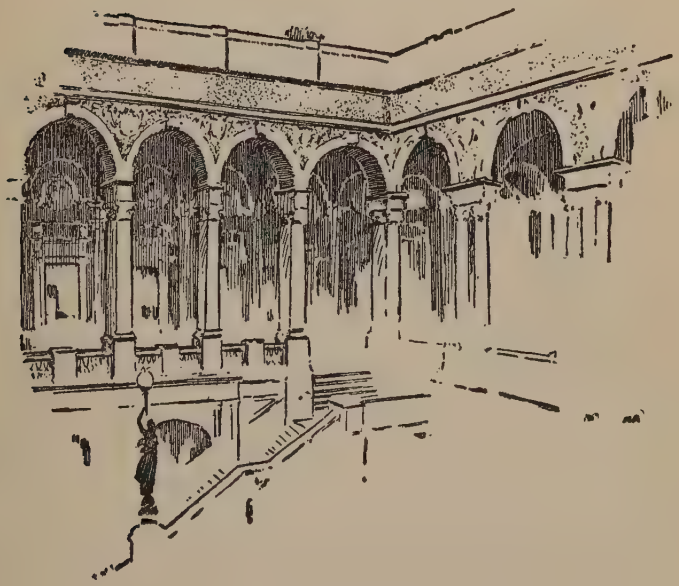
or socially, as are the Senators or heads of Departments. It is hard to awe the average Washingtonian with a Representative unless the Representative is of special importance through the possession of marked qualities or great wealth.

Many Congressmen's wives are always to be found at the meetings of what are known as "Current Events" lecturers, for they develop an immense eagerness to keep in touch with the affairs of the nation and the world. Many follow the Congressional debates closely from the galleries, day after day.

A great retort in the House was evoked when a New York Congressman of some years ago was on the point of being expelled by his fellow members for dishonesty regarding an important bill. He made a lengthy defense, ending with an appeal against a harsh decision, and began to quote pathetically, " 'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear," at which a voice demanded coldly: "Will the gentleman please name the price?" This is still looked upon as one of the star retorts of the House, and another was made in regard to Representative Holman, who for many years bore the title of the "Watch-dog of the Treasury," on account of his custom of objecting to every money bill that came up. One day, however, a bill was introduced for the expenditure of a large sum in Holman's own district. A fellow member introduced it and a dead silence fell as the House listened for the expected Holman objection. But it did not come. The sil-

ence continued, and then from the far side of the house there came the taunting:

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."



CHAPTER VIII

SOME CHARACTERISTICS

A REGIMENT of bronze cavalry could be formed, so the impression comes, from the host of bronze horsemen scattered about Washington streets.

Washington is a wonderfully be-statued city; it has more statues in its streets in proportion to its size, than has any other city, and the statues are almost all equestrian and almost all to commemorate heroes of war.

Look in any direction, up any street or avenue, and the eye is struck by a row of statued men. For example, follow along Vermont Avenue, and you find only a block apart, Logan, and Thomas and McPherson and Jackson. Very prominent, beyond the south front of the White House, is the tall and rather recent equestrian Sherman. On Mt. Pleasant, in particular prominence, is a large and quite new McClellan. In fact the horsemen are everywhere.

The placing of statued generals about the city began many years ago, and among the first were the Washington which fascinated Bret Harte and the careering Andrew Jackson. Grant of course is one of the many, and the Grant Memorial displays horsemen galore in highly excited groups. There are now far more bronze horses than live ones to be seen on the streets of the Capitol.

Washington has markedly the air of a military city. During the Great War it did not look so military-like as did, say, either New York or Philadelphia, although it might naturally have been expected to look very military-like indeed at that time. There were generally no great number of officers or soldiers to be seen on the streets, and even the White House and its grounds, carefully though they were in reality guarded, gave little outward evidence of watchfulness except for here and there an isolated soldier or policeman. But since the war, Washington has become the special goal of army men and it now has more of a military aspect than have the other cities.

It seems curious but is perhaps quite natural, that thus far, although the veterans of the late war are highly honored, the period has not yet arrived in which they are to be mistily haloed, a period which a great many years ago was reached in regard to the men of the Civil War. And this is remindful of Mrs. Burton Harrison's amusement, when a young girl, who had been reading with avidity novels of the Civil War, asked her in all seriousness if it were

really true that every man of that period was handsome, clever and a palladin of bravery, and every woman a radiant belle and beauty.

Washington is pre-eminently a city of social activities. It is not, as would naturally be expected, a city of many theatres. A city thronged not only with residents with time at their disposal, but with visitors from all quarters, would naturally be expected to demand an active drama, as an important feature, whereas on the contrary it is seldom in the winter that a good play comes. One is tempted to wonder if the explanation can be the intensity with which the people who would under ordinary circumstances be supporters of the theater and demanders of good plays are wrapped up in matters of social life. Residents and visitors, speaking broadly, follow eagerly in the round of dinners, receptions, luncheons and teas.

It is the more remarkable that it is not a great amusement city, for it is a city of the shortest possible working hours. The great department buildings with their thousands and thousands of employees, turn them all into the streets at extremely early hours, and a most curious corollary is that museums and galleries also close by the middle of the afternoon! With practically all of the places of instruction or sightseeing closing early in the day, there are still few theaters other than for moving pictures.

It may be said, however, that dancing is a marked diversion of a great part of the population, and this

TREE ARCADED NEW HAMPSHIRE AVENUE

of course partially explains the absence of great theatrical demand. The present occupants of the White House, the Hardings, both have a pleasant liking for dancing, not at all a usual White House feature, at least in recent years.

Washington has gradually become a Mecca for bridal couples. In this respect it is believed to outrival even Niagara Falls. Someone with a bent for figures has estimated that the average is one hundred thousand a year: a rather incredible seeming number, but the actual figure must be high.

It was not in relation to a marriage but a funeral that Mrs. Jefferson Davis once came in touch with what was, to her, an entirely new feature. The funeral carriage called for her, and as it started off she noticed on either side, four negroes, walking in solemn glory, in black clothes and white cotton gloves. Instantly she demanded of the negro coachman an explanation, and she was told: "This, madame, is the way we always does at funerals and sich like." Telling the story herself she used to say that she was almost sorry to order the eight negroes to vanish, so proud had they been and then so crestfallen.

Among American cities Washington seems to be the black man's paradise. They are mostly happy and contented. They seem to be good citizens although some live in little narrow alleys, of which there are not many in the city; others live in excellent houses on excellent streets, they having of recent years acquired a good many districts of homes

which used to be prized by the whites. Many negroes owned bits of land in the most exclusive North West section and by selling became prosperous. Although there are quite a number of shops for negroes, negroes are unobtrusively welcomed in all the large stores as well.

There are negroes who are small shop-keepers, prosperous working men, office-holders, and small landlords. A great many past middle age, have the garb and facial expression that in other cities would mark them as negro preachers instead of, as here, negroes of settled prosperity. Even where negro homes are in rows of little houses in every shade of green and red and bronze and yellow, there is not an impression of poverty.

It is not politics that has dictated a good policy toward them, because nobody in the District of Columbia votes, either white or black. The birthrate of the blacks is a little greater than that of the whites, and the death rate is quite considerably greater, so that unless constantly reinforced from the South as they are, the negroes here would die out.

It is one of the most curious features of American history that less than five years before the Civil War it was solemnly declared in this city that the black race could be considered only as property. Chief Justice Taney, backed by a strong majority of the Supreme Court and by the general approval of the people and the majority of the churches, essentially declared that the negro had no right which the white man was bound to respect.

Even the opponents of slavery were so aghast that they could scarcely think it possible that the condition would ever change. It added to the striking features of the case that Taney, violently outspoken slavery man as he was, within a few years swore into office as President the man who was to overthrow slavery, Abraham Linclon! Thus did fate reverse the decision.

What amounts to a new city has within the past few years been developing on the heights, which in a general way are known as Mt. Pleasant, on the long hill beyond the twisty old lane, now a street, long the boundary of the city and known as Florida Avenue. These heights command far-extending views over the city and the Potomac; and many a hotel and apartment house has phalanxes of windows arranged to command these city-sweeping vistas.

There are costly homes here, and here too apartment houses of great size and expensiveness have firmly entrenched themselves. There are many apartment houses also in the general northwest section, before the heights are mounted, and they have the pleasant aspect which goes well with this city of charm.

The sidewalks and pavements are used freely by children of good class, for roller skating, and little wagon coasting: and the slopes of Mt. Pleasant are naturally not overlooked. One will sometimes be met on a slope by five or six little wagons, one immedi-

ately following the other, loaded with happy children.

By the movement of the motor cars which travel the Mt. Pleasant hills one may almost tell the time of day, for they come down in pleasantly noisy flocks between nine and ten in the morning, go back, many of them, a little more noisily for the dinner hour, and later, about one o'clock at night, attack the hill very noisily indeed, making free runs at the grade, starting from as far back as Dupont Circle.

An interesting feature of many of the streets of the city is that they are completely arcaded by the trees which are planted at their sides, and cared for by the city authorities. Beautiful examples of this may be seen in New Hampshire Avenue. Shade is so valued that the trees are often too low-trimmed for umbrella use on rainy days.

Washington is essentially a winter city, and the spaces about the house-fronts, and some unusually beautiful gardens, are planted with all manner of evergreens, laurels, magnolias, barberries, box bushes and borders, thus achieving an effect that especially delights the eye of the Northern garden lover who finds at home his box bushes and borders a source of despair. The houses too are draped with thick-growing English ivy. Many of them have balconies over the front doors, as if the architect had in mind that public favorites might live in the houses and be called upon for speeches to crowds in the streets.

At two spots in the city, one south of the White

House in the Executive grounds, and the other at Dupont Circle, are two great circular plantings of elm trees which have now become mature old trees and which show markedly from lofty points or in airplane pictures.

Washington is so attractive a city that although one may notice points of difference from other cities it is seldom that one thinks of it as anything but a place of charm and even beauty.

A characteristic that one early notices is the absence of what is expected as a matter of course in every other American city—the wholesale district! —something which simply does not here exist. You next notice that there is also an absence of any manufacturing district. Then comes the realization that you see very few heavy trucks filled with merchandise, such as are so familiarly to be seen elsewhere.

There is a surprising lesisureliness in the general business and shopping of the city, whether in the few large department stores or in the shops. A mutual leisureliness of customer and clerk is either annoying or amusing if you are waiting to do some purchasing yourself.

Business in general is a pleasant feature of this pleasant city, and there is an almost naïve readiness to give credit to new customers: indeed, it is not infrequently offered without being asked for: and this is a city peculiarly of transients!

I noticed the other day a man who distinctly represented a survival of the long ago past. He was a

scissors grinder, and he looked precisely as that kind of craftsman still looks in all parts of the country. Here was the short shabby man of our youthful days, with a gray-black lathe-frame on his back, and so bending under the load as to let his pendulum arm agitate the tongue of the bell, and always with the same sharp sound.

The horse-shoer has almost vanished; the modern shoemaker no longer sits on his queer low leather bench. How long will the scissors-grinder last?

A fascinating-seeming kind of advertisement, not in the least exceptional, but very common indeed, and often showing in rows in the advertising columns, is that of "furniture of all kinds"—as the general phrase is, for houses or apartments of all sizes:

"Wanted—to purchase immediately, outfit for a seven-room apartment. Phone so and so."

"Wanted—furniture of all kinds for a fourteen-room house."

"Wanted—furniture of all kinds for an eleven-room house."

And such advertisements go on, always specifying with amusing particularity the precise number of rooms to be so equipped. The explanation comes, from this being so largely a city of people who come for a few years at a time.

President Van Buren describes Washington as "the most gossiping place in the world." The city has been gossiping ever since. If a man or a woman

goes out to a social function he is expected to take some gossip with him, and to bring back, if he is clever, more than he takes. In the present days of prohibition, gossip is taking the line of telling the quantity and quality of wine served at great dinners; or some one may tell quietly of a retiring President ordering army trucks to move his private supply. Gossip revels over wide fields.

Washington is distinctively an American city. This cannot be too strongly expressed. Good-looking Americans and delightful Americans represent almost the complete population; and if some caviler should say something about the blacks, they too are Americans of many generations. On account of this being the center of diplomatic life there is at the same time both in street scenes and at all gatherings, a highly distinguished sprinkling of foreigners, attached to the embassies.

American as the city is, and excellent as its schools seem to be, one's first impression is strongly of a shortage of school buildings. The public schools are so quietly placed, that you are tempted to think that it is easier to find orphan asylums or private schools. And then your fears are put to flight by coming upon the Central High School—a huge building, an absolutely enormous building, situated on a terrace overhanging Florida Avenue.

Boarding-houses have always been a feature of Washington life and it is a poor one that cannot boast a major, a dear general's widow, a member of General Wood's staff, a vice-consul from Birming-

ham, an educated Chinese, in addition to the elderly ladies and department clerks who frequent such homes.

There are quiet and highly respected "places" so called, such as Hillyer and Jefferson and Decatur; pleasant localities—little eddies off great thoroughfares where it has always been a sort of small social asset to live. Here the relicts and the maiden daughters of governors, Presidents, generals, admirals, senators, live in a well-bred, quiet round of teas, small dinners and great maintenance of old pride and tradition—each in the heavy shade of family trees. And from year to year there are more apartment houses, where thousands are pigeoned-holed in "three rooms and a bath," with proper hall service and elaborate motor entrance.

All through the best residence sections of Washington there exists a very characteristic feature of the capital's streets. This is the horseshoe-shaped drive which crosses the sidewalks twice, so that motors may approach and leave the actual doorstep of the house. These drives give a motor-terror to sidewalk-abiding nursemaids, children, home-going citizens and hurrying postmen, and are very destructive to pet dogs. On these horseshoe curves, a caller's motor can wait between sidewalk and doorstep, and on reception days the motors are parked up and down the street; and on the doorman's signal or upon the appearance of the owner at the door, the motors dart from the curb, whirl into the horseshoe

curve and are off over the sidewalk again, and out and into the street.

One reason why there are not so many old-time houses as might naturally be expected in Washington is because the immense changes of level carried out under the direction of Colonel Shepherd did away with most of the old houses or else left them so skied or submerged in clay banks, that the owners promptly tore them down.

A feature of Washington residences is the great size of many of them. These are the homes of extremely wealthy men retired from politics or business, or their widows. More and more the city attracts wealthy folk who have not satisfactorily established themselves in other places or who have come here to widen their social horizon or improve upon their winter climate. And quite a proportion of those who come do so because of the acknowledged fascination of the mingled society here. Constantly in their motor cars, in the trolleys, or entering or leaving some of the public buildings, distinguished folk are in evidence, whose faces ought instantly to be recognized by all.

Long ago in the "Gilded Age," it was told that the stranger in Washington was able to see renowned generals and admirals, who had seemed but colossal myths off in some distant State, or there were world-famous statesmen passing as a plain matter of fact, and the young man of the story "had looked upon the President himself and lived."

Washington is a markedly polite city. Such forms as a man's keeping his hat off while speaking with a lady on the street are customary, and it is pleasant to hear the frequent soft-voiced "sir." And politeness extends in a general way through all classes. Just a few days ago two dear old ladies were getting gently and slowly off a Connecticut Avenue car at R Street, and tarried for a moment on the platform to say graciously to the conductor, "It has been a cold day for you to-day"—a simple thing but one which warmed the heart of the conductor and the passengers who heard it.

Thomas Jefferson, walking out one day with a young relative, courteously returned the bow of a slave, and when the young man with him said something in regard to it, Jefferson replied: "Should you expect me to be less polite than that black man?"

There is no distinctively "Great White Way." F Street has splotches of theater, restaurant, and dry goods store lights, and Ninth Street has perhaps the closest together of lighted windows at night, but even there, there is nothing very bright, nor is there any great brightness around even the big hotels. Hotel, restaurant and theater lights unite to make a pleasant degree of brightness near Lafayette Square and the Willard Hotel, but by one in the morning there is at least semi-darkness, for private lights have been turned out and the city itself does not overlight its streets—though all its avenues have great ball-shaped lights throughout their lengths.

A usual night feature is the leaving well-lighted, particularly on F Street, of the front windows of closed shops, such as candy shops, silversmiths, women's hat shops, and so on, so as to offer good "window-shopping" though the stores are closed, and an odd feature is that as the people drift home from moving-picture theaters or restaurants, a brisk young man, not in uniform, enters doorway after doorway, shakes the door and snaps an obscure button, leaving the shop and window in darkness, and making rapid progress down the street.

Neither at night nor in the day time, are quite so many policemen to be seen as in other cities—except traffic men: they are guarded by roof-set spot lights at night, and have mud-guarding shields about them, like huge, waist-high cans.

There is many a charming bit to be noticed by chance as one goes about the Washington streets, as the Church of the Covenant, which looks out at the Witherspoon statue at Connecticut Avenue and Eighteenth Streets, with an admirable stone tower of Norman design, to be seen with especial effectiveness in a vista from between buildings on M Street; at your right being the great St. Matthew's church with its unfinished façade and at your left the spot where stood what was for a time the most talked of house in Washington, the one given by the public to Admiral Dewey, only to be at once handed over by him to his wife.

One of the common sights of the city, as it has

been from the very beginning, is that of parties of Indians, men and women, in their native costume, walking up and down the streets, or going into public buildings, or stores: and it is always a very picturesque sight, though these wards of the nation always seem a little pathetic on the hard pavements. The men seem drawn by the Capitol or White House and the women by the trinket shops of Pennsylvania Avenue. The other day a group of mocassin-shod, blanket-wrapped squaws were carefully choosing and examining and purchasing fine leather vanity bags in the largest shop on F Street.

And I noticed one day two gypsies passing by, one with orange turban, and weird green jacket, the other with turban of vivid green, and jacket of orange, and both with loop ear-rings and with skirts braided with dull red.

A pathetic survival of old Washington, and in fact of a time that has almost vanished from the entire country, is a horse market at the junction of Eleventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue on the Mall. In a few years it will be as much a thing of the past as the slave markets, which not many years ago disappeared. The poor old horses are rough, unkempt, decrepit, poorly-fed, and usually attached to old and broken-down wagons. The drivers stand dejectedly beside them, engaged in the dulling occupation of tapping the pavement with the butt-ends of old whips.

Although Washington is a city of limited manu-

facturing it retains various reminders of the handicrafts of the past. Even the horse-shoers are still sufficient in number to have a union, and there are unions of jewelry workers, school custodians and janitors, navy yard riggers, buffers and polishers, and the astonishingly entitled "Yeast, Cereal, Beverage and Soft Drink Workers."

These is an association of the "Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia" and they hold their meetings in a quaint little old fire-house facing toward Pennsylvania Avenue between the White House and Georgetown.

One is not at first impressed that there are so many churches as would naturally be expected, but one by one they are come upon, and among others there are seventy-two little churches of the colored Baptists. There is a delightfully named Sunshine Temple, under the pastorate of one named Zed H. Capp. There are churches of Christadelphians. There is a Theomonistic Church. There are a couple of Pentecostal Churches of the Nazarene.

Among the various associations, one thinks first of the famous Gridiron Club with its meetings at which the greatest men in the land are expected to be present and to receive jests with equanimity.

There is an Alibi Club headed by a Proctor, assisted by a Bulldog. There are the Knights of the Golden Eagle. There is the fraternal order of the Degree of Pocahontas. There are Knights of Malta.

There are Maccabees. There is the Social Order of the Moose. There is the Improved Order of Heptasophus. And there are a Rising Sun Lodge, a Bloom of Youth Lodge, and a Lodge of the Golden Reef.

CHAPTER IX

AROUND LAFAYETTE SQUARE

WHEN Charles Sumner took Thackeray on a drive about Washington, the Sumner sensibilities were intensely wrought up in the effort to keep the distinguished novelist from seeing the statue of Andrew Jackson, in the center of Lafayette Square. As the carriage passed Sumner talked with extreme animation, the while obscuring Thackeray's vision by poking his head forward!

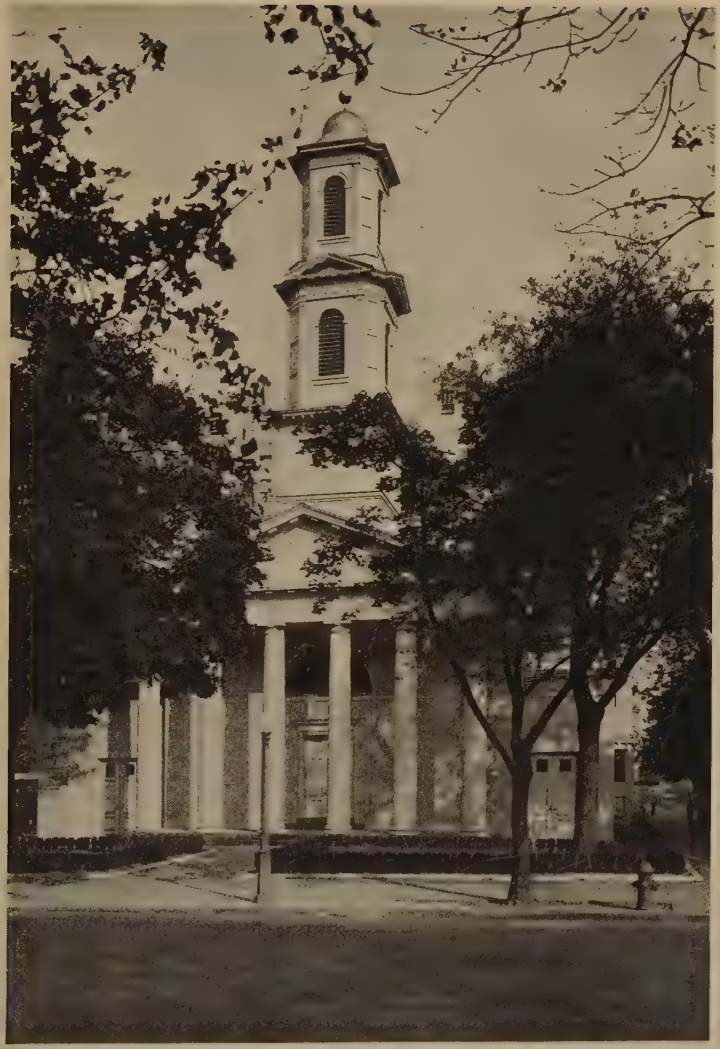
On the whole it is considered likely that this Jackson statue has given more genuine pleasure to people in general than any other statue in the city. Jackson is upon a ramping, caracoling steed. The statue is really a marvel of balancing, as the horse stands with its front feet high in the air and General Jackson's old-time chapeau is held martially aloft.

One wonders how it all retains balance, as there is no assisting support of any sort. It has a curious toy-like quality, from its prancing play-like pose and from looking small among the large old trees.

The statue was made from cannon captured in Jackson's campaigns. If you walk directly toward it and a little to the right, you will see an astonishing sight. The old hero, who was never scared in his life, has from this one point of view the aspect of hair on end, eyebrows up, alarmed eyes, and with the horse seeming to share his terror.

Lafayette Square, once an apple orchard given by the stubborn old David Burns who loved to oppose even Washington, is now a charming parklike space of old trees and billowy greenery opposite the north front of the White House, and extending from Pennsylvania Avenue to H Street. Its name was given it by Washington himself, and it is separated from the White House by the width of Pennsylvania Avenue and the White House grounds. Its landscape gardening is so largely evergreen that it is a place of beauty in winter as well as in summer. When one looks upon it one realizes that here is no ephemeral gardening—it could be left to itself for a generation and still be, like the ancient Italian gardens, a spot of beauty. This foreign touch is added to by the statued foreign friends of the nation here in the square.

In the corner nearest the State, War, and Navy Department stands a very military looking Rochambeau, or, to give him his full set of names, Comte de



THE CHURCH OF THE PRESIDENTS

Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur. In the corner nearest the Treasury Building stands Lafayette, a bronze figure in the uniform of a Continental general. Each of the four corners of the square has a monumented foreigner: here are the four principal foreign friends who fought for our nation. In one of the H Street corners is the statue of the remarkable German general, Friedrich Wilhelm August Heinrich Ferdinand, Baron von Steuben, who had been aide-de-camp to Frederick the Great and became the drill-master of the Revolutionary armies: and a most efficient drill-master he proved himself. He stands in bronze in full uniform, cloaked and queued, a capable military figure.

In the fourth corner opposite the new War Risk building stands Kosciuszko, whose first name is much like his second, being Tadeusz. What excellent spellers the Poles must needs be! This statue, set amid the lovely greenery of the square, calls to mind the peaceful garden at Varese in northern Italy in which the heart of the unquiet Kosciuszko lies buried.

Upon this statue, standing entirely by itself, is one of the funniest inscriptions that is anywhere to be seen!—the line, "And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell." There was a time when the average American was fully familiar with this shrieking line, but what an alarming statement it must seem to the American citizen of to-day; and to the foreigner, no matter how intelligent, it must be more unintelligible still. Even the traveler from Kosci-

uszko's own land would be utterly bewildered and, carrying the shrieking phrase back to Europe, would there spread the news from Pole to Pole.

A feature of these four statues of foreigners is that in this city, so crowded with bronze equestrian American officers, horses were not provided for these highly placed foreign generals: and on the whole, one thinks that an officer looks better on foot.

At the northern edge of Lafayette Square, looking as directly across at the White House as the meridianal Sixteenth Street permits, is a group of a few houses that have been the homes of particularly well known Washingtonians.

At the very corner of Sixteenth Street, and looking across at St. John's Church, is a broad fortress-like building with a loop-holed and arched entrance and a two-towered façade. Here lived John Hay. He began public life as one of the private secretaries of Lincoln, and wrote, with another private secretary, a life of the great President which is a veritable mine of information. But the public have always persisted in looking on John Hay's principal claim to fame as based on two early short poems.

> "I don't go much on religion,
> I never ain't had no show;
> But I've got a middling tight grip, sir,
> On the handful o' things I know."

This is from "Little Breeches," and is the kind of thing that the American public will devour with infinite gusto; and as to "Jim Bludso"—well,

"He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard,
On a man that died for men."

He wrote a sad little poem, "The Stirrup Cup," beginning with its thought of death:

"My short and happy day is done,
The long and dreary night comes on;
And at my door the Pale Horse stands,
To carry me to unknown lands."

John Hay won high rank as an ambassador, and as Secretary of State, but as high as this fame and as high as his "Life of Lincoln" is his fame through his early verses.

A gentle soul, he seems to have been; no one envying him his public advancement nor the wealth which came to him through marriage.

Tucked in next door to John Hay and looking squarely out across Lafayette Square lived Henry Adams, son of the American Minister to Great Britain during the Civil War, grandson of John Quincy Adams, and great-grandson of John Adams. Henry Adams was filled with a full measure of New England spirit. He wrote some volumes of history of the period of Jefferson and Madison, always as if before him was the necessity of defending his family forefathers and always with inability to understand the men of the South—or himself.

He wrote his "Education," widely read, greatly talked about, tragically showing that he waited for

years and years for public recognition which never came. He bitterly criticised those who did not appreciate him. In the course of his life, he knew at the White House a dozen Presidents. He was a great traveler and knew the great people of the earth. Grant, one of those who did not appoint him to anything, was archaic according to Adams, and "should have lived in a cave and worn skins." General Lee was a man of "intellectual commonplace."

A strange, a brooding man, Adams refused his wife's request to cut a door through a partition for the convenience of spirit visitors. In his biography he would not mention his one work, his history. Many think that what he wrote of Mont San Michel and Chartres points out the Norman heritage that has come down even to Americans of to-day. Henry Adams is worth knowing and thinking about because he so markedly shows how a man may fail even though carefully prepared to succeed.

The old rambling, long-fronted house with huge iron-studded coach doors, and shell-topped niches and great wistarias, is the great house of Daniel Webster when he shone as Secretary of State. Here he lived in a whirl of dinner-giving, treaty-making and glory, supported by donations, twenty-five thousand dollars at a time from Boston, from New York and other sources. This great man had strange and lax ideas in accepting money, as the rich men of Boston and New York knew. He accepted this house as a gift; but even with the generous donations made him, for the purpose of maintaining the es-

tablishment, he found it impossible to keep up the full round of entertainment and living and removed to simpler quarters. (In the spring of 1922 this house is being torn down.)

The contemporaries of Webster consider a story of his native place as illustrative of his standards. One Fourth of July he and his brother Ezekiel were given a little money for holiday spending. When the boys came back their mother asked Daniel what he had done with his money. He said: "Oh, I bought some cake, candy, lemonade and a pack of firecrackers."

Then the mother turned to Ezekiel, "And what did you buy with your money?"

"Oh, Daniel borrowed mine."

Meanwhile this old mansion remains as a delightful impression, with its great drawingrooms and its great walled garden and trees, and its setting in Lafayette Square, of an important American past, such as the making of the Webster-Ashburton treaty and the dinners and feasting that accompanied it.

Since the passing of Webster, the most interesting occupant of the house has been the late W. W. Corcoran, he of the Art Gallery and a wide line of benefactions.

It was long after Webster's day, that a magnificent ball was given in this house by De Montholon the French Minister, by the special order of Louis Napoleon. Washington has always remembered as a special feature, that Kate Chase Sprague was there as a bride, and that she wore a gown of

white and green with a tiara of emeralds and diamonds. She was remarkably beautiful, but more than one commented on the ill luck of a bride wearing green, and this was remembered later, when the domestic tragedy of her life came.

A trifle farther along on H Street and just before reaching Seventeenth the historian Bancroft lived and wrote for twenty years. He loved Washington as a place in which to meet people and to have access to books of reference. The house is high-set and square with very large windows and a beautiful doorway, a house recently given over to business, and at present occupied by a shop for women's hats, an inviting looking book-shop—a most fitting place for one—and the shop of a military tailor who was recently elected the head of the tailors of the United States.

An elderly friend of mine who was a personal friend of the historian told me years ago, what he said was a highly naïve reason why Bancroft left his footnotes off the 1876 edition of the history. Bancroft, it would seem, complained that readers used his notes only for the purpose of criticism, which they expressed in letters to him or to various editors, claiming that his references did not support his general statements, whereupon he decided to leave out notes altogether.

The most interesting church in Washington is St. John's, at the corner of Sixteenth Street and Lafayette Square. It faces the John Hay house, its side windows look into the Square. It was designed in

1816 by Latrobe. The White House was the only building that bordered on Lafayette Square before the conclusion of the War of 1812. The church is of brick, covered with stucco, and is in the form of a Latin Cross. One of its pews is set apart for the President of the United States, and is frequently used as intended.

The general effect is of a little cream-colored Greek temple, surmounted by a New England belfry in three graduated sections topped by the tiniest of gold domes, and an arrow vane of gold. A large fan-light is over the plain front door. The porch pediment is supported by six charming ungrooved pillars. It is in some respects an adorable little old church, but fresh gilding and new glass of an unattractive color have lessened the lovely old-time effect of it.

The queer little ends of every pew are of cast iron painted to look like walnut, and the pews are smoothly covered with rose-colored damask, making a delightful color effect. Some of the pews have personal furnishings, such as little desks on four slender legs—with lock and key.

Bulfinch the architect admired little St. John's Church although it was a rival who built it, and he loved to tell of one of the rectors, old Mr. Hawley, who denounced all other sects very vehemently. The rector was a gentleman of the old school, and according to Mrs. Gouverneur, who wrote one of the best books of reminiscences of the city's social life, he always wore knee-breeches and shoe-buckles.

In the War of 1812 Hawley had commanded a company of divinity students at New York, enlisted there for the protection of the city. It was certainly a matter of regret that the peppery old divine was not on hand in Washington with his company. When he was ordered away to the front, he refused to go, and when later he took charge of St. John's Church it gave Admiral Decatur an excuse to evade church service because, so he said, he would not listen to a man who refused to obey orders.

Dr. Smith Pyne was a later rector and was often a guest at the home of General Scott. Full of fun, he was the life of the general's dinner parties and some of his quips have come down to us, as that of addressing the general, who was famous for his turtle soup, as Marshall Tureen. When Ole Bull was in Washington he was the guest at dinner with Dr. Pyne, and the old rector quietly remarked to the company, that "if honorary degrees were conferred, our friend Ole Bull would be Fiddle D. D." Another of his jests was evoked when a dentist was remodelling his house and Dr. Pyne was asked what order of architecture it was, to which he replied, "Tusk-can of course."

General Scott, who so often entertained Pyne, was a great epicure, as was Webster. It was of the dinners of that day that Webster used to say that a good dinner is "the climax of civilization."

Scott's love for dinners once led him into bad politics, for he began a note to Secretary of War Marcy, meaning to be easy and pleasant, with the

words "After a hasty plate of soup." He supposed his note was personal, but Marcy was his political foe and maliciously made the note public, thus succeeding in making Scott seem ridiculous.

St. John's Church witnessed an impressive funeral ceremony in 1902 over the body of Lord Pauncefote, when Roosevelt was President; and Roosevelt threw stiff formality aside when he called upon the widow, and he threw formality aside when he ordered out fifteen hundred troops to line the way from the Connecticut Avenue house, the British Embassy, to the church, where he ordered other details to make it a formal state funeral and then sent the body home in an American warship. And it is one of the little facts of history that are worth remembering, that although our Constitution named among the duties of our President that of receiving "ambassadors and other public ministers," no President had the opportunity for over a century to act on so much of the clause as referred to ambassadors; for not until 1893 did we have an ambassador here, Great Britain finally setting the quickly-followed example and raising the rank of Pauncefote from that of minister to that of ambassador.

On the Madison Place side of Lafayette Square stands a house still known as "The Little Capitol" —on account of its having been for some years the home of Senator Hanna. It is a buff house of distinguished appearance with a magnificent wistaria draped over the front balcony and a walled garden

entered at the side. It won its colloquial name through Hanna's influence over President McKinley. It is a romantic looking old house, and therefore one is not surprised to find that a Duchess of Marlborough was born there.

The surroundings of Lafayette Square, altogether charming as they have been for a century, seem entirely to be doomed. To almost every one this little square has represented Washington: it has seemed the heart and in some respects the heartbreak of the city. But it is to be "improved" out of all recognition. Already the Treasury Department has put up, to supplement the central Treasury Building, a grand new building directly across the street, with underground connections—a grand building but not in keeping with the traditions of old Lafayette Square. This may have been necessary, but there was no necessity whatever for giving prodigious space to the War Risk building at the northeast corner of the Square.

It is a corner building of great height and, with its immense number of windows, it fits the old English rhyme, "Like Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall." It gives the impression of surely being the largest office building in the world, with desks for over fourteen thousand. It is a vast complexity of modern office cubby holes. It was probably quite necessary for war needs, but there was absolutely no reason for putting it in such a beauty-breaking location as was chosen.

Another great break in the old-time air of the

neighborhood of Lafayette Square will be the building of the National Chamber of Commerce, which seems to have been decided upon for Connecticut Avenue and H Street. In addition architects and landscape gardeners have been encouraged to make all sorts of elaborate plans for the entire four sides round about the Square.

Diagonally facing the War Risk Building, is the home of the Cosmos Club, in some respects the scientific center of Washington; and for many years before it came to its present occupancy it was the home of Dolly Madison after the death of her husband. It is a three-storied house, with its entrance on H Street. It fronts directly on the greenery of Lafayette Square with excellent windows and with a black iron balcony, and now it is covered with rough buff stucco.

Dolly Madison was so absolutely a social ruler even after her husband's death, that any man who should have the temerity to call at the White House on New Year's Day, and not proceed immediately afterwards to the home of Mrs. Madison, would at once be put socially in the black book. It helped Mrs. Madison in a very practical way, her husband having left her financially involved, that Congress saw fit to pay her thirty thousand dollars, a large sum in those days, for the papers and diaries of James Madison.

Where the Belasco Theater now stands there formerly stood a building used alternately as a boarding house and club house and it was directly in front

of that building and under the trees that General Sickles shot down and killed young Key. The Sickles home was on the opposite side of Lafayette Square, with its front door approached by a semi-circular stair, and it has always been believed that Sickles, watching from a window of the club house, saw his wife signalling Key. Nothing was ever done to Sickles in the way of punishment as his act was considered justified, and the killing of Key has always been looked upon as one of the memorable tragedies of the city. And this remorseless General Sickles was the same man who was known in the closing years of his life in New York as the devotee of tulip beds under his windows on Fifth Avenue!

The whole of Lafayette Square is lovely in the early spring, especially with the tender glory of the yellow forsythias.

The great square somber house from which Commodore Decatur walked out early one morning to fight his duel with Commodore Barron stands on the northwest corner of the square. It is astonishingly gloomy and bare. It is of red brick and brown stone. A fascinating high brick garden wall, matted with English ivy, extends along the square. On either side of the front door stands a pair of high-set wrought-iron lanterns with slender supports. Four great chimneys are on the eaves' line of the roof, and the house extends far back along the edge of the H Street sidewalk in a line of kitchens and wood-houses with, at the end, a great arch for the coach-door.

Mrs. Decatur had no idea of what had taken her husband away, and there was a pleasant gathering at the house that evening and Mrs. Cutts, the sister of Dolly Madison and whose daughter was to be the wife of Stephen A. Douglas, left an account of their sitting, laughing and talking around the table, when the news came, whereupon Mrs. Decatur fell unconscious to the floor, and Dolly Madison and Mrs. Cutts cared, when he arrived, for the wounded Admiral, who died shortly before midnight.

It is an amazing fact that although the house was built by Decatur in 1819, and he died there in 1820, this short occupancy has made it known for over a century as the Decatur House, although great enough men afterwards lived there to have Decatur's name forgotten. Henry Clay was for a time an occupant. Martin Van Buren was an occupant; and an odd looking window on the garden side of the building was cut by Van Buren so that from it he could receive and return signals with his political chief, President Jackson, who wanted to be able to communicate with him at any time from the White House.

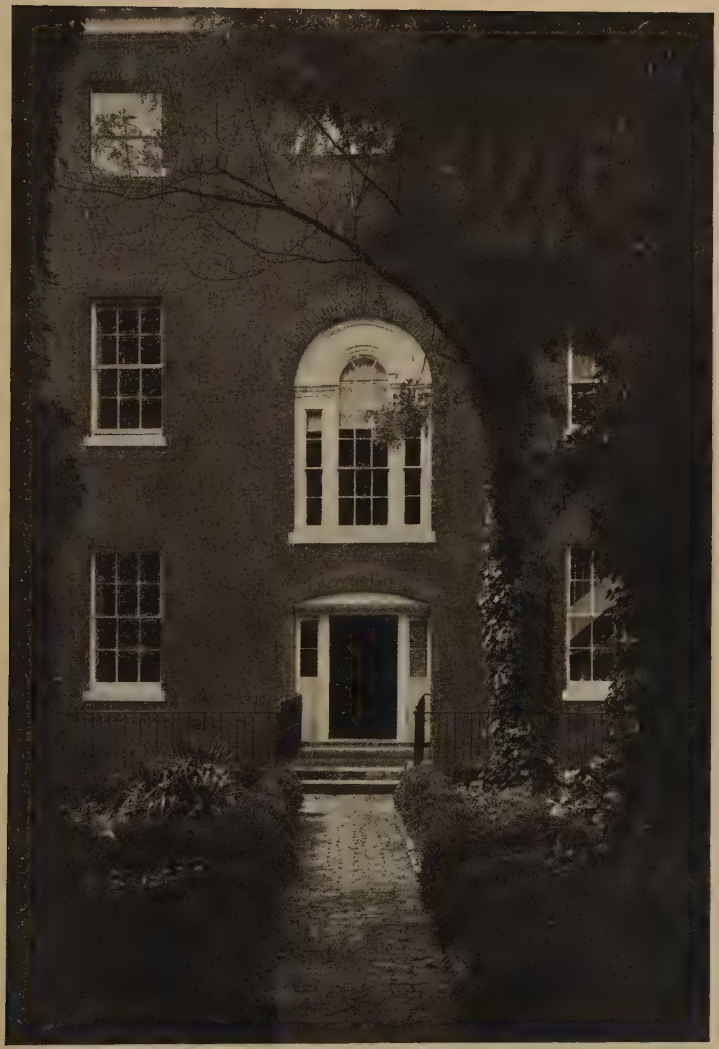
It is curious that, of the few houses on the square, one on the east and one on the west should be associated with sinister influence on the White House.

After living on the west side of the square, Clay bought a building site on the Madison Place side. Clay won the money for the purpose by a successful card-playing bout, and Mrs. Clay, when spoken to about it, said calmly that she never objected to her

husband's playing because he always won! After a while he is said to have traded the land for a jackass brought from abroad by Commodore Rogers, a jackass of distinguished pedigree; and out in Kentucky the tradition is still preserved that that jackass was the progenitor of the mules of Kentucky who have achieved honorable distinction as "army mules."

Most interesting of all the private homes of Washington is what has always been known, on account of its shape, as "the Octagon," which is really a polyhedron; and neither is it quite octagonal on the inside. It is only two blocks west of the White House and its neighborhood has recently become most interesting through the proximity of the remarkable line of semi-public buildings facing the White House Park. The Octagon stands at the obtuse-angled corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, and was built about a century and a quarter ago by a member of one of the most distinguished of early Washington families, Colonel John Tayloe, and was designed by Thornton, the architect of the Capitol.

Its front is on a curve, and its sides and back are in queer angles and in all it is most curiously effective. It is three stories high with a high basement. It is of brick with white marble entablatures and was built within sight of the White House. Its front door, convexly curved with little pillared portico, is approached by a short flight of stone steps, and is charmingly fan-lighted.



THE OCTAGON AND ITS OLD GARDEN

The door-handles are of chiseled brass; and looking closely you see that the acanthus of the cornice is repeated in the little graven leaves on the handles.

Entering the house, you find yourself in a round hall, over twenty feet in diameter, beautifully corniced in triple design. It is tesselated with alternate black and white marble. The building has charming mantel-pieces, and there are two ancient iron heaters topped with admirable black iron urns, one on each side of the hall and each in a little alcove. You go on through an arch, with a fluted pillar on each side. The arch is topped with a design which, contradictorily, is at the same time simple and elaborate. A curving stair leads up, encircling the hall in its rise. At the right, one flight up, is a large room, with a magnificent marble fireplace, with dancing figures on either side; the old drawing-room of the mansion. In every direction you see something exquisitely designed.

Nor is the charm confined to the building, for behind it the grounds widen out into a delightful brick-walled garden, with box bushes bordering an old brick path, and ivy thick over the ground and a few old ivy-clad trees.

The building is now the headquarters of the American Institute of Architects, the American Federation of Arts, and the Archaeological Institute of America, all of whom frankly find inspiration in this wonderful old house.

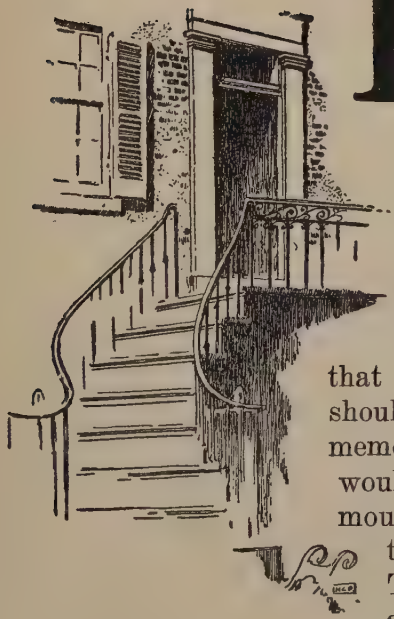
After the burning of the White House by the British, President and Mrs. Madison established

their official residence in the Octagon, and in a room on the second floor the Treaty of Ghent was signed.

In the reminiscences of the daughter of President Monroe, at whose house in New York City he died, it is stated that the Octagon was commonly deemed, in Washington, to be haunted; the haunting taking the form of the violent not-to-be-explained ringing of the service bells in the house. The daughter of Monroe could only set down the curious story without explanation. But recently I was told by an old Washington resident that the reason for it was long ago discovered, for the old-fashioned bellwires from all the rooms were found to run like fingers in one place behind the wall and here the rats had a runnel over them, hence the violent ringing at certain times. And the story arose and was for generations believed that the ghostly cause was cruel treatment of the slaves of the household in the long ago.

CHAPTER X

HOUSES AND MEMORIES



THE days when Sheridan lay ill in Washington and in fact dying, in the house at the north-east corner of Rhode Island Avenue and Seventeenth Street, he would look from his window at the statue of General Scott and would say that he hoped, if a statue should ever be put up to his memory, that at least he would be given a better mount than had fallen to the lot of poor Scott. The Scott Monument is at Massachusetts Avenue and Sixteenth Street, and one of Sheridan has since been placed a little farther out on Massachusetts Avenue, at Sheridan Circle and R Street. It is the work of Borglum

and demonstrates that an equestrian statue can be lowset. Sheridan's mount is in an excitable sprawling posture and is curiously suited to its position in the Circle. It is certainly not the conventional bronze mount that he deplored for Scott. The widow of General Sheridan lives at 2211 Massachusetts Avenue, and, also looking out at the Sheridan statue, is the magnificent home of the Larz Andersons, at 2118 Massachusetts Avenue where I Street cuts across. It is a quiet Bostonian expression of grandeur. One is tempted to consider it the finest private house in Washington. It really consists of what seem like two great houses of smooth cut stone, connected across the façade by two great gates, and with a masking wall enclosing a great court of entrance.

Near this is the great house of a western miner which Washington small-talk declares is furnished with such things as a gold bath tub, and the same small-talk declares that when the house was built, although it was before the era of enormous prices, it cost three million dollars; a house with the pleasant feature of fine gardens; a Sienna-like palace, marble-pillared, of stone and buff brick.

Just a little beyond all this, is the back entrance to the home of our recent President, Woodrow Wilson. There is a mysterious looking small door in a high brick wall, above which is a terrace twenty feet or so wide, which is planted with small trees and shrubs. Behind it rises the second inaccessible terrace, with a stone balustrade, upon which the ground

floor of the ex-President's house opens, through broad glass doors, and from which there is a far-stretching, wide-spreading view. Immediately around the corner on S Street is the main front of the Wilson house. It is a large three-story house of brick with white stone entablatures. It has a door-portico in the center, with three great round-arched windows on the second floor, and has much of dignity. On the same side of S Street, at 2300, which is here a street of large new houses, is the home of the well known Herbert Hoover, hardly more than a stone's throw away; a three-story house of light-colored brick, a balanced house, with large central portico and in Georgian style.

Diagonally across the street, on higher land, known as Kalorama Heights, is an open piece of land, for which the owner was offered a great sum, but which she gave to the city for a children's playground, with the condition that on that land the little grave of her pet dog should forever be cared for.

Adjoining this playground is the land purchased just before the recent war for a new German Embassy. There is now on that ground the one old home of the vicinity, and it is of very great interest for it was the home of the remarkable man, Joel Barlow. He was a Connecticut poet who had amassed great wealth as a land agent in France, selling to Frenchmen a tract at Gallipolis on the Ohio River. He came back to Washington, bought a great estate on this hill, which he called Kalorama,

because of its view, and built a house, of which the present old house is the remainder, and established a social and artistic headquarters one hundred and twenty-five years ago. The house and the grounds were talked about by everybody and invitations were eagerly sought.

The old doorway of the house still shows its beauty, and in front of the house is a semi-circular esplanade bordered by evergreen box-bushes, commanding, before buildings and thickets were on the hillside, a superb view of all the city and the river. Now, the gardens are grass-grown, but in the early spring the daffodils still blossom and for years the white-coifed Sisters of Mercy have been privileged to come and pick the gay and sunny flowers for their hospital wards—from the poet's garden of a century ago.

Barlow was sent by Madison once more across the ocean as a special envoy to the French Government, and found Napoleon absent on his campaign to Moscow. A definite order arrived to go after the Emperor personally, whereupon Barlow started for Russia, only to be caught in the awful retreat of the French army. He died at an insignificant point in Poland and was buried there.

Wherever one goes in Washington, there are buildings connected with important people, of the past or present time. The rather severe house of Henry Cabot Lodge is at 1765 Massachusetts Avenue, a very wide house but low, of smooth red brick with a red slate roof. The front is gay with the

gaudiest of tulips in the spring, and a wistaria blossoms over the door. The house-entrance is at one end of the building, with a motor archway at the other end, sometimes closed with heavy doors, into which the motor car may plunge and go under the house and emerge in a courtyard beyond.

In a pleasant green-growing neighborhood at 1603 K Street is a house of homely red brick, a house rather short and fat, with six windows on a floor, where Taft chose to live; and next door at 1601, Dewey found his home anchorage, the house being of dark red with double bay windows, and with a white door a trifle below the level of the sidewalk—a rather squeezed-in effect—with the bays as if suggestive of the Bay which he made so historically famous. John Sherman, Secretary and Senator chose as his home a solid massive building of white stone, four stories high with open loggia on the third, overlooking Franklin Park. The house is 1321 K Street and is fronted around a circular drive by a little topiary garden of thick-massed privet and box; and next door at 1323 lived and died Secretary Stanton, in an old square-fronted house, masked by two great gloomy magnolias. A house on K Street within sight of Farragut Park, alive with interest, is that at 1730, with a high-set green stone basement, a sort of flat Mansard roof, topping the three-story height, a bay window all the way up; a house of dark brick, with a shiny oak vestibule, a kind popular in the eighteen-nineties. It was in this house that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett wrote one of the most American

of books and one of the most popular, "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

At the southeast corner of G and Eighteenth Streets lived consecutively Edward Everett, and Jefferson Davis; astonishing contrast. Go there now and you see only a tennis court alongside an office building, but you find compensation in the fact that at the southwest corner is one of the most delectable of old houses, with a white door and an eagle knocker, with a woman's face carved in the keystone of the arch over the door, and a wealth of English ivy on the walls.

Of the increasing number of huge mansions built by people from various parts of the country, who have intended to make their home for their final years in Washington, many are shuttered and closed except for the lights of caretakers, year in and year out. The explanation may be that the families are attracted by the still broader social life of Europe or that Washington has been something of a disappointment socially or politically. Whatever the reason, there have already come to be a great number of such closed mansions and among them is a positively superb building, facing in an acute angle into Dupont Circle; a house of pink brick, white stone, and extinguisher towers, reminiscent of the architecture of St. Germain. The house is full of palatial furniture, and has a private chapel and a superb private theater.

Another of the hugely magnificent homes of outsiders is the house put up by L. Z. Leiter, the father

of Lady Curzon, a huge mansion, cream colored, with beautiful stone gate posts, and a high pillared white portico It is numbered 1500 New Hampshire Avenue and like the house just described is on land that points wedgelike toward Dupont Circle. Washington has always loved to tell, in what may be referred to as " in lighter vein," of a Mrs. Malaprop who said such things as, "he bought the garbage of a monk for the fancy-dress ball," and " this authoress, who writes under a robe de nuit," or "Jack o' bean-stalk furniture."

For many years the general vicinity of Dupont Circle attracted the builders of large homes, and the first was one of the homes of James G. Blaine at Twentieth and P Streets and Massachusetts Avenue. It was well known and prominent but far from beautiful. In the same part of the city is a huge palace in white stone, consisting of two immense stories and a roof-story, at 1618 New Hampshire Avenue. It was put up by Perry Belmont. On its second floor are a long series of great round-arched windows on all three sides of the house.

Facing the house of Perry Belmont is the home of Thomas Nelson Page, and noticing that it was labeled I crossed the street to read, as Dooley tells of his doing at his early once-while home in Chicago, and the tablet merely read "For rent." The home of the gentle Virginian is at the corner of New Hampshire Avenue and R Street and is a large distinguished looking house, four stories in height with a dormered roof; a house of mellow-colored brick,

much like that of his ancestor Nelson at Yorktown. The house has little fluted classic pillars, a white balustrade around the roof, and modillions on the cornice, as they had in Colonial days in Virginia.

An example of the shifting of homes of distinguished folk is that of Secretary Hughes, who recently moved into 1529 Eighteenth Street, a yellow house with four stories and a dormered attic, with an English basement entrance at the sidewalk level.

A large private house immaculately painted buff and green is owned and used by the British Embassy on Connecticut Avenue at N Street. It was never what could be called a distinguished looking house but it has an air of its own with its lion and unicorn, and behind it are four or five small buildings, looking like Quaker meeting houses and put there through the necessities of the Great War. It was long the case, and probably still is, that the city kept several policemen stationed within touch and call of this building: something not done with the buildings of the other Embassies.

Probably the finest benefaction of the city is the Louise Home on Massachusetts Avenue between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets. It was established by W. W. Corcoran the philanthropist in memory of his wife and daughter, both of whom had died and each of whom had borne the name of Louise. It was endowed for the comfort of the class whom George Washington himself, long before the founding of this home, used honorably and quaintly to call "decayed gentlewomen." The house is of brick and

brown stone, it is high-perched on terraced land, and is more beautiful as a benefaction than as a building. An outline of its work which lies before me states, that everything is provided for those who live there, with the exception of clothing.

Two towering pink magnolias rise beside the building; the shade of the flowers does not agree with the brick, but looking from the windows they are dreams of beauty. To the founder, the inmates, of whom the building accommodates about fifty, were his lady guests, as he liked to express it, and his spirit is still maintained. They have books, newspapers, and music and all the fine furniture of the Corcoran home. Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, second daughter of President Tyler, has been the most distinguished guest, thus far. After the death of President Tyler's first wife she presided as the first lady in the land at the White House. She was bitterly shocked by her father's second marriage, left the White House in dudgeon, and in the decline of her life, a widow, found shelter in the Louise Home.

On Pennsylvania Avenue, facing the State, War and Navy Departments, and just around the corner from Lafayette Square, is the last mansion, still used as a mansion, in that vicinity. It was built in 1820. It has a high white door, tall wrought-iron lamps at the foot of the steps, and a great brass knocker. It is a very wide house of buff stucco. It has a generous and hospitable air. It is still lived in by a family who hold to the old traditions. General Sherman in this house married the daughter of

Ewing, with President Fillmore and the members of the Cabinet as wedding guests. And it was in this house that Robert E. Lee was offered, by General Scott, command of all the Union Armies in the Civil War—only to decide for the Confederate armies instead.

The great square-fronted house at 1155 Sixteenth Street, facing the home of the National Geographic Society with its red tiled roof, is distinctive as the home of Elihu Root. It is palatial in size, but very quiet, of gray-buff brick, relieved by a black iron-grilled door, and little iron flower grills at each window. There are seven windows facing on Sixteenth Street, and the house is separated from the sidewalk by exactly trimmed hedging, and a conventional circular drive. Root lived in this house as long ago as when he was Secretary of State, and Washington still chuckles over a diplomatic victory achieved here. For one of the Western members of the Cabinet announced one day to his colleagues, that for a state reception that evening, at which they were all to be present, his tailor had made him some lavender trousers. They would have been right enough for afternoon wear but the cabinet officer had chosen them for the evening. The other cabinet members were appalled but they did not know how to act to avoid ridicule of their body. Then the matter was laid before Root, the diplomatic arranger of difficulties. Root went to the socially ambitious member, told him how pleased he was to learn of the lavender trousers, but he also said how positively

grieved he was to inform his fellow member that though lavender would be so much of an improvement, it was an established custom of the Cabinet to wear black. And with this, the new member was satisfied, pleased, and properly dressed.

The rise of Root is one of the most striking examples of advancement in all American history. Beginning with a secretarial connection with Boss Tweed, he had the opportunity, of which he took full advantage, of early learning much of practical politics. After that start, being a man of very great natural ability, he climbed up and up, round after round, until a succession of the highest offices had been given him, and these he filled to the honorable satisfaction of the country.

Until the Cathedral on the Heights was started there were churches of considerable importance in Washington, yet they were not so important as would be expected in the National Capital. St. John's has been the most distinguished. That of St. Matthew, begun in 1893, still far from complete, and with an interior chapel which is a copy of that of St. Anthony of Padua, is among the most important of the Roman Catholic. Standing very prominently between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets is the New York Avenue Presbyterian, a favorite not only of Lincoln but of Andrew Johnson, James Buchanan, Andrew Jackson, and John Quincy Adams.

On Four-and-a-half Street, now John Marshall Place, at the corner of C Street, stands a dull choc-

olate-brown church with a slender spire. It is the Metropolitan Memorial, the Methodist Church which was most popular with Grant and McKinley. The Church of the Covenant was favored by Harrison and Blaine. Grover Cleveland, although not much of a religious man, had a fancy for the First Presbyterian, a somber old church down on the way to the Capitol, in what used to be called the old court part of the town. Roosevelt was devoted to Grace Dutch Reformed. Many look upon the most fashionable church in the city as still being St. John's Episcopal, and it is often called the President's church.

The old churches of the city are kept in mind by their parishioners and historic old houses by romance-loving historians, but few of even old-time Washingtonians know that there are still existent sufficient Lincoln localities for the reconstruction of the tragedy of the assassination.

The White House, of course, which the President left on his way to the theater would be the beginning of the reconstruction. Even Ford's Theater on Tenth Street, between E and F Streets, where Booth pushed in behind the Presidential box and fired his shot, still stands, a broad square-fronted structure with sharp gable rising in the middle, although it very long ago ceased to be used as a theater. It is closed to the public; it is used by the Government as a storage warehouse; and the arches that once opened into the theater lobby are closed. In behind the old theater, and entered from the middle

of the block on F Street, is an alley with a few little houses, and from this open space, reached by a final right-angled turn, was the stage entrance that Booth used, having first tied his horse in the alley. It arouses grimly vivid memories, to think of the broken-ankled Booth, coming into this very alley-way and untying and mounting his horse after having committed a crime which shocked the world. Booth had hired his horse at a little stable, toward the western end of C Street in the four hundred block, now part of a slate-colored garage into which the building has been enlarged.

The house in which Lincoln died is still standing. Instead of carrying Lincoln on a stretcher or in a military ambulance to the White House, which was only a few blocks away, and where he could have had every attention, and unlimited care and privacy, he was carried and lifted with difficulty and physical suffering up the twisted iron-railed little steps into the little house, a rooming house, at number 516 Tenth Street. With further difficulty, he was carried into a very narrow room and laid upon a narrow cot, which had been occupied by a young soldier named Clark, who seems to have been ashamed of even so much connection with the mighty Lincoln, for he wrote to a sister, saying that when a reporter wanted his name, he didn't give it, because he did not care to have his name given such publicity.

The way in which the dying Lincoln was treated was amazing. Everybody seems to have crowded close about him, including most of the members of

his Cabinet, who hurried to the place as soon as notified. Lincoln had no chance for breathing fresh air; and it was not surprising that the end shortly came.

The building in which he died is now used as a museum of Lincoln relics, gathered with infinite care, from near and far, by a Lincoln admirer, and many of the memorials are of great interest. There is here a great case of photographs of Lincoln, mostly by Brady, and as clear and perfect as if printed yesterday. And it is worth while noting that he appears in these photographs vastly superior in looks to the descriptions often given. Look carefully over scores of these pictures, and you see that his manhood and his clothes are superior, not inferior, to the general style of the time. It was deemed a smart thing of that period to jest at Lincoln's appearance. New York could accept Greeley's whiskers and weird clothes, but shuddered at Lincoln's features and tailoring.

Already some of the events of Lincoln's last night of life have become vaguely mythlike. There is no agreement, even among formal historians, as to what was his last writing or his last official act. Some believe, but this seems to have been invented for dramatic effect, that his last writing was signing a pardon for a young soldier. Another story has it that his last note was a statement that no pass was any longer required to get into either Petersburg or Richmond. It is more likely that his last written words were hastily scribbled upon a card, allowing

"Mr. Ashmun and his friends to come in at 9 A.M. to-morrow." Earlier in the day, he seems to have written General Van Allen, who had been urging him to greater care as to risking his life: "I intend to adopt the advice of my friends and use every due precaution"

The house of Mrs. Surratt, 604 H Street, where she and the other conspirators met and devised the assassination, is still standing, a two-story and basement house, with dormers; a buff-painted brick house with steps going up to a long-paneled door. The street is here a quiet and shaded street of rather old-fashioned boarding houses, and it is very interesting to find this particular house still in existence. How fascinating it would be if one could still go, in Rome, to the very house where the conspirators against Caesar met!

Across the park from the Capitol, on the same side as the Library, is an old-looking row now altered into houses, with mansard roofs. This row of buildings, which has always been treated essentially as one large building, has recently been acquired by the National Woman's Party, who announce that they will make it "a political watch-tower for women; a vantage point from which to keep Congress under perpetual observation."

Over a century ago these buildings were compositely known as the "old Capitol," because Congress met there for some time after the burning of the real Capitol by the British. After that it was used as a politicans' boarding house, and it was here

that Calhoun died, after Webster's final visit to him. The Civil War saw it used as a prison. Wirz of Andersonville was hanged at the rear of the Old Capitol.

In an open space, off at one side of the Capitol toward the railway station, one may not infrequently see chickens wandering about, and there comes a not entirely clear reminder of the geese who, by timely cackling at the Capitol, saved Rome. What may be looked on as a sinister warning to Congressmen and all others, is a Judas tree displaying its curious shade of pink directly between the two Capitols.

On the night of the assassination Booth made his way on horseback, to the Anacostia, and there crossed the bridge only a few minutes before orders were received from the War Office absolutely forbidding any one to leave the city.

Between the Capitol and the Anacostia on Massachusetts Avenue, in Lincoln Square, is what was for many years the best known statue in Washington, for it was pictured and talked about by people everywhere, though for years it has now been practically unvisited and forgotten. It represents Lincoln striking the shackles from a slave, and it was paid for by money contributed by slaves whom his Proclamation freed.

Continuing beyond this one finds, in a gloomy location on the bank of the Anacostia, a most curious place, known as the Congressional Cemetery. Close beside the cemetery are such structures as the Alms

RED CROSS NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

House, the Work House and other similarly unhappy buildings. It would be hard to imagine a more gloomy enclosure than this cemetery. The original idea was to put up a stone for every Congressman dying during his term of office, whether he was to be buried here or not, and also whether or not his family wished the body to remain here after being buried. Tobias Lear, long the trusted private secretary of George Washington, was buried here after his unhappy death by suicide. Elbridge Gerry was buried here after his sudden death in his carriage on the street; and one might wonder if so gloomy a sepulture was a punishment for his "Gerrymander"! A number are here, who are neither Senators nor Representatives, such as a certain Count Gurowski who was husband of the Infanta of Spain and long a figure in Civil War days, intimately known to the Diplomatic Corps, and generally deemed a spy. He lies under a crested stone.

Before we get too far from localities more or less connected with Abraham Lincoln, it is well to call attention to I Street near New Jersey Avenue, and to a row there of three large double houses, of brick and stone, built by Lincoln's strong personal friend and mighty political opponent, Stephen A. Douglas; Douglas having made choice of the center house for his own home. Curiously, of these two great men from Illinois, the one of Northern affiliations was born in Kentucky, and the one of Southern affiliations in the rocky northern state of Vermont.

In the general district south of the Capitol,

between the Capitol and where now stands the War College, much was built in the early days, for this region was expected by many to be the most prosperous part of the city. The buildings put up in those early days were of excellent class, although as two wars had come, with one almost immediately following the other, private individuals were not prepared to put up residences of the class of Annapolis or the James River.

The great Robert Morris turned his attention to this region. He was already the most daring speculator in backwoods land, owning a hundred thousand acres in one place, a million acres in another, a half million in another and so on. And even if prices ranged from ten cents to a dollar an acre for much of it, the totals involved were enormous. Naturally when the new Capital City was planned, Morris could not resist buying an immense amount of the area. While the site of the city was still almost altogether woodland, he owned thousands of lots. It was said that he owned more lots in the District of Columbia than did all the other owners combined.

In 1796 he began building twenty two-story brick houses fronting on South Capitol and N Streets, which were never quite finished but went to ruin. As early as 1824 a description said that many of the doors and windows had been torn out for fuel and that the roofs had fallen in. They had never been lived in. And this at a time when the new and growing city was demanding homes! There, in that region directly south of the Capitol, and almost at

the edge of the Anacostia, you may still see moulder-ing, scattered brick, almost hidden by cow-grazed turf, with here and there a chimney or a fragment of wall, or an ancient cellar way, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." Many of the unfortunate investments of Robert Morris may still be seen. And a striking feature of this entire desolate region is that it is tapped by South Capitol Street, nowadays scarcely used, although it is a splendid boulevard. The enormous losses of Morris in Philadelphia, supplemented by his losses here, made him a bankrupt, and he was consigned for years to a debtor's prison. Years before he had saved the United States by his generous financing but there was no one to save him. It was a pathetic ending for the great Robert Morris, and in his will he briefly wrote: "Here I have to express my regret at having lost a very large fortune acquired by very great industry."

It is depressing to go about in this region on the Anacostia, between the Navy Yard and the War College, for there are numerous new little houses recently built here and not looking at all attractive, and there are a number of streets which are still just tracks through the earth, and the largest single standing ruin is a large barn or warehouse, built from fallen down structures, and whose long side is composed entirely of torn-out old paneled doors.

A highly romantic character among the early Washington speculators was Thomas Law, a young Englishman who had risen high in India under

Warren Hastings, first as that great man's secretary and then as judge, collector, and so on, as Hastings advanced him. When the trial of Hastings impended and Law was ordered back to England as a witness, he shrewdly took himself and his fortune to America. He quite impressed George Washington himself, by his appearance and apparent ability. He married Eliza Parke Custis, granddaughter of Martha Washington, and built a strikingly imposing house at Sixth and N Streets; a house still standing and facing across to what is now Potomac Park, and to the Heights of Arlington. It is still in appearance practically as it was built, except that the original steps to the high-set front door have been replaced by steps of iron. The house is balconied, has a narrow single dormer and is banded with two lines of white marble, extending around the house. There are two extremely large chimneys and the first floor windows have curving tops and those of the other two stories straight. It gives a sense of the extremely picturesque to find this house, built by Warren Hastings' secretary, still standing in this shabby part of Washington. The house has an isolated lonely look; it looks like a house of tragedy; and it is not surprising to find that Law lost most of his money, and that he and his wife separated after a few years of married life.

On C Street are numerous old houses, mostly in one single block, with fanlights and dentiled cornices, dormers, and pillared doorways; still attractive.

On old Fourth Street, in this same part of town,

between N and O Streets, down near the Anacostia and Potomac Rivers, is what is understood to be the oldest building in the city, or rather an entire row of buildings put up at one time by a certain James Greenleaf. They are of red brick, with windows green shuttered and white stone capped. The second story faces out upon the cobbly gray pavement from twelve front windows, and on the lower floor are eight windows and four doors. There is one attractive oval window and, from the roof-line of the center of the row, rises a pointed gable to give the buildings distinction. The street, although broad, is entirely arched by beautifully interlacing elm branches. And the houses have always been known by the charming name of Wheat Row.

CHAPTER XI

THE GATHERING OF ART

WASHINGTON is eager for beauty. With perhaps two or three exceptions however, or in fact with only one really marked exception, the city does not class as artistic acquisitions the bronze figures that throng the streets. They are interesting, but they are not art; the most marked exception being the monument to McClellan, placed at the head of the Connecticut Avenue slope, on the heights. It is most admirably done. It is highly spirited. The general is seated on his horse, on top of the usual granite base, and with an unusual effectiveness of attitude to supplement the commanding situation. You understand why it is so good when you learn that it is a MacMonnies: and I do not remember another MacMonnies in the city.

Nor, although there are superb examples of the art of St. Gaudens in Boston, New York and Chicago, do I remember any statue by him here with the ex-

ception of that at the grave of Mrs. Henry Adams, out in the suburbs, for which St. Gaudens was privately commissioned.

Congress has had in the past a general habit of skipping first class painters or sculptors, and has loved to give its commissions to mediocre men of political influence. This feature, however, has recently been changed in highly important degree, and Congress has entered an era of almost lavish artistic spending, mostly in architectural effects and in choosing the very best architects in the country, with most gratifying results.

One is rather disturbed to find that a general of the caliber of McClellan is given a prominent position and the best of sculptors, for he is not nowadays believed to have done anything to justify his ephemeral popularity. It is amusing to remember that Nathaniel Hawthorne, after personally meeting McClellan and being highly impressed, wrote angrily that he believed the general to have been held back for two weeks by wooden cannon. But Hawthorne was far from being a judge of military men, and, by comparison with his statements, one comes to wonder if McClellan may not have been a rather capable general after all. And his men loved him.

No other American city has so many paintings and sculptures in and about public buildings or in other places open to public inspection. But, in the narrower sense, of works of art formally exhibited in galleries, Washington is not as yet to be compared with other great cities. But this need is now

recognized and there is such planning along this line as will in time produce an adequate National Gallery.

A custom mistakenly tolerated has been that of permitting private individuals or families to put up on public property, at their own expense, monuments and memorials of their own relatives. An Art Commission passes on all private or public designs, for public places, but it has not aways decided competently.

It gives a very wrong impressiion to the rising generation to see, for example, President Buchanan honored by a large and impressive memorial such as has recently been planned and such as the Government has decided to permit. His weakness and misjudgment did so much injury to the nation, that he ought not to be commemorated as a great patriot. But when it was found that his niece Harriet Lane, who had become Harriet Lane Johnson, had left money for a costly memorial to her uncle, the plan was accepted. In this case the design for a huge memorial was approved, largely because Harriet Lane had been so prominent as mistress of the White House for her bachelor uncle and because she had made a great impression upon the English.

Although St. Gaudens was not called upon, as he should have been, to do a great deal of sculpture in Washington, there was such a surplusage of commissions in other places that he could afford to look tolerantly upon the developments of art in the National Capital. He declared himself as rather lik-

ing the General Scott monument, by H. R. Brown. "The figure is unusually excellent, and so is the horse," he wrote. "It is really a swell thing." Now and then he loved an informal expression. And then comes the little sting of a conclusion: "But it is too bad that the General is too big for the animal!"

As to the equestrian of General Thomas by Ward, St. Gaudens seems to have been in two minds, or in fact, of several. "It is spirited," he said, and then, rather maliciously, "From some points of view admirable." And he finishes with what seems a veiled hit: "The horse is unusually good."

An association which stands with growing effectiveness for the gathering of art in Washington is the Arts Club. As the late James Bryce wrote from his English home, charmingly named Hindleap, Forest Row, Sussex, to a leading member of the Club: "I am delighted to hear of the efforts which your club is making to interest your fellow citizens in the further development of that love of Art and Beauty which Washington is so well fitted to inspire." These words so well express a growing and highly important general feeling in Washington, that it is a pleasure to set them down.

And Bryce continues, in a view of wise encouragement: "Many things continue to make Washington a focus of art life and art thought. Its Art Collections are certain to grow apace, and the comparative absence of manufactures and commerce leaves men's minds free to occupy themseves with pursuits which

refine taste, and open up new sources of pleasure."

The Arts Club is charmingly housed in an old-fashioned house on I Street, number 2017, on the way from the White House to Georgetown. It is a residence of unusual width, and the beautiful lunette-topped Colonial doorway instantly attracts the attention of the passer by.

Before the Revolution the land upon which the house now stands was known by the homely name of "The Widow's Mite," and as time passed, was successively owned by military officers, members of Congress, and other prominent men.

The house, three stories in height, has delightful windows and dormers and was the home of James Monroe when he was President Madison's Secretary of State. When the British invaded the city, one of the excited President and Cabinet conferences was being held here, only to be broken up by news of the swift approach of the enemy, whereupon, so the story goes, Madison galloped on horseback through the halls of the house itself to escape; although another story has it, that it was a British soldier who went galloping through the generous sized hall.

The building is delightfully comfortable throughout, and is steadily doing an increasing work, not only for art but for highly intelligent social life.

What has long been looked upon as practically the only definitive repository for art, has been that of the Corcoran Gallery. This was endowed by the philanthropist Corcoran, a trifle over half a century

ago, "to be used solely for the purposes of encouraging American genius in the production and preservation of works pertaining to the Fine Arts, and kindred objects." In the eighteen nineties it was found that a new building was needed and the present gallery was built. Through its being a foundation of such high aims, and through its so long being the only foundation of its kind in the city, it long ago acquired a high reputation in the public mind.

The Art Gallery is on Seventeenth Street at New York Avenue and looks out toward the White House grounds. It is an extremely good-looking building, in spite of the not very successful bulge of a wing that contains a hemicycle auditorium.

The entrance to the art gallery, which is by far the principal part of the building, is up a few easy steps with a colossal bronze lion on either side. The building has a glass roof slanting sharply upward. The structure is of white Georgia marble on a lower section of pink granite. There are some windows on the first floor, but the second story rises in a solid white wall.

On entering the building you find yourself confronted by a white marble grand staircase, fifteen feet in width, leading to the second story, where you see that the great skylight is supported by thirty-eight fluted monoliths. The building is divided into a number of galleries and is admirable for its purposes.

On the whole the collection is far from the high-

est order, although there are a few exceptions to this. The Greek Slave, by Powers, used to be generally talked about, as among the remarkable sculptures of the world; but taste changes. Here and there in the world some superb example appears of such unquestioned skill that it stands for centuries as a model; which the Greek Slave has already ceased to do. Long before the founding of the gallery Corcoran gave a great ball to both houses of Congress, at which he displayed this statue with the highest honor. It is remembered that General Sam Houston, arrayed in blue coat, brass buttons and ruffled shirt, gave the Greek Slave interested examination!

The statue entitled "The Last Days of Napoleon" has not high standing as a work of art, and yet it has a sort of haunting effect through its representing the feelings of a man who has been utterly humbled after ruling the world.

A Corot in the gallery was the first painting by this artist for which a fairly large sum was paid. It is the Ramasseur de Bois, an unusually large painting for Corot, and it shows a dark forest and a blue sky flecked with gray. It was bought for fifteen thousand dollars, whereas until then the highest Corot price had been nine thousand. But directly facing the distinguished Corot there hangs a landscape so without merit as to give the whole room a jarring note.

There are some military pictures by Detaille, vivid in their blue and red and hazy with mist.

Your shoulders involuntarily straighten as his regiment passes by.

There are several portraits of prominent American statesmen by Thomas Sully. There is a cast of the remarkable Joel Barlow, so closely associated with the city of Washington. It is by Houdon, and shows Barlow with a queue, a bald head, a tuft over his forehead, an assertive tip to his head, and a sort of general alert aplomb. He looks like the kind of man who would naturally be sent to talk to Napoleon!

As the principal gallery of a great city the Corcoran Gallery is markedly thin, and the thinness is not improved by the abundance of Barye bronzes and pictures of sentimentality.

The Freer Collection is of extremely high promise. It is in a positively exquisite building.

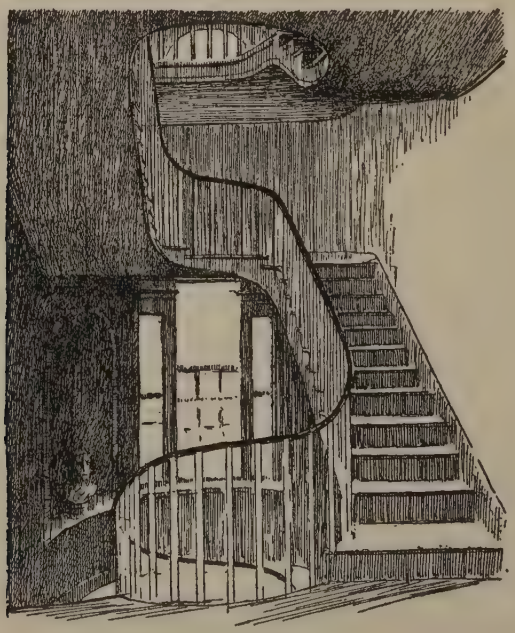
The collections of graphic arts are beautifully taken care of in the National Capital. The Library of Congress, in its Department of Prints, offers wonderful opportunity to study the finest examples; and with generosity gives the opportunity to all. With the great resources of a Government collection, it has been ardently carried to liberal dimensions as to quantity and fine choice as to quality. There are entire floors of pavilions and galleries on one side of the Library given over to exhibitions, and everything not in plain sight is opened quickly for inspection and use.

To supplement this, the Smithsonian Institution has in its old castellated building on the Mall, elabor-

ate exhibitions of the various processes of picture making.

Those who feel the appeal of one thing in one special place, and one in another, instead of finding everything gathered and classified as if with a business card index in one museum, will be satisfied in this city; as, in Paris, the student goes, refreshed, from the Louvre to the Luxembourg, from the Luxembourg to the Carnavalet.

These things have individuality, when you go to the Smithsonian for one, to the Freer for another, to the Print Department up on the hill for another.



CHAPTER XII

THE MALL

THE Mall is being actively developed into the place of beauty of which its planners dreamed a century and a quarter ago. Demolition of the unfit which had intruded itself there, and the erection of the new and beautiful, have been proceeding side by side.

The Mall is a great parkway extending in a broad swathe, and in a long stretch from the Capitol to the Potomac, although originally the idea was to end it opposite the southern face of the White House. Its development has largely been hampered by the curious impossibility of driving any vehicle throughout its length; and its looks have been sorely injured by the setting down at random of numerous unsatisfactory looking buildings and by breaking its great length into ineffectiveness by greenhouses, chimneys, public offices and high iron fences. In all there has been a variety of the extremely good and the extremely

bad built in it—the bad being somewhat excused on the ground of temporary needs.

The heart of the Mall is the Washington Monument, an obelisk of the tremendous and alliterative height of five hundred and fifty-five feet and five inches. But it is not the immensity of it that counts. It is the impressiveness of it, the nobility of it, its standing alone and rising from the grassy ground with absolute austerity and bareness. Not even trees lessen the grandeur of it. It is of such an imposing height that either when approaching the city, or from any point within it, the great white shaft dominates the landscape.

The play of light upon it on a sunshiny day makes it a shaft of glory. A passing cloud makes an unearthly gleam pass over it. It catches the morning sun like a white mountain peak. The evening light lingers on it when dusk falls in the city.

In the heart of the great white marble obelisk are a stair and an elevator. At a point above five hundred feet in height each of the four walls is pierced with two great loopholes which offer views stretching over the city, over the rivers and the pine-clad hills, and on clear days to the distant mountains of the Blue Ridge.

A marble monument was decided upon by the Continental Congress sixteen years before Washington's death. Washington himself is believed to have approved of this site. But nothing was done until a half century after the enthusiasm of the Continental Congress, and although the matter was

actively taken up the cornerstone was not laid until the middle of the nineteenth century. For only a few years the construction went on; then the work was suspended for over twenty years, when again Congress acted, and appropriated sufficient money for its completion; and not until 1885 was the monument finished. The man who delivered the principal address at the laying of the cornerstone, was Robert C. Winthrop, who, by an odd chance, was Speaker of the House during the one term that Abraham Lincoln was a member, and Winthrop, now an old man, wrote the address for the monument's completion. Stones of sentiment are built into the interior of the monument, gifts from many States and from distant and thrilling places: from ancient Carthage, from the Peaks of Otter, from the Parthenon, a stone from the spot where William Tell escaped from Gessler. This was sent by Switzerland and at least indicates Swiss belief in the verity of the story.

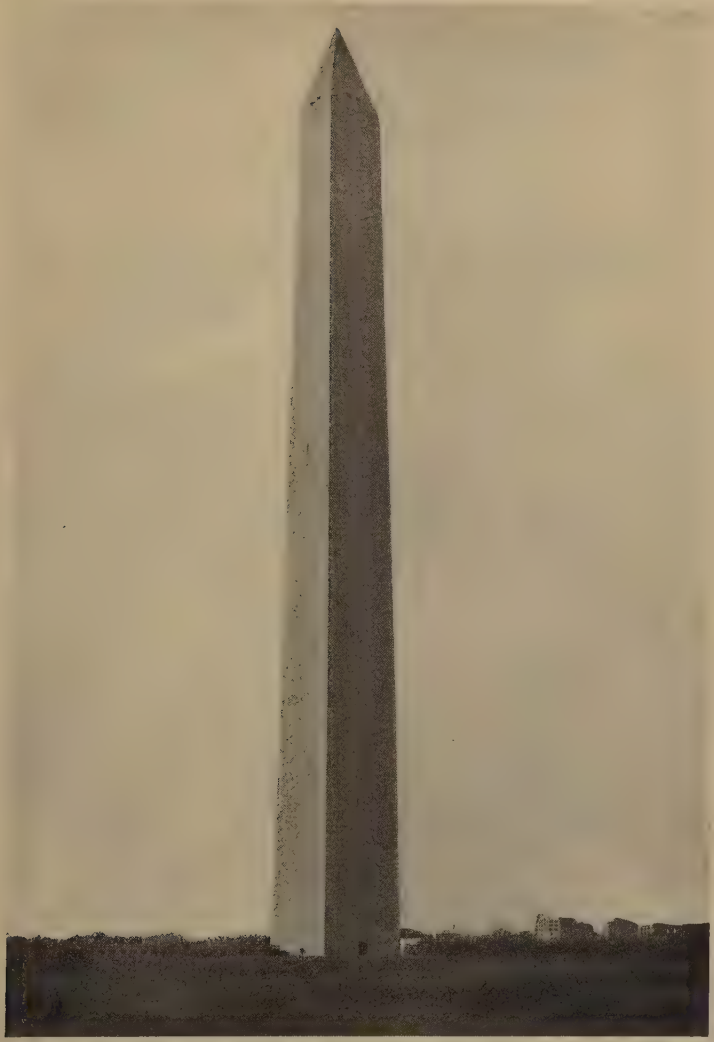
It makes lovers of the simplicity and austerity of this monument aghast to learn that it is planned, by those in authority, to build a temple-like structure at the base of this great shaft. It is so superbly successful as it is, rising sheer from the green turf, without even the slightest extraneous details, that the fact that the original plan showed such a temple should not be an argument for spoiling a perfect thing.

The day of the laying of the cornerstone of the monument marks one of the Presidential tragedies. President Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," pre-

sided. It was July 4, and the President became intensely overheated. He sat in the sun, while a very long and tedious address was delivered, and continued to sit exposed to the mid-summer heat, while another long address was delivered by George Washington Parke Custis of Arlington, who was always boresome except when giving his personal memories of George Washington. As Taylor sat there in the hot sun, he unfortunately drank freely of ice-water. Returning to the White House, he ate freely of cherries, and with them drank a large quantity of ice-cold milk. Soldier's constitution though he possessed, he could not withstand the accumulated strain. He was at once taken ill, and in a very few days was dead.

The Mall will in one highly important respect even surpass the early ideas, for a feature only recently thought of has been placed there; the wonderful Lincoln Memorial, at the Potomac River end of the space. With the Capitol at one end, the Washington Monument in the middle, the Lincoln Memorial at the farther end, and the White House at one side, America will have the right to point with pride to a pre-eminent achievement.

It is also planned to put up an additional memorial to George Washington, a structure with a long pillared front and a tremendous costliness, about where Center Market stands, but in the presence of the superb Washington shaft any such structure would seem supererogatory and, though the cornerstone is laid, its erection is seriously questioned.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Beginning at the Capitol end of the Mall, after crossing the roadways at the foot of the broad stairways height, the Grant Memorial is first reached. The principal figure naturally is Grant himself, seated quietly on horseback with his military hat pulled down nearly to the high collar of his military overcoat: he sits in concentrated thought in a storm of war and weather; but the rest of the memorial promises to be an excited medley of charging horses, fighting men, and general confusion. Without doubt, the entire memorial will prove to be highly satisfactory to veteran soldiers in general, when it is completed and when the grounds round about it are properly in order, for the committee who picked the design from those which were submitted in competition consisted of such highly distinguished men as Augustus Saint Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, Daniel H. Burnham and Charles F. McKim.

In the long mile and a half length of the Mall are a large number of war-time office buildings. They housed an immense number of clerks, mostly young women, who crowded swarmingly into every restaurant in the neighborhood to purchase, so the astonished dealers will still tell you, enormous totals of pastry, milk and fruit. But these buildings for temporary working needs are being taken down, as there is no longer need for them. There are also some enormous chimneys there, which may be confidently counted on to disappear.

It has been the Congressional habit, when necessity called for a new public structure, to locate a

site on the Mall, until the tract, half meadow, half park, has been muddled into disarray with many inharmonious buildings, some very good in themselves. The building of the Agricultural Department on the south side of the Mall is one of the great new buildings, plain and quiet and classic, and is a great improvement on the old building, which was put up in the fussy period that someway remains in mind as Centennial taste. At the same time, there have been fascinating displays of flowers in the simple workman-like greenhouses of the old Department buildings. And vast numbers of interested visitors have attended; as, responding to such a summons as that of the modestly announced Amaryllis show, when thousands poured through the little unostentatious glass house, all in ecstacies over the uncountable rows of great pink lilies.

About opposite Center Market, which you will notice was built to face on the Mall with more prominence than toward Pennsylvania Avenue, is the older of the two buildings of the National Museum, a large structure of bright red brick, trimmed with brick of blue and yellow, and with brick streaks of black! It is not fair to call it of the Victorian period, when it is really of the period of our own Hayes and Garfield.

The new building of the National Museum, also on the Mall, is of smooth white stone with low rounding dome, and, without any offense in design, it is somewhat of a nonentity of a building.

But the National Museum has gathered wonderful

treasure within the walls of its two buildings. First of all and most prominent are the varied memorials of the recent Great War. Of particular fascination is the long-barreled gun which, fired at a submarine, was the first hostile weapon fired by this nation in the war with Germany.

There are uniforms and equipment of vast variety, and there are airplanes, cannon of all sorts, and examples of camouflage: in fact a great military collection, scattered through large rooms, basements and hallways, and in the grounds round about the buildings.

The National Museum, as its name implies, is meant as a place where objects of interest and value to the whole nation are to be gathered and preserved and shown. There are the historical, the social, the industrial, the scientific exhibits; and here on the Mall these associated buildings are to stand in a long series.

There is vast wealth of collections gathered here, such as only a government, with its wealth and power, could acquire. It has also attracted gifts such as only a government could command.

There is a vast exhibit of the sources of medicines, with queer and interesting examples of roots, herbs and other strange materials from which they are extracted. There are elaborately made models of coal mines. There are examples of the pottery of the world, including also, bronzes, lacquers and glass, arranged geographically. The enterprise of women interested in the encouragement of textile

art, has resulted in the gathering not only of laces of every period, variety, and European country, but brocades, velvets, embroideries, and other tissues. There are exhibits illustrating spinning, weaving, yarn and cloth manufacture from cotton, wool and silk, and there is the first American cotton-spinning machine. There are rugs, there is practically an example of every household furnishing and ornamentation and of the varieties of personal adornment.

Throughout, the touch of the historical, of the memory and memorials of the past, adds materially: and somehow, one feels a sudden and intense interest in examining a plain little oval table, a table quite without distinction of design, with spiral turned legs: a table frankly insignificant. In regard to this table, the tale is told that a man living on the field where the armies came together at the Battle of Bull Run, gathered his simple furniture into a wagon, and moved far off to where, so he supposed, he would not be troubled by war.

He settled at Appommatox, and on this little table, thus carried from Bull Run, Grant and Lee signed the agreement of surrender.

There is a vast amount, in hall after hall, of furniture, house-furnishing and costumes; the most extensive and most valuable in all the country: and the unique value of the great collection lies in the fact that it is not indefinite in ownership in the great historical periods, but is almost all linked to individuals or families of prominence.

There are two superlative and rival collections, shown side by side, those of the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the Revolution, covering the field of exquisite Colonial collections of silver and china, and the delicate small things of those early days. They are from all parts of the Colonial area and are definitely associated with such names of wide-spread social fame as the Allstons of South Carolina, the Cabells of Virginia, the Langdons of New Hampshire and the like.

Turning from these cabinets of joyous belongings you are suddenly awed by coming, in a nearby case, to the death mask of Lincoln and the cast of his strong and shapely hands.

Most marked, most noteworthy, are the collections connected with the Washington family and with George Washington in particular. There is a little camp chest that takes you straight back to the Continental Army and its long campaigns. It is leather bound. It is studded with brass nails. It is lined with rough green flannel. It was carried by George Washington during the war, and shows evidence of use that was long continued. Its little compartments hold skillets and grill and platters and plates, pepper bottles and salt box, all of the most practical and portable form—but at the same time beautiful—such as the round-cornered pewter platter, the deep saucepan with heavy round wooden handle, placed on the side as with a French coffee pot, or the little grill for cooking the slice of toast or two bits of bacon over the coals.

There are ten superb Sheraton chairs which belonged to George Washington, there are mirrors that were his, there are bandy-legged tables, there is a splendid shield-backed Heppelwhite, there is a comfortable, charming fireside chair, a little smaller than this type was usually made.

An enormous value of this entire collection lies in its displaying the style of living and furnishing of that period, in its finest and final form. Here the sources are without question, and the period, the age, are known, and that the connection is so largely with the greatest of Americans gives the collection unique character. It is the last word in collecting!

One of the most engaging pieces of old furniture to be seen anywhere in the world is a child's-size dressing-table, inlaid, delicate, taper-legged, a gift from Lafayette to Martha, the grandchild and namesake of Mrs. Washington, who later lived at Tudor Place in Georgetown, when married.

All the George Washington glass, the gold-margined china, the pistol-handled knives, the Lowestoft with blue and gold, the Sheffield plate in which he took such pride, the urn-shaped lamps, the beautiful candlesticks, the pair of crystal candelabra, all arouse pictures of the rich stateliness of the life of those days.

The official title given the general historical collection of costumes is "The Period Costume Collection." It excels, in the superlative way in which it has been carried out, any collection of similar character whether in this country or abroad.

The most surpassing individual feature is the collection of costumes actually worn by the women who were mistresses of the White House, through all the administrations. The gowns are most carefully placed upon the plaster figures in a long series of glass cases. The figures make no attempt to be precisely portraits but they approach it. Even the outlines of the hair are in each case of the proper style of the period: and some waist-lines are of an incredible slenderness.

Clustered around the cases of this unique collection are other cases on the walls and upon tables, all showing American gowns of periods of the past. Here also are the costumes of some of the early Presidents, such as a military costume of Washington, a sleeping bag of the inventively inclined Jefferson, a rich costume of John Adams, of silk as yellow as old gold and embroidered in blue corn-flowers, past republican belief! But the main interest in costumes lies with those of the women of the Presidency.

First of all you see the quietly capped figure of the wife of the President whose administration closed before the White House opened. Her gown is of ashes-of-roses silk, with little trellis design, painted with a spray of flowers in the center of each; a rich and quiet gown, as to which one wonders if this is of the color which, when Washington ordered it for her from London, he called a "tabby" gown.

Mrs. Adams is here, a quiet little figure in a queer

little gown of purplish blue, with a full skirt, embroidered soberly in the same color. This quiet garb was not typical of Abigail Adams, though evidently it is the best available for the collection, for one remembers details of her fine clothes, and her own description which she wrote home from London of the glories of her presentation gown.

Dolly Madison is in full-trained gown of pale lemon-colored satin, over a skirt of white satin, embroidered in garlands of delicate flowers. She holds a double kerchief of tambour in her hand, and a copy of Milton; remindful this, of a characteristic of the clever Dolly, with whom it was a social affectation to close or open some literary classic as she turned to greet a guest; as when, so it is narrated, she held a book in her hand when she met young Preston, the son of an old friend.

Great numbers of people go through this gallery, and it is noticeable that, after all these years and after the great variety of women who have held sway in the White House, not a figure in all these cases attracts the degree of interest that is accorded to Dolly Madison; which shows what personality will do. One wonders if half of those who murmur her name in passing, know the given name of her husband!

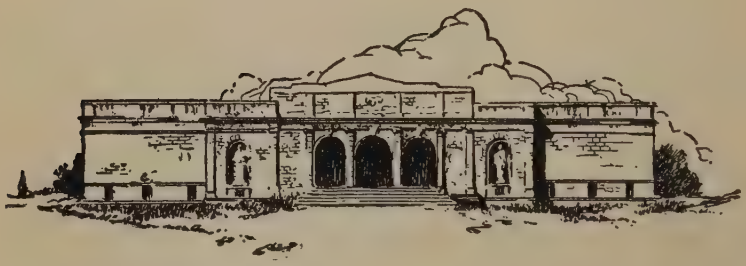
Mrs. Monroe is in white, brocaded with large single flowers, almost dahlia-like in color, with a border padded and wadded with cotton, and a Watteau pleat from the shoulders. Mrs. John Quincy Adams is astonishingly slim in white satin,

covered with tulle and bordered by silver lace frills. Van Buren's daughter-in-law is in full blue velvet with long full train, with point lace on her shoulders and an eighteen inch waist!—a figure resplendent with youth. She was a South Carolina beauty and her strangely head-dressed portrait still hangs in the White House.

Mrs. Fillmore is literally in lavender and old lace. Mrs. Pierce is gentle and lovely in black net mourning for her son, who was killed in a railroad accident. There is only one wife given to President Tyler, his second and youthful one, and she wears a gown with a three-tiered flounce of airy silk muslin, edged with gold threads and soft queer-colored flowers. Harriet Lane is in the wedding glory of long widespread train of watered silk and fine lace.

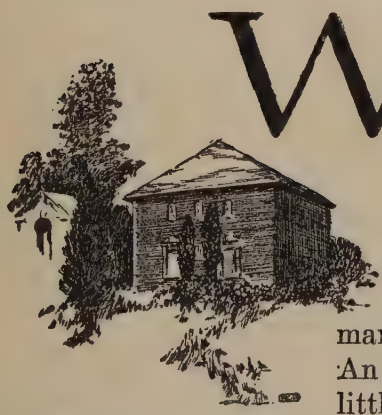
Mrs. Lincoln is irreproachable in purple velvet, corded in white. Mrs. Grant wears white brocade with silver threads. Mrs. Hayes is in white satin, pearl befringed—and with a bustle! Mrs. Garfield wears pale lavender satin and lace—quiet, but with the longest train of all. Mrs. McElroy wears a gray brocade with steel beads. Mrs. Cleveland is in stiffened silk skirt, with a queer rose-pink velvet gorget. Mrs. McKinley is in a rich high-necked gown of white, heavy with pearls. Mrs. Roosevelt, in pale blue brocade with very fine lines, very simple, with transparent shoulders and sleeves, is reading a pamphlet. Mrs. Taft is so slight and so quietly dressed as to be almost unnoticeable. In the last case are two women. Each is a Mrs. Wilson. The

first is in white brocaded satin. The present Mrs. Wilson appears effectively in black velvet and jet, with low neck, and only black net over the shoulders. Between the two stands a vacant chair!



CHAPTER XIII

MEMORIALS THAT DO ADORN



WELL out in the hilly edge of the city to the northward, and near the Soldiers' Home, is a rather large graveyard, called that of Rock Creek, containing a number of old graves with many more recent ones. An interesting feature is little St. Paul's Church, something over two hundred years old, which still retains much of its old-time aspect in spite of having suffered from prosperity, restoration and fire. It is the oldest church within the limits of the District of Columbia. It is a quaint little brick structure with the black brick headers of long ago, with a short nave, rather squarish, and with much English ivy on its old walls. Such fascinating old brick churches, all of about the same period, are to be found in many of the old parishes through all of eastern Maryland. A benefactor of long ago gave this church a glebe of one hundred acres, of hill and

valley, and the glebe is now crowded with graves. The donor, one Bradford, a strange New England name for this part of the world, lies under a stone near the entrance, and immediately around the old church are a few flat quaint table-gravestones. There is a distinct effect of loneliness, owing largely to ancient monumental oaks about and near the church, and emphasized by the absence of vehicles, whose entrance is forbidden.

On a hillside, some distance below the church, on a slope where the graves are thick, stands a group of gloomy trees, narrow cedars and tall umbrageous pines and massed rhododendrons and bushy low-growing laurel; and secluded within this solemn grouping, with "tall black pines like nodding plumes over the bier to wave," is a solitary grave guarded by a wonderful figure in bronze.

It is a Saint Gaudens masterpiece, this monument, in absolute seclusion. The brooding bronze figure guards the tomb of the wife of Henry Adams, great-grandson of the second President, John Adams.

Facing a massive stone bench, in the cloistered shade of the evergreens, hidden from the blue sky, is a large bronze figure seated on a gloomy rock; a real rock, not one of bronze. The bronze draperies are solemnly simple: "clinging like cerements."

A cloak-like garment covers head and figure, with only one arm and the face emergent.

And such a face! A face representing the finality of death. It is a strong face, a fine face, a beautiful face, a face that stays in the memory.

Pettiness is not there; ostentation is not there; there is no grief expressed in chiseled words—no name.

It is impressive. It is a little open-air temple of silence. It is a woman who will brood throughout all eternity. Seated on the black stone, her back is against a monolith. Her chin is upon her hand. Her eyes are cast down. She is musing and her revery will last forever.

As one leaves it and turns across the hills, under giant oaks, one likes to remember that Saint Gaudens and Henry Adams were two of a group of close friends. The son of Saint Gaudens has recorded that his father worked on this statue with infinite delight, and that he wrote to Adams that this was to be the "result of Michelangelo, Buddha and Saint Gaudens." Ten years or more after it was in place, in 1903, the sculptor stood in front of the monument and said that he wished he could remodel the fold at the knees. Then, after a pause: "I believe that would be all I would do." Adams found in it, "The Peace of God," but Saint Gaudens himself called it, "The Mystery of the Hereafter."

This memorial bronze, so quietly and unostentatiously placed, the memory of the great love of a quiet and unostentatious life, undoubtedly ranks with the great monuments of the world.

One of the delightful sentences of Shakespeare is as modern sounding as if it were written but yesterday: "The memorials and the works of art that do adorn the city." Shakespeare makes these

words refer to an Italian city, but how they apply to the American city on the Potomac!—rich as it has become in memorials and is becoming in works of art.

Memorials may take such a fine variety of forms. And this thought especially comes because Henry Adams, who had the Rock Creek Memorial made, could look out of his own window on Lafayette Square and see some superb memorials massed thick in front of his vision. It has long been believed that the great old trees that beautify the square, the glorious elms, the most beautifully boled beeches, the great gloomy pines, the great glossy-leaved magnolias, were planted as memorials to the then existent States. The number did not represent a work of forestration as it would to-day, but made much more than the original Thirteen.

One of the most familiar of the great number of outstanding memorials in Washington is the Dupont Fountain, in the center of an elm-bordered circle at the crossing of the three highly important avenues, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire . What a New England setting! In the usual Washington way with its circles, 19th and P streets also take the opportunity to run in and out again.

Back in the time of the Civil War, Congress voted a monument at this confluence of thoroughfares for Admiral Dupont. The neighborhood at that time was sparsely settled and quite ordinary, and the monument was paltry in quality, showing Dupont

THE DUPONT FOUNTAIN

as a square-built, rugged man; which was sufficiently fitting, as he seems to have done square-built, rugged work in his Civil War career. But as the city developed, and this section and the thoroughfares became important, and great houses were built on them, the very wealthy Dupont family became rather conscious of the humdrum monument to their forbear and, accustomed to building roads across States or doing anything else that came into their minds as desirable, they decided to do away with the humdrum and put up a beautiful memorial fountain on the now magnificent circle which Congress had so conveniently provided. Daniel Chester French was engaged as sculptor and Henry Bacon as architect—the names are worth remembering as their united work is so fine here and in other and greater work—and the Art Commission promptly passed in favor of the desirability of the proposed memorial. There is a simple, stately beauty about it. The bottom of the fountain is a broad pool from which rise emergent three lovely female figures, tucked as if in shelter within the paneled white-stone stem, and charmingly representative of the Sea, the Wind and the Stars—highly suitable for an admiral! From the perfectly curving white basin above their heads the water overflows and falls so as to frame these hauntingly graceful figures.

This Dupont fountain, sheltered within the old greenery of the Circle, is a most successful example of a small memorial, attracting immense attention. Everybody knows it as a landmark not to be con-

fused with any other; and in this it is not in the least like most of the equestrian circle-centers of Washington, which are confused one with another in the public mind.

Not only have there been many new memorials planned and built, but there is a constant ebullition of ideas, developing a line of further memorials of one or another kind. A great memorial bridge is planned between the Lincoln memorial and Arlington. One enterprising citizen after another thinks of a supposed need and pushes it, such as a huge campanile with the greatest chime of bells in the world. Of course, being American, it has to be the "greatest peal in the world!" It is hoped that each State will supply a bell; and the carillon is to be rung on every joyous national occasion. A Memorial Hall, with a great bronze star for every soldier killed in war, is another of the plans. Another project is that of a hillside devoted to gardens and outdoor theatricals, with buildings for women's advancement. And already there are avenues of young memorial trees, and old beechwoods are preserved to honor a President who liked them.

The Freer Gallery, one of the wonderful things that has newly come to Washington, will never be forgotten in recapitulating the adorning structures of the city. The building was designed, built and endowed by Charles L. Freer of Detroit, and the collections to date were personally made by him. There has previously been no collection of Oriental porce-

lains in Washington museums, and the Freer collection will begin to fill the want.

There is some doubt as to what the precise scope of the collection will develope into, but it has the precious Oriental china, which Washington needs very much, and many paintings by the best American artists.

As a beginning, a unique exhibit will be the most striking of the works of James McNeill Whistler. For the home of Frederick R. Leyland in Prince's Gate, London, Whistler made a most colorful decoration: an elaborate and even whimsical peacock design.

But, with Whistler, friendships always came to an end. No man ever better understood the gentle art of making enemies! And somehow, before many years, the peacock decoration was not in the Leyland home, nor was it even in England, for it appeared as the principal decoration of Freer's home in Detroit. And now it is to be the most important initial exhibit of the exquisite Freer Gallery.

The bridges of the city are of high decorative importance. Especially notable is the long structure, a high-level bridge leading Connecticut Avenue over the ravine of Rock Creek and bringing into a fine thoroughfare connection a whole district previously isolated by a deep wooded valley. On each approach of this great wide bridge is a splendid monumental lion, just uprising in a guarding posture. There is a parklike setting to the bridge and its approaches

and its spaciousness is marked off by bronze eagles on pillars.

With its entrance just off Massachusetts Avenue near Sheridan Circle is the striking I Street bridge with its approaches marked by great statuesque bison: these two bridges making structures that would anywhere be distinctly memorable. The great Bison bridge gives a fine motor approach, again over the ravine of Rock Creek, and in this case to Georgetown. The old and still main-traveled road to Georgetown at Pennsylvania Avenue is not notable for beauty.

The famous "Long Bridge" across the Potomac, so noted in local and national history, vanished long ago. As I write, you go to the Virginia side of the Potomac through Georgetown over an old bridge, but the great new bridge called the Key Memorial is nearly finished and will be a great thoroughfare to Fort Meyer and Arlington. It is named in honor of the author of the Star Spangled Banner. In time there will be another and magnificent bridge beside the Lincoln Memorial, connecting the Mall with the Virginia shore.

A fine kind of memorial, the spirit of which would well be imitated, is shown in a small memorial fountain set unobtrusively just outside the southern edge of the White House grounds. It is a simple fountain, but at the same time not insignificant. It is bowered in pleasant greenery and was put up in memory of two men, Captain Archibald Butt, a White House aide and F. D. Millet, artist and author,

who bravely and unostentatiously gave their lives, in order that others might not perish, in the great disaster of the Lusitania. Its location is fine from the standpoint of sentiment, for it is within sight of the White House where one was aide, but its placing is destructive to the symmetry of the grounds, and it is not therefore looked on with favor in its present place.

There could not be a finer reason for a memorial or one that would inspire to nobler purpose. Of all Washingtonians, none past or present would have so appreciated the manly bravery of Butts and Millet as would have the great kind-hearted Lincoln, and now their monuments, great and small, are in sight of each other.

Grandest of all the memorials in Washington is the Lincoln Memorial, at the western end of the Mall near the edge of the Potomac. It is the greatest monument that has ever been erected to the memory of one man. It is a superbly pillared temple of great size, of great symmetry, of great impressiveness, of great effectiveness.

It is centered on a straight line extending from the entrance of the Capitol, down the Mall, and directly through Washington Monument.

The Lincoln Memorial is serene, tremendous, massive, yet is at the same time of exquisite beauty. It is rectangular in shape. It is nearly two hundred feet long. Its central hall is within a colonnade of enormous fluted columns, double upon the eastern

front, the main façade, which faces toward the Capitol.

The pillars number thirty-six, to keep in mind the number of States forming the Union when Lincoln died. The pillars are enormous in size, being seven feet four inches in diameter at the base and forty-four feet high. They are deemed to be the largest of their kind in the world, and the capstones are of unsurpassed size—yet the wonder continues that everything gives an impression of delicacy in connection with enduring strength; such as is the case with the splendid roof, perfect in proportions, distinguished in design.

Isolated and serene, the Memorial stands on an artificial mound that raises it above the level of the surrounding land. Henry Bacon was the architect and he devoted himself with intensity to the task that, more than anything else, must represent the labor and pleasure of his life.

Within the central hall, which is seventy feet long by sixty high, is a statue of Lincoln by Daniel Chester French. The figure is seated and is faintly remindful of the standing Lincoln in Chicago: and if not quite the equal of that incomparable statue it is at least adequate. It is a figure of dignity, and, with the rested elbows and the wide Roman seat, fits perfectly the general shape of the room. Lincoln looks thoughtfully out, between the pillars of the main entrance, and off past the monument to his great predecessor Washington, to the Capitol.

Something attempted with far-sighted skill is the

building of a highly pictorial narrow lagoon approaching the Memorial. The reflections and shadows are remindful of those in the long water basin at the front of the Taj Mahal, where the white arch and dome show double. The enchanting reflections and shadows have been so studied that they are here to be marvelous—the water-shadows of the Memorial as one approaches it, and of the Washington Monument as one looks back. These effects were worked out experimentally with a temporary basin, and now permanent stone is to be built in and the effect will be of ethereal loveliness with an environment of dark and formal trees.

In a room at one side of the interior is a great tablet of bronze on which is forever inscribed Lincoln's Second Inaugural, and in a similar room on the other side is his Gettysburg Address. The tablets are of immense impressiveness, and it is worth while seeing before us, on one side: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in," and on the other side a tablet where one is thrilled to read: "That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

On each side of the bronze tablets are modeled, as parts of the tablets, long palm branches of bronze, curiously simple and impressive, and above the tablets are high-banded mural decorations by Jules Guerin, in dullish blue and red and brown and green; positive yet tempered. These take the coldness

from the room and give an impression of a living memorial rather than the feeling of a tomb.

The Memorial gives a distinguished and curious feeling of isolation: one feels, in going toward the pillared glory, as if walking across the plain to pillared Pæstum. Yet this Memorial, although it has a landscape to itself, is readily reachable, for it is on the Potomac's bank, adjacent to the main part of the city and across from the heights of Arlington.

Never before in history has a man begun as humbly as in Lincoln's log cabin and attained such memorial fame. Immovable, immortal, eminent: such was Lincoln and such is this monument.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DOMINANCE OF TITLES

WASHINGTON, now pre-eminently the American city of titles, was almost from the beginning a city of American titles—a very different thing. This was noted, in particular, by that extremely observant and widely traveled architect, Latrobe, who wrote cheerfully, a hundred years ago, that he noticed that America was like Poland, for everybody in Poland had a title! Only, as he commented, instead of there being counts here as in Poland, there was a crowding of captains, majors, colonels, generals. And this he found to be especially the case in Washington.

It seems incredible, but one of the books of

memories of long-ago Washington—by Mrs. Gouverneur, Monroe's daughter and a White House bride—tells of a visit to Washington in the early 40's by the first James Gordon Bennett and his newly-made wife, just as there was to be a great charity ball, a social event of high order. Among the patronesses were Dolly Madison, Mrs. Tayloe and Mrs. Gouverneur herself. And when Bennett asked for tickets, the request was granted only with the definite promise on his part that he would not describe the ball in his newspaper. Two days later, however, an extended account, with names in full, appeared in the *New York Herald,* greatly to the indignation of the managers of the ball. For here is the difference that has come about. At that time, so Mrs. Gouverneur wrote, it was expected that a woman's name should appear in the public prints but twice: first, upon the occasion of her marriage, and second and last upon the occasion of her death.

How startled the women of those days would now be with long columns of news of society in every issue of every newspaper and with several pages on Sunday! Not only with an intense ambition on the part of society women that their names appear, but also that their portraits be given, and especially in the elaborate picture supplements.

But the women of those days, even when in their aged and declining years, were not without publicity, although it was secured in a quiet way. For instance, it was well known at the time and has been remembered ever since that when Mrs.

Madison, who so objected to Bennett's method, was formally called upon by the tall and impressive General Winfield Scott in the last years of her long life, he always wore his full uniform and made a solemn function out of what might have been a simple neighborly affair.

The Scotts were both Virginians and had a home in Elizabeth, New Jersey, besides, but settled themselves in Washington about 1850 in a house on H Street between 13th and 14th. It was one of the "Chain Houses" so-called, built by Count de Menon and had a fence bordering it made of festooned chains. In another chain house, next door, lived another wonderful old lady of old Washington—the venerable Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and here also it was the pleasant knowledge of the Capitol, that the full uniform was worn by the superb six foot-three general when he called. It is thus that many like best to remember these venerable and distinguished old ladies, the famous widows of H Street, thus honored to the extreme. And, as to Mrs. Scott, the wife of the General, it was she who called the city a rambling, scrambling village, and was in turn facetiously known by Washingtonians as "Madame la Général."

Washington has always been a city strongly influenced by Virginia ideas of chivalry. It permeates all society. For Virginians were, for a long time, the most important citizens. It is always easy to hear stories, in Washington, of Virginia military gallantry, as of General Hood, who, expecting to

marry a Virginia belle, sent an order to Paris, with one item reading, "Mem.: Three cork legs and a diamond ring!"

Of the general who defeated Hood, in the Civil War, General Thomas—not in love but at the Battle of Nashville—various pleasant stories are told, for he was a likable man who liked Washington. Pleasantest of all is that of his attitude when friends offered to present him with a house in the city. When he declined, the argument was urged upon him that a number of leading men such as Daniel Webster, had accepted homes from their admirers and friends and that even General Sherman himelf, among military heroes, had done so. The house given to Sherman was at 203 I Street and has since been torn down, as has the house given at a later date to Admiral Dewey on Rhode Island Avenue near Connecticut.

But Thomas only replied with courteous firmness to all arguments that it made it awkward for him when put in that way, but that he could not take more than the nation had given him, which he considered quite sufficient renumeration.

In recent years Washington has not only added greatly to what may be called the more familiar American titles but has also added largely to the lists of such titles as Secretaries, Assistant-Secretaries and Commissioners, and there has been an enormous influx of title-bearing people from abroad.

With the vastly increased presence of titles has

naturally come a vastly increased worship of titles: they go together.

An important and growing class in Washington is composed of extremly wealthy folk who are able and willing to spend great sums in the attempt to establish high social position here. The object of this class is not only to gain the right to mingle with the great and titled, but is often to obtain an Ambassadorship, or an important place in one of the Departments, or to serve on some important commission or to entertain a king.

No other city presents any such possibilities. These people feel that a few seasons in Washington and a large house of their own give them a stepping-stone to the very highest honors. This plan gives them vastly more than money alone could do. Such people establish their families here and, cosmopolitanly planned, mount high in worldly place; and with this there may be important double development, for this class are quite likely to retain as a bulwark their home, and their position in whatever was their home town, and at the same time they may succeed in their ambition to secure great place abroad.

Marrying their daughters to men of title or, better, to men of great foreign distinction, often follows from a basis of Washington residence. Here friendships and connections are made with people from all over the world, and, if such a plan is deliberately campaigned for, with a house in London, a villa on the Riviera, or a palace in Venice, with a

private yacht and the lavish entertaining that has been studied in Washington, the world is theirs. The world is mine oyster, which I with gold will open!

From these Washington mansions and seasons in Washington society, there have gone American wives for ambassadors from every country, for vice-regal place and honors; there have gone out wives for generals and admirals of highest rank in the most powerful countries of the world.

With the growing dominance of titles in this city of titles an interesting change is developing: the practical disappearances of "Mr. and Mrs." as inclusively descriptive of husband and wife.

After all, the form has not been with us for very many decades. Coming gradually in, it became a general custom: pausing a while, before general adoption, to be used to some degree as a title of gentility in Colonial and Revolutionary days, as is still to be seen on some of the gravestones of that period. But social custom long ago changed in regard to this, and neither "Mr." nor "Esq." confers to-day the distinction it was originally intended to do.

The capital of our country, which in the long run dominates social customs, has decreed, from apparent necessity, the dropping of the inclusive grouping of "Mr. and Mrs.", and this none the less inexorably that the decree has not been a matter of form but has come through changing custom. If an important man appears in the day's

news he is very rarely "Mr." Every one in the city who pretends to standing or is conceded standing, makes connection with a title. There are not only the old-fashioned Senators, Representatives, Justices, Secretaries of the Cabinet; all these and such as these are still existent in greatly increased numbers, with a multiple proportion of officially entitled Assistants. And the city, and the society columns of the newspapers, and very largely the news columns, teem with the titles of myriad foreigners and with titles to some extent secured, even by Americans, from abroad: all this in addition to the titled nomenclature of the Republic.

If Doctor Syntax had added to his various famous Searches, a Search for the Odd, he would find it here in our American syntax in the growing clumsiness of expression as to man and wife.

"Mr." has practically vanished by taboo from among important men. In Washington a man may be President or Assistant Secretary: he may be General or Lieutenant. But he is something of title and is referred to with the title. The newspaper columns daily bristle with titles.

Even the children can tell a captain from a major by the number of stripes of black braid that entwine themselves on his overcoat sleeve. The Washington eye is trained to read the insignia upon collar and sleeve. The title goes with the clothes. No mistakes are made.

In the face of the onslaught of titles the modest united "Mr. and Mrs." is rarely to be seen. But

the severed "Mrs." remains and a great awkwardness of expression appears in consequence.

There can be no objection to such phrases as "the President and Mrs. Harding," "the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes, or Mrs. Blaine or Mrs. Hay," or "the Ambassador from Great Britan and Lady Geddes," for it is a matter of general intelligence that these names are associated with the offices held. The names of Harding and Hughes and Geddes are known. But it is an absurdity that any important part of the public can know the name of, say, the Third Assistant Secretary of State, or that of the Minister from such Graustark or Zenda countries as Bulgaria or Czecko-Slovakia. But in the usages of ordinary publicity such as that of the newspapers there is, to-day, nothing to associate coupled names as husbands and wives.

From one single page, this is excerpt: "The Third Secretary of the Italian Embassy and Mme. Celesia. The Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Pezet. The Military Attache of the French Embassy and Mme. Collardet. The Norwegian Minister and Mme. Bryn. The Charge d'affaires of Great Britain and Mrs. Craigie. The Roumanian Minister and Princess Bibesco. The Third Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Smith. The Assistant to the Attorney General and Mrs. Austin. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Woodbury"—that dine together or receive together or go to Atlantic City or Palm Beach together.

Isn't there something wrong with our clever

nation? Are all these people plain husbands and wives? "The Minister of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes and Mme. Gronitch,"—this sounds positively polyandrous! "The Former Ambassador to France (sufficiently indefinite!) and Mrs. Wallace will sail for Paris together."

And there will shortly appear new complications, for women are about to secure a large number of titled offices; and newspapers will begin to tell that, "The Congresswoman from—oh, New York, Pennsylvania, California, any State—and Mr. Jones left yesterday for New York."

That in practice there is seldom actual misunderstanding is not enough. It is a clumsy form, and as titles and the use of titles increase, the reason for a more efficient form increases. One wonders where the end will be; what heights will be reached, what depths will be plumbed, before some clear-minded system shall be adopted. One can see how the French at one time acted upon the necessity of Citoyen and Citoyenne, one form for all.

A most striking example of worship of titles in Washington was shown at a reception given by David Jayne Hill; so prominent in Grover Cleveland's time. There were numerous notables among the guests. Hill himself led the procession into the dining-room with a Countess Thyrzo. (This is an exeprience that Saint Gaudens loved to tell). It was a time of intense feeling for democracy and therefore, by natural contradiction, the worship of titles was intense.

Never did two people walk together more proudly. In fact it was not to be denominated a walk but a progress. Two by two, like the formal entry into the ark, the entire gathering were to go. Hill looked straight in front of him, evidencing a pride such as had come to few Americans. The Countess, richly gowned, went proudly on, filled with a sense of distinction of leading the way at a dinner at which Cardinal Gibbons was the principal guest. The order of proceeding had been arranged with the most meticulous care; which couple should go second, which couple third, and most heedfully on to the end, which was to be brought up by the red-robed cardinal leading the wife of the host.

Neither Hill nor the countess noticed that anything was going wrong. There was no one at either side to smile in warning. All had been lined up for the progress into the dining-room. But when Hill and the Countess reached the head of the table and turned, prepared for the entire company to be settling into their seats with them, they were appalled to see that not a soul had moved in following! Not one had dared to walk out in front of the ecclesiastical gorgeousness. All were busily bowing and bowing and waiting and waiting for the Cardinal and Mrs. Hill to precede them!

There has long been a considerable feeling to the effect that there is in Washington a settled society superior to that headed by the Administration. These supposed social leaders have been known as "settled" or "permanent" society and others have

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL

known them as "antiques"—Mark Twain's name—and still others have called them "cave-dwellers."

There is certainly a society of this kind, a sort of social alluvial soil, a rich deposit of time, from Colonial days, from high office, from heroes of wars and long-established wealth.

That descendants of old families appear prominently from time to time is undoubtedly the case, part of this class being life-long dwellers in Washington and part guests or relatives from other cities. I quote from a newspaper account of a Colonial ball at the Willard—not a gathering of the greatest names but of many names of the great, and showing the sources of settled society in the city. There was a Gorges, direct descendant of the English pioneer in Maine; there was a descendant of the famous Sir James Johnson, so powerful in central New York; there was the great-great-grandaughter of William Vernon of Rhode Island, president of the Continental Navy Board; there was William Fendall, a Washingtonian directly descended from the crown-governor Fendall of Maryland; there was Mrs. John C. Fremont, wearing the gown worn by her four-degree grandmother at a Patroon's ball in Albany, a hundred and sixty years ago. One man represented his great-great grandfather Thomas Lee, a member of the Continental Congress from Maryland, and his wife was descended from the officer next in command to Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga. There were descendants of Robert Livingston, of Richard Keene, in colonial times Lord of the Manor

on the Patuxent; there was a descendant of the colonial Cabells, and a Lee of Virginia. But even here, as a piéce de résistance there was General Pershing, with Missouri and Nebraska as his background.

But always, in spite of the interesting character of many who gather here, the society led by the White House, the Cabinet and the Senate and the Embassies always dominates in the social life of the city—for they hold the golden cornucopia from which flows appointments and salaries, money and place.

Even long ago, the old-timers did not socially dominate, for the novel "Through one Administration," written out of an observant knowledge of the city and apparently describing the time of Hayes, constantly pictures the power of public officials when exerted in social control, at the same time that there was a social life of residents not connected with officialdom. When there comes in the novel a great contest, the woman of the "settled" society, who thinks she is leader, finds herself swept off her feet and lost before the unexpected entry into the social fray of a United States Senator and the wife of the Secretary of the Interior!—although people in these positions would not find themselves particularly important in other great cities.

Such high and varied social triumphs may come to the man equipped with a large Washington house and a large fortune that the statement in regard to the entertainment of kings is not in the least an

exaggeration. The master of a mining fortune, a Copper King, went to Europe, and through business affairs came in close relations with Leopold, the Congo-entangled King of the Belgians. That Belgian king had few friends, whether among royalty or civilians; his reputation had kept friends away and so the Copper King found little difficulty in making and pressing an acquaintance with him.

The Belgian King spoke of coming to America and said that if he should, he would visit this Washingtonian.

So home the copper man came and, so the story has it, and it is too delightful a story to pry into too closely, he lavished every possible expenditure in outfitting, decorating and furnishing his Massachusetts Avenue home, most marked of all being the putting in place of a gold bathtub, ready for the kingly form!

But Leopold died without coming, and the Copper King did as the Belgian king, and died. And in the course of time the Great War opened and the new Belgian King, Albert, came to America with Queen Elizabeth.

The Vice-President of the United States wanted to entertain the Belgian royalties at dinner.

The finest residence in Washington, which was of a quality distinctly beyond that of the copper man, was offered and accepted; but the offer was withdrawn because enough servants were not available, in war time, properly to equip the house. Then, so the story goes, the literal golden opportunity came

—Royalty came to the house so long ago set in order for old Leopold! The Vice-President borrowed the Copper King's house from the widow. So Belgian royalty saw at last the lavishness of that preparation that had been made for Leopold! Royalty at length ate from the gold service even if it was rather in the nature of funeral-baked meats! The kings were dead, Copper and Belgian alike. Long live the King! as they used to say.

It is curious that while America has been so increasing in titles, England has been decreasing in this respect. The English peerage is threatening to become a disapeerage. And as to Continental Europe there have been such disappearances and changes that there are no royalties for English princesses to marry. Of the so recently interminable list of ruling emperors, czars, princes and potenates who ruled in central Europe, Johann of Liechtenstein alone remains as ruler and he still holds his tiny principality, a romantic place, only because he collects no tax and has no army!

One strong reason why titles in Washington rapidly fill the atmosphere is that the city is not large and that many of the people of title frequently shift their homes. Take for example the house of Senator Hanna, with its great drawing-rooms, its great fireplace of clear blocks of onyx, its French windows looking out over Lafayette Square—this house, built by a son of the Tayloe of five hundred slaves, was occupied by such titled folks as Admiral Paulding, Vice-President Hobart, and the Duchess

of Marlborough in her early years. A still more striking example was that of the house next door, which used to look down into the same walled garden, but is now replaced by the Belasco Theatre, for this house was built by Commodore Rodgers, and among the names associated with it were Ex-president John Adams, Senator Calhoun, Senator Henry Clay, General Sickles, who killed Key at the door, Secretary Seward, who was well-nigh murdered upstairs, on the night of the killing of Lincoln, and Secretary of State Blaine—who, after choosing a number of homes in Washington, found this a place in which to end his days.

The gentle winter climate of Washington is undoubtedly a factor in increasing the settling in of many families from colder sections of the country.

A certain number of the class who come to build and to entertain, seem not to succeed in their ulterior ends. And perhaps there is always a proportion who do not have those ends, although the Washington public opinion always ascribes such motives to them.

The curious plan of the thoroughfares gives the city an enormous number of wedge-shaped properties and wedge-shaped houses. The Octagon was the earliest of this form of building, and perhaps the most marked is an apartment house on Connecticut Avenue, south of Dupont Circle, whose flat-iron rooms are so narrow as just to hold a chair at the end. Perry Belmont came quietly over from New York and built a palace on a street-bound wedge

of land on New Hampshire Avenue and Eighteenth and R Streets. When the great war began, Belmont offered the use of this house to the Japanese, feeling justified in this because his ancestor, Matthew Perry, had made the first voyage that opened the ports of Japan to Americans. The city smiled at this, and called his house, "The opening wedge."

As Mark Twain found Naples infested with counts, he would now find Washington infested with lords and ladies and titled gentry of all degrees. The Japanese, ever quick to imitate, excel in titles: princes, barons, counts—they have adopted all the fendal titles of European civilization and have added some of their own. And that nation has been of great influence in driving out our good old forms.

Changes have been coming gradually and unnoticed. Mrs. Burnett, knowing Washington intimately, seeing everything with her observant eyes, wrote of the city as it was half a century ago, that society was then led by bewildered Europeans and astonished Americans—Americans astonished to find themselves suddenly facing the responsibility of the high-titled positions, and Europeans bewildered by having to adjust themselves to unexpected novelties in democratic manners and customs.

The great game in Washington is society. The great game is to land all the titles they possibly can at their dinner tables, with the especial ambition of seeing the names in the next day's newspaper.

Even better, on one day the papers will say "So and so will entertain"; then the tufted lion list will follow and next day "So and so entertained" the tufted lion list, last night at dinner! Thus twice the titled guests are made to walk before the public eye.

A frequent visitor of distinction who loved Washington and Washingtonians even though at times he also loved to laugh a little at them, told, among other tales, of napkins of pink silk at an important dinner: "quite impossible for a beard!"—he himself having a French one. And he liked to tell of another dinner at which in the center of the table was a bowl of gold fish—with no one listening to the after-dinner speakers, because of watching a strangling and dying fish.

An important feature, not for a moment to be forgotten, is that like the distinguished visitor just referred to, visitors find Washingtonians a delightful class. This is mainly because they are Americans in an American city; almost the only foreigners such as are here, being those who are here on official errands, and the Chinese colony that makes for a short distance a little Chinatown of one side of Pennsylvania Avenue, and a colony of about the same size, consisting oddly of Greeks who devote themselves to shoe-polishing, and patient celery-vending from baskets on the sidewalks.

That there are no manufacturing interests to occupy conversational attention and that the amount of mercantile interests is comparatively small are

powerful abetting reasons for the intense devotion to matters social. The typical interests such as those of other cities are not here. People have no vote. It is an amazing fact! The residents of the capital of this great Republic have no voice in public affairs. Property holders do not have responsibility for the taxes sufficient for their own city. Even the petty matters, like the large ones, which would be decided by duly elected town councils in other American cities, are settled by a "Town Council" of hundreds of men elected in every corner of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific—except the District of Columbia!

And for what Congress does not care to decide, everything is managed by a board of three appointed commissioners, one of then an army officer.

So naturally the citizens turn with even far more than natural zest to the adulatory gossip of society, and the mulling of honors and titles and rights of precedence.

There is much of truth in the cynical saying that society folk lunch in one house, dine in another, dance in several houses in an evening and are never at home except on their own reception days.

So many come to Washington for Congressional or appointive terms, that they enter with tremendous zest into social affairs. The streets are filled with their motors in the afternoon with occupants coifed and attired for one "at home" after another. You come very soon to know the names of the principal social addicts. Society life in

Washington gives them no eight hour days!

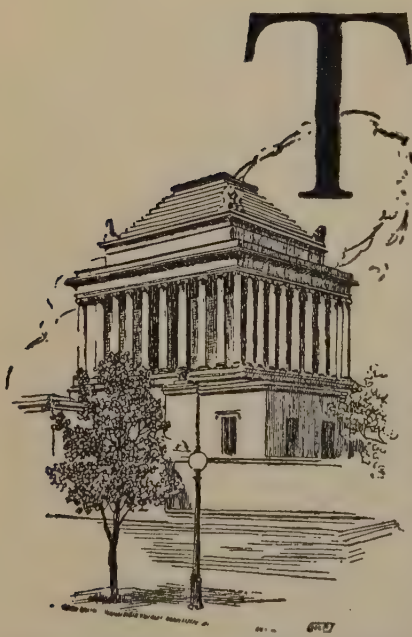
In a particular of picturesque possibilities this city of devotion to titles loses an opportunity. For the meridional street, the wide street leading northward from opposite the center of the White House into the hills far north of the city—a street with many a famous home and with semi-public palaces of great foundations, and with churches and temples —has a beautiful name bestowed upon it, which has failed to attach itself.

Recently, to give this splendid thoroughfare a distinction which it deserved but which its numeral name, Sixteenth, did not give, it was officially designated "The Avenue of the Presidents," with no feeling of doubt that the public would accept the name eagerly. How the French would have jumped at such a distinction!—they with their Champs Elysées and their Avenue de la Grande Armée and their Rue Royale!

But this official renaming struck few responsive chords in Washington. In time "The Avenue of the Presidents" may be accepted, but never proudly. "Sixteenth" clings, like a burr.

CHAPTER XV

THE PERVASIVE CLASSIC



THAT this city is without even a single triumphal arch is astonishing! From the beginning of its existence it has put up structures to do honor to every class of important event or person, it is rich with "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." And it seems impossible that it could omit expressing triumph in an arch. This capital has memorial bridge, obelisk, temples, squares, circles, museums, libraries, amphitheaters, houses, churches, woods, but no sense of national pride has found expression in the familiar classic form of an arch.

Washington is a capital city; and classic arches

express the pride of national capitals. This is a classic city; in every direction one sees the gleam of white marble colonnades. In proportion to its population Washington is the most classically built of the cities of the world. Yet, though for thousands of years there has been the erection of triumphal arches, this city, that has made such beautiful use of Greek and Roman ideas in its century and a quarter of existence is still without that superlatively noble form.

Recently, however, the city has constructed what will splendidly pass as a filling of the omission—and that it is in connection with a utilitarian structure instead of commemorative of some battle or hero marks the changing of the character of the times.

Daniel Burnham designed the monumental Union Station that fills the arching need. Across its broad front spreads a row of nineteen arched entrances or windows. And the tall three central arches, the literal gateway of the capital through which many thousands enter and leave, make one huge triumphal arch.

This huge, triune, triumphal arch stands out gloriously, and so admirably has an open space in front of it been cleared, that it can be seen from long distances, especially from the Capitol, thus giving it an access of importance.

The building is of huge size. Its concourse is seven hundred and sixty feet in length. It is said to be the largest space in the world under one roof. And it is claimed that in the concourse, fifty

thousand people could stand: one of those startling statements which for a moment seem incredible, but when it is remembered that those who love such statistics have estimated that the entire population of the world could stand in the area covered by the waters of Lake George, one is reconciled to the statement after all.

The great passenger space is of such grandeur and size that it calls for something dignified as a name, such as "passenger concourse." When some one, in a Presidential party who were leaving the station by the private Presidential entrance, glanced about for a final look and spoke of it as a great trainshed, President Wilson, who overheard him, and who in spite of his grim greatness dearly loves a simple jest, responded: "If the architect heard you say 'trainshed' there would be blood shed!"

This is a Union Station in two senses. It was built by a Union of funds, Congress, the District of Columbia and the railroads uniting, for a union of the railroads, so there is no confusion of railway stations in the city.

One of the awesome memories that visitors bring from Rome, is that of standing under the great brick barred-vaulted roofs of the ruined Roman baths, and a strange sense of revival of such memories comes when those Americans, reaching Washington, look up and see above, over the waiting room, the great Roman barrel-roof.

Out in front are three superb, tall bronze-based Venetian masts, such as those which stand in the

Piazza San Marco; and when you see them with their banners bravely spread, you realize there is no way of displaying a flag so well as on a fine Venetian mast.

In what was intended to be a great open plaza in front of the triumphal-arched station, at the confluence of seven thoroughfares of approach, has been placed in a view-breaking spot, a monster fountain meant to honor Columbus and set down as inopportunely as if it were a German "denkmal."

Immediately adjoining the Union Station is the new post-office, and with its long fronting serried row of great stone pillars it too is thoroughly classic. And both these buildings are distinctly superclassic in the number of inscriptions which are cut upon them in the apparent hope of being read: although there are so many, that if one really begins to read, he will likely enough miss a train in one building or miss a mail in the other!

The architectural character of the city is established by the public buildings and by the classic design of the majority of the beautiful and costly palaces put up by individuals or corporations for the use of public-spirited organizations, which have been established in Washington in important and growing number.

Well out in the Avenue of the Presidents at the corner of S Street, is a classic temple. It is where the Scottish Rite Masons their stately Masonic dome decreed. You are struck with the feeling that you are looking at a temple built for the ages; and

you are not surprised to learn that it was modeled after what the ancients called one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the "Mausoleum of Halicarnassus," in Asia Minor. As you look, you see that its pillars and roof have a strange familiarity and you remember the old wood-cut in the geography of childish days of that great wonder of long ago.

But the building does not have fitting surroundings, fitting environment, fitting accessories in the way of setting. It is the kind of building which you instinctively think of as, say, at the end of some long avenue of cypresses or standing beside gloomy water. It is austere. It should have a setting of great spaciousness.

Here the setting is an ordinary city corner lot with this temple rising from the sidewalk edge and with modern apartment houses and residences close about. In spite of this, the majestic strangeness of the architecture gives it astonishing aloofness of effect.

It sweeps upward from the sidewalk in broad granite steps reaching the basement story with all the effect of its being on top of a knoll. At either side of the entranceway, is a granite sphynx of monster size, hewn out of the greatest stones ever quarried in America, one weighing one hundred and nine thousand pounds and the other one hundred and ten. To ascend the steps between these huge, solemn, couchant, guarding sphynxes is to feel put back ages ago into the enigmatic, the mysterious, the inscrutable and into the heart of

ancient age. You feel a sense as if you might enter here, with Dunsany's "Queen's Enemies."

Above this plain basement rises a block-like center surrounded by an open square arcade of thirty-three great Ionic columns, each thirty-three feet in height. Naturally there is much of the symbolic in the building; as, that the main floor contains thirty-three rooms.

The floor above contains what is called the cathedral and is seventy-five feet by seventy-five, surmounted by a pyramidal dome, rising four-sided to a blunt top.

The Masons feel pride in the fact that the corner-stone of this temple was laid with the trowel and square used by George Washington in laying the corner-stone of the Capitol.

Always when one thinks of the classic of Washington the mind goes promptly to the Patent Office. For it is one of the perfect buildings of the city. It is now somewhat dull in hue: it shows the smack of age and the relish of the saltness of time, as its hue has dulled with the passage of the decades since it was built.

It is crowded within the space bounded by Seventh and Ninth and F and G Streets. These streets are even narrowed to hold the great building. On each side of these streets is a beautiful portico of Doric columns, that on F Street, with its portico with double row of columns, having been copied in pattern and size after a portico of the Parthenon.

The huge columns of this main façade are in a

double row and the approaching steps sprawl out upon the sidewalk. From this portico southward one looks through a vista bordered by ordinary business buildings on each side, to the insignificant red brick of the Center Market. This space occupied by the Patent Office was always planned for something important, though one does not precisely see why. It is always a pleasure to be reminded that this is where L'Enfant planned to put a sort of American Notre Dame.

Over and over one is amazed that in the early days of the capital and the nation, such buildings as the Patent Office should have been built. It is highly worth while to walk entirely around this building, and you notice among other features the great stones set across the columns; you may look at the modest simple triglyphs, the modillions and eaves of white stone; the plain Quaker-like pediments. What a tremendous undertaking to haul such loads as this stone represents, over the mud roads of the 1830's. Washington will never need what many cities possess, a museum crowded with cold white casts of classic forms, for the city itself is classically crowded for all to see as they walk on the streets. After all, much of the ancient heart of Rome is thick to crowdedness with antique forms; temples, and the Arches of Titus and Severus and fragments of beauty are within close touch of each other and the familiar line "Why is the Forum crowded?" may be taken in two senses. The ancients did not give spacious approaches to all their great buildings

but lived close with many of them as the modern city does.

One may well say, as to classic Washington, not only that it is a city of white palaces for public uses wherever you look, but that it has been a mistake when any other form was used. The greatest blunder of all was the huge building of the State, War and Navy Departments at the left of the White House, which is almost classic, but in reality incongruously nothing but a weak following of Mansart.

It is planned that the Department of State will soon have a great and beautifully proportioned building on the Jackson Place side of Lafayette Square. Until the change, it is in the southern section of the great pile that has thus far housed it. And in the beginning of the Great War no one thought of architecture when the State Department was flooded with appealing telegrams regarding the many tens of thousands of tourists abroad. It is said that seventy-seven thousand cablegrams of inquiry or urgency were sent through this Department.

The first Secretary of State was Robert Livingstone and Congress gave him two assistants and in those quill-pen days they drove their own quills! And the affairs of the whole nation were handled by these three men. For a time thirteen books and nine boxes contained the national correspondence and archives.

The original of the Constitution of the United States is kept in the State Department, as are also

the Declaration of Independence and many other official documents. Although the building is supposedly fire-proof, no one has ever taken that idea literally, but it was left for a Secretary of State far from the top in public estimation, Robert Lansing, to have constructed steel containers to hold in absolute safety the two most priceless documents referred to. Also kept in this department is the quaint wing-armed chair in which Thomas Jefferson, in his little room looking out over Market Street in Philadelphia, wrote the Declaration.

The perfectly proportioned Treasury Building, which has held its location at the right of the White House ever since President Jackson firmly struck his cane upon the ground to fix its site, still promises to remain there forever. Bulfinch, on a long ago visit to Washington, found that there was considerable agitation for tearing the then partly finished structure down and building it elsewhere, but the forcefulness of Andrew Jackson still dominated, and the building remained on its site.

The building of the Treasury Department gives a fit impression of serenity, spaciousness, safety, size. It has been a way in Washington, not only to follow classic styles but to model after this or that definite classic building; and one finds on this Treasury copies of the superb pillars of the Temple of Minerva.

Except in war time, the public are permitted what amounts to liberal access to the building, although only within a very few mid-day hours, and they are

THE TREASURY

permitted to see much of interest and vastly important sights.

There has recently been constructed directly across the street from the Treasury at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Lafayette Square, a Treasury Annex; a large and important classic building, planned by the architect Cass Gilbert in complete accord with the original Treasury Building and yet with a different treatment of façades, giving a huge colonnade effect up the side of Lafayette Square. It is not as isolated from the main Treasury as it looks, for the two buildings are connected, under the street, by large subterranean passages which will be the principal channels of communication. It was safe to trust Gilbert with the task of making a design for a building to accord fittingly with the old Treasury and to stand fittingly on an old Square, immediately cornerwise from the White House, because he has a feeling for the old, having chosen his home, as he has, in the charming old gambrel-roofed, "Cannon-Ball" house in the beautiful village of Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Washington shows masterpieces of "annexing." The annex wings of the White House, which seem as if they had always been part of the structure, forming terraces on the main floor level, were designed by Stanford White and give great entrance halls and cloak rooms on the East Room side, and great offices and conference rooms on the west.

The two great annexes of the Senate and House, constructed for offices for the members, are great

white classic buildings, one at the right and one at the left from the great East front of the Capitol, fittingly filling what was trivially occupied land. Both these buildings are corner set, with spreading steps nosing toward the Capitol. The House building has four hundred and ten rooms, the Senate ninety-nine. And they have under-ground connection with the Capitol through tunnels in which are operated little electric trainways. These two large buildings are not only useful and not only beautiful, but in their similar, balanced architecture, add materially to the beauty of the Capitol.

So successful are the white buildings of Washington, facing each other in every direction in which one looks, with everywhere Greek meeting Greek, so to speak, that one feels sure that there must be some subtle influence from it all. And at least, it may be said that there is scarcely an example of putting up a building that is not classic, that is not a mistake: such as the Post Office Department on Pennsylvania Avenue, which was thought at the time of its erection—it was then the city postoffice—to represent a distinct advance in taste, with its Norman tower and turrets, on the conventional classic.

Among the important new buildings on Pennsylvania Avenue is the Municipal Building which, in the heart of the city as it is, has been of great influence in altering for the better the general neighborhood in its vicinity. It is the filling in, one by one, of these great white, stately structures that has

changed Washington from a shabby city to a capital worthy of its name.

That great height is not an advantage in buildings, but that length and breadth are, is one of the things learned in Washington architecture. There is a dignity about the long colonnaded façades which do not rise in many storied aggressiveness. Washington has had few great public buildings that are out of keeping put upon her streets, but a recent one is the lofty-rising War Risk Building, which looks like a giant filing cabinet unadjusted to its surroundings.

The city has its old temple-like public buildings and its new, masterpieces in both periods. There is a square, often passed on the way to the Congressional Library and the Capitol, Judiciary Square, which holds the quiet group of law courts of the District of Columbia, well-set, well-built, pillared and porticoed in great distinction even in this city of great temple-inspired buildings.

One need not feel critical of the Bureau of Engraving near the railroad bridge over the Potomac because it is essentially a workshop with a need for powerful light; and too, the building is isolated and mars no beauty spot even if it fails to make one. Its uncanny green and lavender lights weirdly draw attention to it.

The big red Pension Building, belted with its yellow frieze of thousands of marching soldiers on foot and on horseback, represents a fine idea inspired by Italian friezes. There are times when,

looking at it, you are ready to realize that it is a great idea; that the frieze with its soldier-figures and horses and cannon, forever pushing on, is a thorough success; but the ugly deep-red brick and the unfortunate high-gabled roof over-ride all in the appearance of the building. The building itself as a whole, is unattractive and even barn-like. One is is not surprised to learn that General Sheridan spoke impatiently, when he first saw it, and said that his only criticism would be that the building was fireproof! But Sheridan always did have a rather sharp tongue; one remembers that when he was on military duty along the Rio Grande he declared impatiently that we ought to go to war with Mexico again to compel her to take the region back.

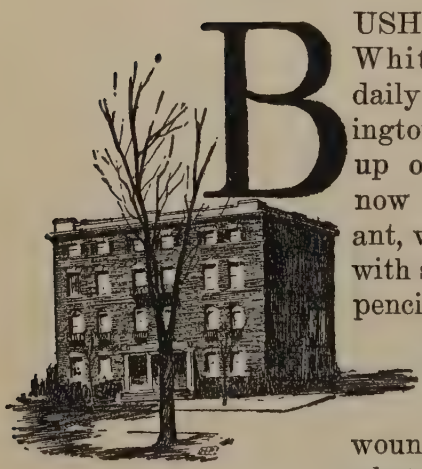
The system at the Pension Bureau is said to be so perfect that huge though the building is and immense its records, the pension papers of any soldier may be located within five minutes. Which marks a very different condition from the time when President Lincoln went one night to his Secretary of War and said: "Stanton, how can I get a pension matter straightened up? I've promised an old mother to fix it for her son and I've spent all day waiting and watching." "Did you tell them you were the President?" said Stanton. "No," said Lincoln; "that didn't seem just the thing to do; I ought to have got it as a citizen." When Stanton sent word that the President had wasted a day at the Pension office there was a frightened five-minute search with immediate results; the first five-minute

pension service in the history of the bureau, but not the last!

The ancient classic has become good republican form. "It was Greek to me," is one of the surprising phrases of Shakespeare; and it surprisingly fits this beautiful city of Washington—for here truly the splendor falls on classic walls.

CHAPTER XVI

BOOKS AND LIBRARIES



BUSH-BEARDED Walt Whitman, making his daily round of the Washington military hospitals up on the hills that we now call Mount Pleasant, with his pockets filled with short, sharpened lead pencils and paper with which he supplied the burning desire on the part of the wounded to write home—what a fascinating picture is conjured up!

He would sit down beside one after another, talk with them, use all of his will power to radiate strength, and on leaving for another cot he would quietly hand the precious material for writing out of his deep coat-pockets. Somehow, this offers the kindliest and loftiest side of his character, and simple as it is, it is one of the noblest of Washington's memories of literary folk.

And Whitman wrote "Captain! My Captain!"

The words ring like the tolling of great bells. They thrill—they tear the heart down to the terrible close of "Lying cold and dead."

Walt Whitman was the poet for the great national tragedy of Lincoln's death: no other American poet has ever reached this height.

The great events in the city of Washington seem readily to cast somber shadows. The poem in which pleasant Quaker Whittier rose to a first quality and expressed the feeling of the entire North, is his measured denunciation of Webster. "Ichabod" was a sort of handwriting on the wall in its impressiveness.

Yet by no means all of the literary influences of Washington have been tragic, for one of the most delightful, most cheerful, most humorous figures of fiction came out of Washington environment. In Washington life, Mark Twain saw Colonel Sellers! The creation of Colonel Sellers was so intimate a triumph of insight that you may still see the immortal character, shabby, hopeful, broad-brimmed, string-tied, black-clad, wandering about the lobbies of the minor hotels and the corridors of Congress.

An association of Hawthorne with Washington came literally through London, where he met the future President Buchanan, then Minister to Great Britain, and was inexpressibly shocked and mortified to see, in the presence of British dignitaries standing about, our representative at the Court of St. James, calmly take out a flaming bandanna and tie a knot in the corner as a jog to official memory.

Buchanan, as President, still lives in Washington memory as a fine, old gentleman with a frilled shirt, thanks to his portrait painter, and to a niece whose costumes and manner carried her high in English society. But the quiet writer of New England suffered; and he wrote formally in his journal that Mr. Buchanan told him that he was shortly to return to the United States; and Hawthorne added that it could not be from political aspirations but "from an old man's natural desire for rest." But the very next year Buchanan was elected President!

Concord, Hawthorne's home, sent to Washington at the time of the Civil War, a young girl who was destined to become one of the most beloved writers of the country, Louisa May Alcott. She came from her quiet home and she worked as a nurse and the country was stirred by her sketches of hospital life. Undoubtedly the tragedies among which she lived in the hospitals opened her great heart and developed her insight. Julia Ward Howe found inspiration for "Mine Eyes have seen the glory of the Coming of the Lord" through a Washington visit and going out to see the camps in Virginia; and she expressed a thrill of intense emotion.

William Dean Howells, New Englander by adoption, made his entry into literature by way of President Lincoln. As the son of a Middle West newspaper editor, he was chosen to write the campaign life of the candidate—the first of the many lives of Lincoln—and as appreciation received the consulship in Venice, where he reveled in sunshine and

romance for the four years of the Civil War. Fifty years later, at the opening of the Great War, when too old himself to fight, he was an active leader among belligerents.

Joel Barlow, that remarkable man in his remarkable estate of Kalorama, seems to have been the first poet of any importance who made Washington his field, doing so on the grand scale. There are two ways of living the literary life in Washington: a few have found it possible to choose the grand style with practical permanency —Barlow, Henry Adams, John Hay, Mrs. Larz Anderson, Thomas Nelson Page. The others have lived from modest to poor, from the small home to the "bo'din' house" so characteristic a feature of Washington life. Of this class, few have aimed at a more than temporary home here. But practically every literary man and woman comes to the capital for at least a time.

Within a few years of Barlow's "Columbiad," which was an epic poem of large size, elaborately published, inspired by the national history and its early heroes, Barlow's contemporary poet, Timothy Dwight, the great President of Yale, inspired by the burning of Washington, wrote feelingly of that event. Yet in spite of all this the English poet Keats wrote to his brother George in America, in 1818, expressing the profound hope that one of his American-born nephews should be the first American poet! and he puts his hope into rhyme, with its: "Little child o' th' western wild."

That "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published in so Southern sympathizing a city, is one of the remarkable bits of Washingtonian book lore. It appeared here serially and did not instantly attract such attention as its after history warranted.

Yet not far from that time Owen Meredith, who was here in connection with the British Embassy, then on H Street, wrote "Lucile" which, now forgotten, was for years read by everybody.

Newspaper correspondents have always been a feature of Washington life, and old-timers liked to say that the one that attracted most widespread attention through his letters to New York was the dandified N. P. Willis.

Ben Perley Poore was not only for years noted as a correspondent, he being gifted with a remarkable sense of news value and readiness of expression, but he was also never at rest from turning out some compilation or reminiscences.

One who was really much more important than Willis was the woman who wrote under the pseudonym of "Gail Hamilton," whose fame and influence were nation-wide. "Carp." sent out for years a succession of highly interesting letters. And it ought to be remembered, credit ought to be given for it, that correspondents such as these and others of their general period, profoundly felt their sense of responsibility to the nation and stood absolutely for truth and good Americanism. They kept Americans up to the mark, they handled no

propaganda, they had keen eyes, cleverness and humor, and their readers profited by it all.

That was a time when newspaper rivals were in the habit of saying cutting things regarding one another. When one of them flamboyantly wrote that he had "a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves," one older in the harness retorted that his friends had better take it away for he might hurt himself.

Among correspondents of recent years have been Frances E. Leupp, Irvin S. Cobb, Samuel C. Blythe; and then one remembers that among the most recent of Washington correspondents was that man of many activities, William Jennings Bryan.

A large part of the American literary horizon was filled some years ago by the voluminous novels of Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, and the low frame house, set against the sidewalk and fairly overhanging the canal and the Potomac, in which she wrote and died, is still standing in Georgetown, on Prospect Street. When she went there to live, it was a neighborhood of convent gardens. It is now shabby but it still looks over the valley at the green Virginia hills.

Two distinguished women who as novelists remained always in close touch with Washington were Francis Hodgson Burnett and Mrs. Burton Harrison; both of them have had homes here and both wrote of the city.

Two recent successful authors, associated with Washington, have used the city as a scene. Sin-

clair Lewis wrote "Main Street" and used closing scenes in it drawn from the life of the crowds of young women who came here for government office work, during the Great War. He pictured the cramped quarters of their lives and the curious mixtures from vastly different kinds of life, from different strata, and from different States, and the loneliness and weariness of it all. Temple Bailey has written in Washington for years such popular, cheerful books as "A Tin Soldier" and "The Trumpeter Swan," picturing the happy, sunny sides of Washington life in her happy, sunny way.

Among the most charming of the literary associations of Washington is Irving's regard for it. This was apparently caused by Irving's having been born at the very close of the Revolutionary War, that he was named for George Washington, that as a small boy he was patted on the shoulder by Washington, and given a few friendly words. Always thereafter he felt pleasantly drawn to the city which Washington founded, and his presence aided materially in making a fine atmosphere. When the Government sent him as Minister to Spain, it was fully recognized that there could not be a better representative; and Irving was able to turn the appointment into literary experience. In Washington, Irving seemed always to be on hand to meet the best and ablest among visitors. He met Dickens here and he met Thackeray.

Pleasant it is to remember at least one bon mot connected with him, while in this city. It was told

by President Monroe's daughter. Thackeray and Washington Irving were introduced by her, and the conversation turned to a new book in which, as Irving told, the heroine walked for miles in her stockings in the rain. At which Thackeray remarked that it was "shoeicidal."

Dickens did not like Washington. The place was not attractive to him. It was an unkempt village. It was rough. Along the Potomac were tidal meadows. Its few good buildings were lost, to him, among the rough and tumble. All this was what he was looking for and therefore what he found and described. He, in turn, in spite of his genius, is spoken of in the memoirs of the time as an overdressed cockney.

Thackeray was of different order. For him, Washington put its best foot foremost. He in turn recognized what was best in the America of that period: its large proportionate number of able, educated and even cultured people. He would not write critically of the country. He wrote little of it even in personal letters. The one thing that really interested him and in regard to which he wrote extravagantly—mostly to women friends—from every city he visited, was the money he was making. The box-office returns gave him the key for appreciation. His contribution the day after leaving Washington in 1856 was a letter to a woman friend in England, declaring that owing to his profits here he expected to lay up, by the time he was fifty—twenty thousand pounds!

Among other English celebrities, James Bryce is associated only with the British Embassy, for although he wrote importantly regarding our Commonwealth it was not while he was Ambassador. John Morley, much though he has written on a wide variety of subjects, made no impression with any comments he may have given, with the exception of his one interesting declaration, grouping Niagara Falls and Theodore Roosevelt as two great natural forces!

The White House itself has been in recent years busied with the publishers. American Presidents have had royalties of their own!—publishers' royalties. The many serious books written by Roosevelt and by Wilson make an imposing shelf. Yet Roosevelt's personal taste seems to have gone, largely, toward humor among authors. He loved to call writers to his table at the White House and joyfully wrote a letter to the author whenever he liked a book. He cordially invited Mr. Dooley to visit him and wrote: "Dooley, especially when he writes about Teddy Rosenfelt, has no more interested and amused reader than said Rosenfelt himself."

Roosevelt wrote gravely of John Hay at the time of his death: "His 'Life of Lincoln' is a monument, and of its kind, 'His Castilian Days' is perfect." Did John Hay ever tell him that the publishers would not touch the Castilian book till he, the author, paid for publication? What a contrast between this and

the almost unexampled sum paid in advance for his "Life of Lincoln."

Always and easily one drifts back to thoughts of long-ago literary times. One thinks of Oliver Wendell Holmes coming down to Washington and Antietam to look for his wounded son; profoundly anxious, but noting from the car window for an article for the Atlantic, an interesting point regarding near and far objects moving fast or slow. That same son of his is here now, on the Supreme Bench. One wonders what he would write if he could be here now—the keen little doctor—and see his son sitting gowned among the judges. The man who could say all he did about old Governor Hancock "all cock-a-hoop" would see things with a keen eye here now!

Hawthorne wrote from Washington with some good words about Lincoln, but with, on the whole, such savage criticism that his publishers would not make public this part of his writing until years after both Lincoln and Hawthorne were dead. According to Hawthorne, Lincoln had been permitted by fate to "fling his lank personality into the chair of State." He wrote of his "awkwardness, his uncouthness." "His coat and pantaloons were unbrushed," and his hair had "apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb that morning"; and he felt sure that Lincoln had worn no night cap! With the presence of Buchanan's bandanna and the absence of Lincoln's night-cap, the

fastidious Hawthorne was easily shocked. However, even Hawthorne condescendingly admitted that Lincoln had a sort of tact and wisdom and that "his physiognomy, as coarse a one as you would meet in the length and breadth of the States, is redeemed, illumined, softened, and heightened, by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes and an expression of homely sagacity."

Another case of delayed publication had to do in a heart-breaking way with Thomas Nelson Page, and it probably affected the literary output of his entire life. The best of his literary work has been the two superb short stories, "Meh Lady" and "Marse Chan." "Meh Lady" was accepted by the Century some forty years or more ago and held in the editorial pigeon-hole for a dozen years: it never seeming for all that time, to the editor, to be worth while, in comparison to many an ordinary story. It was finally put in to fill a gap, and instantly became recognized as one of the greatest American triumphs of fiction. But the depressing delay must have influenced Page's ambition and his life.

An interesting literary figure of long ago was Father Pise, for a time chaplain of the United States Senate, a friend of Henry Clay, a very goodlooking young priest, a poet of Italian parentage. He belonged over at old St. Joseph's, still existent in Greenwich Village, New York, and was so popular that he preached to standing room. A rich young woman of Washington made Father Pise an offer of marriage, whereupon he quietly advised her "to give

her heart to God, her money to the poor, and her hand to the man who asked for it."

For many years, and of late increasingly so, the city of Washington has attracted great numbers of scientific and historic investigators, through her library facilities and scientific societies and foundations. The Cosmos Club is the special gathering ground for this life, a club occupying the two adjoining houses of the Madisons and Mark Hanna in Lafayette Square. This abundant scientific life has had much to do with keeping up the standard and the number of bookstores of the city. The bookstores are real bookstores, not novelty shops disguised by a name, and customers find the stocks full and those in charge conversant with what they are selling. This is remindful that in early days the city had a bookshop, Taylor's, where readers congregated to discuss books much as they did in the Old Corner Book Store in Boston. The shop was on Pennsylvania Avenue and the proprietor always kept his show-window curtains drawn so the light would not fade the bindings. He also had a bust of Sir Walter Scott over his door; and likely enough he did not know that Scott, kind-hearted man that he was and friend of Washington Irving, so allowed the animosity of war to curdle his blood that on learning of the burning of Washington by the British he wrote: "It was our business to have given them a fearful memento that the babe unborn should have remembered": rather blood-thirsty for the romance-loving Scotchman!

A large white stone building at the junction of Massachusetts and New York Avenues, where there are also other thoroughfares entangling about the park-like area in which it is built, is the Public Library of the District of Columbia. It is one of the busiest of libraries and its average of books is highly chosen; it is a library of dignified, well-managed usefulness. It is of recent establishment and its use is the more marked because of the presence in the city of the greatest of all American libraries, the Library of Congress.

The Library of Congress is within a great palatial building of the style of the Italian Renaissance. It stands on level land at no great distance from the Capitol, and facing it with no other building between. It is nearly five hundred feet in frontage. It is three great stories in height and of architecture that at once draws the attention. Next to the Capitol itself and the White House, it is by far the building which visitors most desire to see. Perhaps it was in expectation of this popular interest that the building was not given the usual solemnity of a library but the gorgeousness of a palace.

By law there must be two copies sent here of every book published in America, and in this building is the copyright office for the country. To this large total are added rare publications and manuscripts from all parts of the world. Every attention is given to readers of research and they come from near and far to profit by the wonderful opportunities of such a library of reference. And always there is

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

some important librarian at hand, ready to give advice and privileges.

The building is topped by a dome of black copper with gold-leaf panels. There are, in all, some two thousand windows with those near the books hermetically sealed to keep out dust. But the memorable features of the building are the grand staircase and the rotunda. The grand staircase, about which is lavished the gorgeousness of glowing mural paintings, a riot of symbolism and color, the great areas of soft mosaic, the glow of rich Italian marbles, pillar after pillar, arcade beyond arcade, the gleam of bronze—all mark an effort to outdo anything else that ever was done. The architect sought to outdo the Venetian glories of the Doge's staircase, the Roman splendor of Raphael's Stanzia, and to outshine the fading glories of Fontainebleau. Seldom have architects had such an opportunity. And who shall say they have not achieved an American result!

It is the great quiet rotunda that is the heart of the building, with its solemnity, its bookishness, its obvious usefulness as the center for readers and reading, walled in by hidden and tributary masses of books, rising tier on tier, its galleries and alcoves all grouped about the central, busy, working desk of many librarians.

The library is primarily for the use of Congressmen, and whatever they ask for must be promptly gathered. All sorts of requests come, for there are are all sorts of Congressmen. One day there came

a demand for "all that the library can send on the subject of Free Trade," and this seems to have marked the record for quantity on any one order. Not infrequently come requests for anecdotes with which to illustrate some speech and they are likely to specify a dozen or a score!

Unceasingly busy in gathering scientific material and scientific books from all parts of the world is an institution known by name to every American, the Smithsonian. And the amazing fact is that the founder was an Englishman. And still another amazing fact is that although he never saw this country, his tomb is here.

He was a son of the mighty Duke of Northumberland. But as Bernard Shaw expresses it in one of his plays, any one may be the son of a duke but the important point is, was his mother the duchess?

The son of the duchess, in this case, was that white-horsed Earl Percy, who led reinforcements to the British at Lexington, and who throughout the terrible retreat bravely exposed himself and his great inheritance of title to the shots of the sharp-shooting farmers. He had chosen the white horse which so drew the fire of the Americans—its color is remembered in eastern Massachusetts to this day—because of an ancient association of the Northumberland family with a white horse.

The young brother, whose mother was not the duchess, felt his position bitterly. He had no right to the name of Percy or Northumberland, so in his

intensity of bitterness he took the name of Smithson, Smith's son, as if he were a nobody.

In his will, he described himself as "Son to Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth heiress of the Hungerfords of Studley, and niece of Charles the Proud Duke of Somerset"—unusual details to make public but showing how he grasped at family pride. Through his mother he traced his lineage back to Henry VII. and collaterally to Lady Jane Grey. "The best blood of England flows in my veins, but this avails me not" he wrote. His mother's husband's name was Macie and for many years the son, at Oxford and in traveling about Europe, used the name of James Lewis Macie. He was thirty-five years old, this man of mystery, before he found that Smithson was a Northumberland name, and assumed it.

His bent was strongly toward science, his specialties being mineralogy and geology. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society and went from country to country, from city to city, Rome, Geneva, Paris, Florence, Genoa. He died self-exiled in Genoa, a rich man, in 1829. He had had money left him from various sources, one of which made him think it right to offer a chance of it to a nephew, or any child of the nephew, "legitimate or illegitimate" as he bitterly expressed it.

But he had reasons for being sure that the nephew would not live and so he wrote the following strange boast as he planned the future of his fortune:

"My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten."

It seems almost incredible, but it is literally true, that before giving all his money to America he had decided to give it to the Royal Society. But being a man easily embittered he was angered when the Royal Society refused to publish one of his scientific papers; hence the sending of his fortune for this building on the Washington Mall.

For he wrote his will, in 1826, declaring. "I bequeath the whole of my fortune to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

He died at Genoa in 1829, and almost a million dollars became available for the institution in America, much of the money coming as literal gold sovereigns.

Remembering the gloomy old castle of Alnwick, the seat of the Northumberlands, one at the same time remembers the pseudo-medieval towers and windows of the Smithsonian Institution, built in 1855. The giver of this romantic and remarkable bequest to the United States was buried in Genoa. But in 1902, the Italian government needed the burying-ground and ordered the bodies removed. On which President Roosevelt—of course it was Roosevelt!—had the body brought to America, sending a modern man of science, Alexander

Graham Bell, to escort the body and thus do honor to the man who with his strange bequest did so much for American science.

So the bitterly unhappy Smithson came to the United States after all, and his body was placed in a tomb of classical shape in a room just by the entrance of the Smithsonian Building.

The Smithsonian shifts its gatherings considerably, sending many articles to the National Museum, which is under its control, and sending many of its books to the Library of Congress. Just at present, the Smithsonian building, from which important expeditions are sent throughout the world and which is the center of scientific investigation in America, has a scholarly but rather empty air, and in fact there is only one exhibit of popular interest, the curious statue of George Washington that was made by Greenough long ago for the Capitol, and which has gradually been tucked more and more out of sight after being looked upon as an epoch-making work. The Smithsonian has other quiet corners that might take in a few more of the city's statues to advantage!

Greenough put Washington in a classic chair and left his honored form almost unclad above the waist —although Washington was always one of the most particular of men as to his clothes. Congress had commissioned Greenough to make a "full-length pedestrian": and this was the result.

At first it was proudly placed out in front of the Capitol as the greatest triumph of American art;

but Greenough's craftsmanship unconsciously seems to fit the unfair jibe of Tom Moore on Washington himself, lines written years before, when the Irish poet was visiting the city and failed to make an impression. "Nature designed him for a hero's mold, but e'er she cast him let the stuff run cold," wrote Moore; and somehow this absurd heroic-sized statue makes one think of it, for the half-clad man sits sandal-shod, stiff and ponderous, with one arm pointed aloft in Jove-like heaviness. No wonder the peasants of Italy prostrated themselves in worship as the statue was slowly dragged along the vineyard-bordered roads to the sea-coast by many yoke of Tuscan oxen.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CHARM OF THE CITY

A CITY of livable loveliness, Washington is more and more becoming. It is a matter of wealth and taste showing itself in houses, in streets, in parks, in trees and shrubs and setting.

There is in this city a richness of greenery even in winter. It is not quite a Southern city for the Southerners or a Northern city for the Northerners; it is between the two with the characteristics of both, but is more of the South than the North.

There is much of English ivy on houses and garden walls: these high brick walls being a striking and charming feature, built around many a "garden encloséd." This very year that I write

two of the oldest walled gardens are being demolished, that of the Decatur house and that of the Webster-Corcoran house. Often the garden walls are topped with ornamental urns or balls. Often there are high iron fences. There is many a hedge of box. There is many a clipped box-bush, huge and of glorious growth. There is much of privet hedge, clipped formally.

The city is richly planted with trees, the smokeless condition making the trees thrive. They are largely maples. There are miles of ginkgos in busy thoroughfares, exotic but green and lusty. There are streets downtown planted with sycamores and others lined with plane trees. There are great numbers of glossy-leaved magnolias growing in astonishingly small nooks—a tree commonly associated with stretches of wild swamp; it is the magnolia glauca, not a deciduous magnolia but green throughout the winter, and in summer heavy with sweetness. The thoroughfares are thick-lined with large trees which seem to grow miraculously between asphalt and concrete, in small rectangles of open ground between pavement and sidewalks, where oftentimes their roots form toe-stubbing contortions. Many a street, notably New Hampshire Avenue, is a long Gothic nave stretching through shadowy over-arching tree boughs to a vanishing point of distant shaded beauty.

The city authorities and not the property owners see to the curb-side planting and give care to the trees, giving avenues of long, over-arching uniform-

ity. Romantic wistarias garland up the front of old-time houses or hang over the tall brick walls, and often the walls are on slightly-terraced land a little higher than the sidewalks. In gardens, by porches and drooping over stone walls, early comes the sweet yellow jasmine and soon there is a revel of crocuses, tulips, the iris and roses. Here and there is a garden on top of the wing of a private house, with trellis and awnings and formal trees in pots, and in one place I noticed a garden enclosed within a circle, some three hundred feet in diameter, of cedar trees.

Spring strikes Washington into a fairyland of pale green and pink, and there are years when the magnolia shows its blossoms as early as the first week in March—not the dark-leaved solemn kind that grows so freely over the city, but the deciduous kind which blossoms early. Then the forsythia suddenly comes out in a haze of pale yellow over the whole town. The tulip beds in the terraces at the Capitol suddenly flame into yellow and red.

Immediately northward of the city is Rock Creek Park, with its miles of sinuous drives, of long levels or of curving slopes; and always beautiful; in summer thick with massed greenery; in winter a glory of vines and trees. The general effect is of a deep and narrow valley. The trees are mostly tall, and the effect is in great degree owing to the preponderance of oak; besides the oaks there are whole hillsides of great beeches, and there are tulip trees. It is a great natural woodland, through which lead long

drives. Everywhere you are in sight of a rushing rock-bedded creek. Rocks border the road, or stretch into the stream or jut from the water in sheer irregularity or in shelving levels. Always beside the long-winding road the mazy creek unravels. It is an inspired parkway. It is a case of beauty unadorned being then adorned the most. The well-surfaced roads wind through the ravine as if they were part of nature's original achievement. Now and then you go splashing through a ford. There are miles of bridlepaths laid out apart from the drives, threading in and out among the trees along the steep banks, through beds and banks of laurel.

An easy approach to the park is through the Zoo, which is controlled by the Smithsonian; and as you drive along you pass examples of zoo treasure, four-footed or two, feathered or furred. Prettiest of all are the deer, looking at you wonder-eyed among the trees.

The great hill-top section, coming to be generally known as Mount Pleasant, is steadily becoming the most attractive residential part of the city. There is superb building in that district, there is a revel of beautiful homes and apartment houses and hotels, huge caravansaries. Instead of building with dark red brick, which the Washington of a quarter of a century ago used freely, this new part is a region of white, and the white promises to remain white for the city has little smoke to blacken. And over yonder across the deep valley you see the earliest

towers of the new cathedral rising white and beautiful; its location suggesting the English Durham, above the stream and the tree-top greenery.

One apartment house is noticeable for its Lucca della Robbia effects inset upon its walls in green and buff, in relief above the charming windows. There are fine new Georgian mansions in great number, of stone or stone and brick, built speculatively as is the frequent Washington way, ready for purchase and immediate use by incoming public officials desirous of being settled and able to entertain without worry or waiting.

Reaching Mount Pleasant by way of the Avenue of the Presidents, Sixteenth Street, past the beautiful buildings of the lower stretches, such as the building of the National Geographical Society which, with its seven hundred and fifty-thousand membership, is the largest educational and scientific society in the world, you come up here on the summit of the hill to a line of interesting new mansions built to be the homes of various embassies. The first is that of the French, a large building of stone, very new and fresh, of a Frenchy, light gray; a house with a high little unadorned mansard above and with great French windows below, making a queer-shaped corner, a house like a flatiron with its blunt end to the street.

The house of the Polish Legation is large and impressive without being precisely attractive. The Spanish Embassy has a great double house, in a formal setting of clipped bushes with stone and terra

cotta front; of the style of the charming French Renaissance, with little wrought-iron balconies. Here, too, is the home of the Cubans, of delightful-looking light stone, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and here too is the Swiss. All of these markedly outshine the large, stodgy building of the English Embassy on Connecticut Avenue.

Separated from the French Embassy by a great open lot, for this is a district newly building up, is a house built for the home of Mrs. Marshall Field. It is a joyous Venetian palace of stucco and terra cotta and marble, and with loggia-like stone balconies. It is of large size with tile roof and pointed windows in groups.

The street is the American meridian line, originally intended to be the line from which longitude was to be measured east and west. In the early days of our history we thought it would not be patriotic to use Greenwich for longitude. Many an old map shows this marking of longitude from this line. From this point on the hill it is especially noticeable that the Avenue of the Presidents leads to where it faces the very center of the White House, across the interruption of Lafayette Park, and that the Washington Monument is not precisely on this line as it was intended to be.

Across the street from the French Embassy is Meridian Park, entered by an arched stairway leading up to an abutment wall. From the summit one gets a splendid panoramic view of the city and its surroundings. And an impression is confirmed,

THE STREET OF THE EMBASSIES

which you have before this gained, that there is a surprisingly small number of church spires in sight for a large city; and you also notice the fortunate absence of factory chimneys; and the great quantity of billowy waving green of the many trees of the city.

Thackeray, who knew the world as few men knew it, liked Washington and wrote to a friend: "The place has a Wiesbaden air—there are politics and gayeties straggling all over it"; an observation which remains true to this day. Others have liked to make pleasant remarks regarding "the feeling of elbow room," "the gentle easy-going social customs," "the easy soft-going manner of the natives." And this is one of the times that one is reminded that an important charm of the city comes from the fact that Americans predominate just as the French do in Paris or the Italians in Rome.

So much gayety is in evidence in Washington! Awnings are out from door to curb at one house, limousines are gathered about another, caterers' vans are unloading huge round table tops and gilt chairs at another, flowers and ices are going in farther on in the street; ladies coifed and white gloved go by in luxury, all bound somewhere; uniforms and gold lace are to be seen—and all this for luncheon, then at reception hours; and at dinner hours and dancing hours the whole social city seems to be in a stir and preliminarily in evidence on the streets.

It is a city of delightful flower stores, which add much to the city's charm. It is a city of much formal entertaining, and as a result maintains many

flower shops. One shop specializes in unique setting for a few flowers, one has a little automobile only three feet long, driven by a dwarf in buttons and a high hat, who speeds with violets and small bouquets, adored by all the children in the neighborhood. One shop has exotic birds free in its windows among the flowers.

Sometimes there is still to be seen what Oliver Wendell Holmes loved to call "a pole and a pair." Sometimes it is an open landau, sometimes it is a glistening coupé, sometimes the most correct closed carriage, with a quick-stepping pair, and always it is a certificate of old aristocracy. Quite as old-timey but adding only a touch of quaintness to the city streets are the mule-teams, little mules jangling with brass-studded harness and driven by negro laborers.

A great gala feature which is made possible through the predominating whiteness of the public buildings is the night illumination of the city, when the huge dome of the Capitol stands like a fairy palace in the surrounding blackness, illumined by invisible searhlights, when the White House shimmers with an unearthly whiteness, when even the State, War and Navy Building, enormous and misshapen as it is, takes on spiritual glory under the powerful white lights, and when the Washington shaft becomes a tall white miracle. Then everything insignificant, and every thought of insignificance vanishes, and only the dazzling white glory remains.

The feature of most unique charm in this city is a line of important semi-public buildings standing to-

gether on the west side of Seventeenth Street, facing the Executive Grounds, between the White House and the river. Together they make an unrivalled group of immense public importance. Each of the buildings represents the interests of the American people as distinguished from the Government. Each of the buildings has its ramifying interest and membership in all parts of the country and one of them reaches into all Latin-America as well and influences every one of its nations. They stand on the principal approach to the Lincoln Memorial, the Mall and the Parkway.

Immediately before coming to the first of what may be called these altruistic palaces, another large and costly building is passed, and it is a pleasure to find that its purposes are alike in altruism for it is the Corcoran Art Gallery.

First of these three buildings, all of them new and each of them in its own way beautiful, is that of the national headquarters of the American Red Cross. It is a dignified, wide building of white marble, set in lawns and with broad central outside steps leading up to a high pillared portico. It is a splendor of white simplicity and its fine central stairway leads to the second floor where is a great assembly room, decorated in white with crimson hangings, the familiar colors of the Red Cross. This building was one of the busiest in the world during the Great War, busy with good deeds.

A most remarkable feature of its history, is that it was finished and dedicated, "In Memory of the

Heroic Women of the Civil War," the united women of the North and of the Confederacy, almost at the moment that the great European struggle began, as if Fate had a direct hand in its conception and completion.

The next building, the center of the three, is Memorial Continental Hall, the national headquarters of the D. A. R., the Daughters of the American Revolution; or as Geddes the British Ambassador, the first Britisher formally received in the building, termed them in beginning a recent address in their large theater-like meeting hall, "the "D. A. R.-lings,"by which unexpected burst of humor he won instantaneous and reciprocal affection from the patriotic ladies.

This beautifully equipped building, semi-public in character and on a grand scale, with its direct heritage from the founders of the nation, was fittingly offered and accepted for a meeting place of the recent Congress of Nations that met to discuss the wars and peace of the world. It is a fine thing to realize that it is a women's building that was thus used.

Last of the row is a building which instantly attracts the attention, the interest. It is markedly Spanish in effect. Its front is square-lined except for the three-arched entrance and has a low-set effect, as if of a city gate. Once seen, the building is never to be confused with any other—an excellent thing in buildings. It is the building of the Pan-American Union.

THE PAN AMERICAN BUILDING

It stands only a little higher than the street level, and between it and the sidewalk is a paved plaza over which is the wide approach, and on either side are sunken gardens and marble balustrades of great beauty.

The building represents the union for commercial, political and peaceful purposes of the twenty-one republics of South and North America. It is the result of a remarkable movement toward carrying out the long-ago enunciated Monroe Doctrine. Thus far it has justified its foundation. The money for its building was given by Andrew Carnegie, assisted by contributions from all the republics. It gives a headquarters, at the same time formal and informal, to the twenty-one nations of the two Americas, in the capital of the greatest.

From the first it is evident that the building is rich in the decorative and unusual. On either side of the broad approach is a huge urn-shaped lantern. Against the front of the building are great sculptures above which are groupings in relief. And above the suggested square towers a pair of banners float pictorially.

Enter through the bronze doors and you are in a vestibule corridor of great height which is most effectively designed to cross the whole front of the building, giving an effect of receiving the world with dignity.

You see from this great corridor that the building is a hollow square enclosing an exotic garden, a patio, with fountain and richness of tropical palms

and foliage, with birds, parrots and macaws, with orchids and queer, rare flowers, growing in the moist heat of the tropics—for the patio is thriftily covered in winter with glass, which rolls back, open to the blue sky, in the warm summer of Washington.

The broad green marble steps ascending beside the patio, the pillars of black and white marble, the yellow marble in the garden, the exotic foliage, the brilliant plumage of strange birds, the gleam of goldfish, unite to give the very feeling of the tropics.

The meeting hall, the Hall of the Americas, is restrained, palatial and superb. The need of assembly rooms of dignity was keenly felt in Washington until the construction of these three buildings magnificently filled the want.

The great height of the Hall of the Americas gives it superb opportunity, superbly taken advantage of, by fluted pillars along the sides, and by the richly ornamented ceiling, and the palatial effect is increased by the great stretch of polished floor. It is a room which carries within itself the purpose of the building, for it emanates a feeling of joy and peace and gala celebrations.

By far the greater number of those who enter this building realize how little they know of their Latin-American neighbors. Few for example could name the entire twenty-one republics: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatamala, Hayti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Salvador, the United States, Uruguay and

Venezuela. It is an amazing list and points out the actual far-sightedness of the ordinary-seeming Monroe, who first saw the inter-relations of our republic and the rest of the Americas.

At any rate the average North American expects to find a list of nothing but the names of Spaniards or Portuguese associated with the history of these republics: but here comes a surprise. The building is freely decorated with the names and busts and pictorial representations of heroes and heroic deeds associated with Pan-American history; and with the expected names of Portuguese and Spaniards one notices such names as Champlain and Dessalines and L'Ouverture, those of the highly important leader O'Higgins, and of George Washington!

CHAPTER XVIII

STREETS AND WAYS

SIDEWALKS enlivened with officers walking home for exercise on Connecticut Avenue in the latter part of any pleasant afternoon are always a reminder that this has become a military city, though strangely, there are fifty officers to be seen to one private soldier. There are no barracks centrally located, and marching troops are not to be seen.

It is a customary sight to see famous folk, as in mid-forenoon to see an alert, heavy-set man, alone but pleasantly on the verge of smiling, gray-gloved, with tight-buttoned coat and carrying a cane, walking actively cityward; this being Taft, the Chief Justice of the United States; calling to mind the remarkable fact, that for the first time in the history of the nation, there are one President, Harding, and

two former Presidents, Taft and Wilson, in formal residence in Washington at one time.

Besides the army officers so in evidence on the sidewalks, giving a military air, there is daily the frequent droning of army airships, piloted for practice above the city. Another familiar military street sight is that of Quartermaster's army motors, picturesquely canvas-covered over a broad frame, delivering purchases of great variety of fruit and vegetables and provisions as well as clothing and other household supplies, bought at Government stores by those in Government service. So familiar is this sight that it almost seems as if half the city must be supplied with all marketing at the low rates of the Government stores.

There are many motor cars in the broad streets, with an unusual proportion of fine, closed types, and an unusual proportion, also, of women driving.

In the best residence sections the pretty girls to be seen make a charmingly colorful feature in their suits and hats of gray and rose and tawny, of lavender and petunia. They are like flowers! They are pupils in numerous finishing schools, and come here from excellent families in all parts of the country in addition to the day pupils from the city itself. They are slender and trim and young and happy. Some wear a blue approaching the horizon blue of French officers. Others wear that queer new color, jade green. Their youth and their loveliness make a marked Washington feature. They lighten and brighten the way.

A heavy snowstorm is a revel—perhaps because the white population is all of one race and more thoroughly amalgamated than in many other American cities.

Girls of good class come out in riding breeches and neat knickers with tight sweaters or mannish coats, come out in bright colors with woolen scarfs, to revel and walk on the street-car paths, all that are open, for sidewalks are abandoned to deep snow. I have seen on a spring Sunday morning a score of college girls leaving their clubhouse, all clad in knickers and shirt waists for a morning walk. And this is the city whose streets were trod by earnest Doctor Mary Walker, wearing her plain and much-stared-at pantaloons.

One of the prettiest street scenes is that of a large number of gay colored toy balloons, carried by prettily dressed children or floating from baby carriages, in the little squares and parks in the spring time. All Washington seems to love colored balloons in the spring. I have seen an old gentleman stop and buy them, green and blue and pink, on long threads, for a whole group of children.

A familiar morning sight, and a thoroughly characteristic one, is that of a fine car driving up to a good-class house, followed by a shabby car, which takes away the driver of the fine car. At some time after dark the mysteriously shabby car again appears, stops for a moment, drops a passenger, and away goes the fine car followed by the shabby car. The mysterious transfers, of one kind and another,

fascinate and intrigue you—the explanation being that the morning delivery and evening return of cars are included in garage service and are done in this double-car way for economy of time.

Calling hours and days for entertainment are divided, in the season, by various social and political groups. You get an impression of an unusual number of engravers, which carries its own intimation of orders for cards and invitations.

This is a great dining city. The President, Cabinet and Ambassadors seem to dine out seven nights a week. No other city in America has in proportion to its population nearly as many formal dinners, teas and receptions. Pick up any newspaper and you find columns of them. The intermixture of the best American taste with the taste of a great number of Europeans has made for a high order of epicureanism. It is really a Court city. One resultant feature is the number of fine shops which supply exquisite cakes rivalled only by the best-known French bakers. One caterer's shop in particular maintains traditions as to little French "madeleines," and "langues du chat," and little curtesying chocolate ladies, with exquisite bows of ribbon for table decoration; a delight to the eye and the taste. There are shops gay with choice candies and extravagant and lovely favors. One single fine grocery carries a stock of pate de foie gras in the earthenware pots of Strassburg, that looks as if the geese of the whole place must have been killed to fill them; there are thousands of sandwiches

made here every week "in the season," with much spreading of "foie gras."

A young college woman, familiar with many cities, said to me that she had never known of any other city with so many pretty places to eat! And these not the famous hotels or great clubs where luncheons and dinners go on constantly on a grand scale, but the smaller, simpler places of picturesque attractiveness and good food. One of these is so popular as frequently to have a queue extending far out upon the sidewalk. One Sunday evening eighty waited in line.

"Raw-bar" luncheon is a way of expressing oysters and clams opened to order on the spot. There is a sign "Fruit Cakes! Take one home. She wants one!" And you notice that the place calls itself a "gastronomic symphony."

Much ingenuity has been shown in street signs and particularly those of tea-rooms and restaurants. These are partly for the great number of strangers and sightseers but mostly for the clerks and officials in the Government departments.

There are such intriguing names as the "Allies Inn," "The Grated Door," the "Danish Rose," the "Lotus Lantern," the "Blue Mill." There are the "Fife and Drum Inn," the "Pagoda," "Old St. Mark's" for one in an old church, the "Caddy Box" for one in a little square house, the "Little Brown Teapot" and the "White House Lunch"—where, so the story goes, a poor countryman waited for hours to see the President come in to lunch!

In the fish season, in the humbler sections, a one-horse wagon and a plaintive cry of "F-r-e-s-h" and then a higher note of "F-i-s-h" suggests the cry of "haricots verts" in Paris. There are few street cries, however, but in the poorer sections in winter "Coal" is plaintively called and sold in buckets.

Covered fruit wagons are a residence street feature, with tiers and galleries of brilliantly piled fruit. The wagons display amazing Greek names, of rolling syllables, and proud charioteers.

A curious feature of sidewalk vending is the selling of white, pale-bleached celery on the shopping streets. The venders are Greeks and stand with great wicker baskets at their feet, full of the pale yellow and white of celery, and holding, in statuesque quiet, three bunches in proffering outstretched hands. Purchases are made of these little celery bunches with as much freedom as if they were flowers, by returning shoppers and office workers.

The down-town corners on F Street, on Fourteenth, the corners facing the Treasury, and on G Street, are bright and gay and spring-like with great baskets and panniers of violets and daffodils and pale-pink sweet-peas, great luxurious baskets of them. No florist shows more lovely colors than these open-air vendors offer in spring afternoons: flowers at little prices, abundant and lovely, so that young and old, rich and poor, go home with spring in their hands.

Pennsylvania Avenue has a peculiar class of shoppers. Soldiers, sailors, and strangers abound, of course not exclusively, but markedly.

There are other shopping streets, G, Fourteenth, and H Street which has the specialty shops of hats and rugs and flowers and gowns, of the city, and a similar line of antique shops, decorators, caterers and tailors, and silver and art shops, in continuing block by block into the residence neighborhoods along Connecticut Avenue

Although this is not looked on as an old city, I noticed the other day a store advertising its forty-first annual sale and on the same day another announcing its ninety-first! The great shopping thoroughfare is F Street. It is laid out on a slight rise of land above the tidewater level of Pennsylvania Avenue, and the shopping district extends from the Patent Office to the Treasury. It is a great street-car thoroughfare and its fine width permits the wooden platforms at the car stops, the "isles of safety" that are so successful in Washington in solving the safety of foot passengers and motorist. It is a bright sparkling street with animated shops, and without the very high buildings that overshadow the pavements of so many business streets in other large cities.

It will be known and remembered in years to come that the proprietor of a quiet, reserved-looking silversmith and jewelry shop on Pennsylvania Avenue; an isolated sort of shop for its class; became not only the mistress of the White House

but the only one who, while the wife of the President, had an international career throughout the European countries.

There is a sign associated with the Presidency in a shoe-store window, declaring that alongside of it is a chart from which Abraham Lincoln's shoes were made by this firm; and you are interested in this "floor plan" of the President, and to see that his feet were long and narrow and his boots rather square-toed. But not often is so personal a note taken in advertising or signs, and it is the exception to have a painter announce himself as the one who keeps the "White House white."

One firm announces as its delightful fixed purpose: "To outdo, in what we do, all we did before!" —which certainly has a convincing sound.

The street cars show some interesting publicity work as, when a tigress has a family of four at the Zoo, there are posters in yellow and black of the family of five, calling attention to the free show, placed plainly in the cars and telling which car to take. The Easter Monday egg-rolling is similarly called attention to. And this with the idea that such delightful free shows need only to be called to public attention, the point seeming to be that the trolley users are not worn and weary factory hands but intelligent Washingtonians with time for amusement: and "though they are on pleasure bent they have a frugal mind."

Street car tickets are metal, are thin and small and are always spoken of as "tokens" a queer,

pious-sounding word to most strangers. Each token has an openwork "W" in the center, and a customary way, with men and women alike, is to thread the elusive tokens on a safety pin, with which they begin to fidget as they ascend the back steps of a car.

Mortuary poetry is a strange feature of the newspaper advertising columns. One year after a death, two years, even a dozen years or more, you will see strings of memorial verse, eulogistic and regretful—and paid for! You will see the headings, "His aunt and grandmother," "His pal and brother Frank," "In sad remembrance of our loving Mary." There are separate verses, a year after the death, from mother and father, the sister, two brothers, each with separate stanza, an aunt and her friends each with theirs! Another widow "drops into verse" to say that her continued grief is for her husband, William John, but that he was known as "Jim Bilkins": and she adds:

"The rose that is the fairest and sweetest
Is the one that is killed by the frost."

The newspapers also have an odd way of using cryptic abbreviations in their real estate advertisements, such as "a m i," "h w h," "v l h," "l h k"; thus making advertising a house or an apartment for rent, a matter of intimacy among those who know the patter of the agent.

Add to this the letters that are names for streets and the repetition of N.W., N.E., S.W., and the frequent use of "Eye" for "I" and "You" for "U," and there is a sufficiency of argot. And there are many heavy, covered trucks on the streets showing nothing but the great letters, "U S Q M C!"

Washington is really a wonderful city for pediments on public buildings and im-pediments on the public sidewalks. Walk unguardedly on Pennsylvania Avenue in passing the White House and you will run into beautiful elm trees growing out of the sidewalk! They are fine trees and no one wishes them ill but they are certainly queerly placed. On Connecticut Avenue, unless you are watchful, you walk into iron pipes, ten feet high, set for the support of awnings. At other points there is iron fencing reaching from the shop fronts, a distance of sixteen feet straight out—some of these indicate a need of adjustment of side-walk level and are the result of building-line laws and quarrels, but are a little hard on pedestrians. You find low walls, looped chains and posts, and thousands of croquet-like hoops, that protect the grass corners and trip the incautious. Washington might follow Glasgow in its frequent street-warnings, "Gang Warily."

Dogs are common—but are not of common breed! A small fluffy white kind is frequently seen. It might be termed "the old ladies' favorite." All cities that have homes and children have dogs, but Washington has them in happy abundance! There

are great numbers of little dogs, or as a Washingtonian puts it, not so many watch dogs as wrist-watch dogs!

The dogs are extremely well-cared for; all look like household autocrats or favorites and go in the front door. The cats, on the contrary, are roaming, uncanny, furtive, dim-shadowed in the dusk, seekers after alleys and basement windows. You do not see live chickens except some prominently scratching between the Capitol and the Union Station, but they must be surreptitiously kept in other parts of town for they crow in the quiet of the early morning—a startling sound in city streets.

When you hear of this as "the city of magnificent distances," it seems grandiloquent, until you learn that the phrase was made by the Minister from little Portugal, a "Portygee" as they would call him on Cape Cod, who came from a capital which one day had a crack open in its main street, down which half the population disappeared!

For a city only a century and a quarter old, a surprising number of ghost stories have already begun to accumulate. This may be partially owing to the number of large, closed mansions in the city, gloomy and shuttered, and to the presence of so many colored people, to whom "ghoses" and "hants" are veritable.

The ghost story of the bells of the Octagon has already been told, and there is a still better story connected with a locality close by, where the Pan-

American building stands. Burns, the old Scotchman, who before the Capital was established here, owned a great tract in the vicinity of the future White House, became enormously rich and built a great mansion between the White House and the Potomac; and on the night of each anniversary of his death, according to the story, his six white horses used to gallop at midnight around the house. A variant had it that the galloping horses were headless! But the house and the ghostly horses long ago disappeared, and the queer story alone remains.

The early books of Washington reminiscences tell of a wishing tree in Lafayette Square, an old beech under which lovers made wishes that always came true. Lovers still sit and wish—and perhaps the fact that the identity of the particular beech has been lost will explain why nowadays the wishes do not always come true.

Old Kalorama, behind its horseshoe of box bushes, offers an ancient tale. After the death of the poet Barlow, his widow returned here to Kalorama, and in time a friendship arose between her and a Doctor Ezekiel Bull. They became engaged, but the family of Mrs. Barlow were averse to losing her property —she had no children—and bitterly opposed any marriage. The lovers, however, were persistent and several times set a wedding day, only to have postponement through interference. On the last of such days the Doctor came to the door, the old lunette-topped door, still there, in a carriage with

a minister, at the appointed hour, but was made to believe that Mrs. Barlow would not see him and would not be married.

Meanwhile, sitting in her room in her bridal attire, she was made to believe that Doctor Bull had come to the door and announced that he would not marry her. She lost her mind, and waited and waited in vain at the front window for her lover, and in a short time died. He returned to his home in Charlestown, in what is now West Virginia—it is from this old town that the story comes to me—and frequently, at night, a figure all in white silently "fluttered" and wept at his window. Then he died, and for years it was believed that he and his coach came driving up and that he knocked long and patiently at the door—ghost looking for ghost at old Kalorama.

CHAPTER XIX

THE POTOMAC

A WILD mass of rushing water, tumbling, pouring in huge quantity, tearing between and over mighty granite rocks, worn round by ages of falling stream —and you are at the Great Falls of the Potomac, astonished, amazed at their greatness, at their wildness, their state of nature and beauty. You are less than sixteen miles from the Capitol but you might be hundreds of miles away, judging from the undisturbed wildness of it all.

You have come by a beautiful road which leaves Georgetown crowded in between the picturesque canal and the hillside. The old canal streams drowsily on. It is all amazingly picturesque. The towpath goes beside little old cabins, crowded among trees, and there is a fringe of old-time life beside the road, pressed down by the steep, rising hillside. In a short distance you pass little shops and cabins

and a smithy, and then the ancient picturesque canal swings to the left and the road takes you through a great loneliness, with masses of honey-suckle, with scattered pines, filled closely and charmingly in. But the houses—they are few—are small and poor with bare-swept grassless dooryards. The road is called the Conduit Road from the fact that it runs either on the acqueduct or alongside of it, and passes the Washington reservoirs with their little old stone temple-like buildings, with the roofs like pocket-edition pantheons!

Now and then buzzards from Virginia go floating overhead, sinister, black and ragged.

The broad Potomac, here a live and rippling stream, stretches for miles in view of this road, and the Virginia hills are banked on the farther side, thick with trees. There is the rushing water of a dam, and below the road the old canal keeps a green and sleepy way beside the river. There is a trolley park out here and many signs of campers, but long stretches are as solitary as they were when Daniel Webster followed the stream for fish and found rest and pleasure in whipping the stream.

Cabin John Bridge, a long narrow high-level bridge of gray stone, with red stone parapets, carrying the acqueduct and the Conduit Road over it, flings its mighty span of one great arch above the creek that ripples far below, in a ravine that is close grown with tall trees, tulips and sycamores, so that on Cabin John Bridge you stand among the tree-tops.

Cabin John Bridge had cut upon it the name of Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War, but the name was chipped off soon after it was put on, the bridge having been built at the beginning of the Civil War. It has the largest single stone arch in America, two hundred and twenty feet in length. It was made for the purpose of carrying the Washington Acqueduct over the deep ravine of Cabin John Creek. The Harlem High Bridge, also an early acqueduct bridge, was built to carry the Croton water into New York and in contrast consists of thirteen granite arches. When Theodore Roosevelt was President, he had the name of Jefferson Davis replaced upon Cabin John Bridge.

Beyond the bridge the rocks rise higher, with laurel thickets and wilder places, and there are cabins with outside chimneys and with lean "hound dogs" around the doors.

The Anglers' Association of Washington has a lodge near the river, and here the road goes inland, leaving the Potomac, through heavy woodland still more wild and after several miles descends by a long and sinuous hill to the Falls.

Here stand a few buildings, notably an old-time house of brick, large and well-proportioned, with picturesque windows, broad-gabled, long-fronted, an old waterside tavern kept up as a club-house. It was here at the Falls that Henry Clay fought one of his duels, this time with the erratic John Randolph. John had called Henry a black-leg, which colorful phrase was strong enough to merit

attention between fiery Southern gentlemen in 1826. Clay fired at Randolph and Randolph fired at random! remarking, "I cannot fire at you, Mr. Clay"—certainly an amende after his dark epithet; and they fell on each other's necks and wept.

George Washington, here surveying and engineering the old canal around the Falls, Daniel Webster in solitary trout fishing, Clay and Randolph weeping on each other's necks,—no other human associations are needed in the vicinity of these great lonely Falls of the Potomac.

You quickly lose sight of all signs of building or civilization. A path leads to a long and swaying, swinging footbridge, and as you cross the channel, this being a minor channel of the river, scattered thick with huge blocks of granite around which the water rushes, you see far off at the right the main stream of the forest-bordered river, bending into misty indistinctness. You reach an island of great masses of granite with sufficient sand deposit in the rock hollows to grow thickets and bowers of wild grapes, with undergrowth in which the prickly cactus creeps.

A long walk over the granite unevenesses and you come to the farther channel and the Great Falls, and before you are masses of water crowding, tumbling, falling, in overwhelming volume. The trees and hills and water unite in tremendous grandeur with mist clouds rising from the Falls—and this less than sixteen miles from the Capitol! A present-day dream-plan is to turn this region into a park

reservation; and a sinister plan is to utilize all the power for manufacturing. As we turn away, a wonderful purple coloring hangs over the eastward hills.

Immediately below Georgetown, the Potomac assumes quiet and stately beauty; its turbulent character is gone; it is now a tidewater stream. Surmounting a great commanding hillside opposite the city of Washington, on the Virginia side, is Arlington, centering about the old pillar-fronted mansion, built a century and a quarter ago by Washington's adopted son, G. W. P. Custis. It offers a notable view, standing as it does two hundred feet above the river. The heavily pillared house is fronted like a Doric temple, and is a comfortable mansion house masked thus imposingly. This front was copied from the Temple of Theseus at Athens. It was the proper thing for Virginia gentlemen to study the classic, and build accordingly, at this period.

All Arlington is national property and it has become a noble memorial, a distinguished and honored place of burial, for soldiers of all our wars. The word "Arlington" has come to have a national meaning, as the "Abbey" has in England, as a place of solemn sepulture, than which no one could have higher. Placed here and there about the great park-like grounds are bronze tablets, each with a stanza of "The Bivouac of the Dead." Colonel O'Hara wrote the soldierly poem for a war monument in Frankfort to the memory of Kentuckians

killed in the Mexican War, but the verses are stirring for this vastly wider field:

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Not only private soldiers are buried in Arlington but an increasing number of important officers. Any and all, dying in service, of officers or men, have the right to be buried here. And already there are uncountable thousands of the low-set stones that have been adopted. The little white stones, uniform in distance one from the other, are marshalled like regiments for review upon the green grass and under the solemn old trees.

The place marks the turning of the tide of an important fortune; for Arlington was the home of Robert E. Lee, who was son-in-law of the early owner, George Washington Parke Custis. He left Arlington at its loveliest, never to return, on a spring day in 1861, when all the magnolias and the jasmine were in blossom.

It is rolling park land, rich in trees, but constantly the view stretches off in miles of beauty with the Potomac curving and gleaming in lengthening glory and the great monuments and white palaces of Washington, the Lincoln Memorial, the tall shaft of the Washington Monument, the peaceful White House, the great-domed Capitol on its hill, all shimmering in sunlit marble.

THE AMPHITHEATRE AT ARLINGTON

In front of the mansion of Arlington is perhaps the best placed grave in America, that of the unfortunate L'Enfant, marked by a stone like a table, with his city plan upon it. His body long lay in obscurity in a Maryland farm but was brought here by architects, his modern confreres, who placed the grave in splendid sight of the noble city of his dreams.

All the slopes of Arlington down to the Potomac are sentineled by tall Virginia cedars, cypress-like in their beauty.

The old house is of ochre-yellow stucco. The white pillars are unusually heavy. The interior of the house is gaunt and bare, showing what might have happened to Mount Vernon had it been made a Government show place, instead of being in charge of patriotic women.

A long distance from the mansion and on the same commanding height overlooking the river and the city, there has been built one of the noblest structures in the world. It is a memorial amphitheater, open to the sky, circular in shape, and with white marble benches in lines within an enclosing columned arcade, with fifty-six circling columns.

The architects were Carrere and Hastings. The spotless whiteness of the interior, the magnitude of it, the blue sky directly overhead, the fine simplicity of the encircling columns, the tall gloomy green cedars seen through the arches, the dignity, the grandeur, the impressiveness, the lonely beauty—this and the Lincoln Memorial, in full view across

the Potomac, are unequaled among modern structures. Shall the time ever come when there shall be acknowledging reference to the Seven Wonders of Washington? Or may it now be called the American Renaissance!

Below the city where the Potomac and Anacostia join, is the War College, the highest school in the course of military education of the United States Army. Only officers of prominent rank are admitted and the arts of war are taught in a sort of post-graduate West Point; or, as it might be expressed, it is a sort of Johns Hopkins of death.

Below the War College, on the Potomac, the great tragedy took place on the gunboat "Princeton," when the explosion of a big new gun killed members of the Cabinet and other visitors, including the father of Julia Gardiner, who shortly afterwards became the wife of President Tyler, who barely escaped being killed himself. Stockton, in command of this gunboat named the "Princeton" after the town which loved him and which he loved, was among the wounded.

The college town of Princeton has few but grim associations with the city of Washington. Not only was there this explosion, but the one man of great ability and public place, an early Vice-President of the United States, in regard to whom no stories are told, no memories brought up, in Washington, was Aaron Burr, son of the first President of Princeton; and a recent President of the United

States, who taught Americans to accept a rule of secret arbitrariness, and who was stricken in the height of his power, had been a President of Princeton.

The War College is on low-lying land, almost on the river level, and there are widespreading views of water and hills and trees. Close by, across an inlet, is Potomac Park, with its remarkable cherry-bordered drive. Over yonder is Arlington. Near at hand, across the water, is the principal aviation field of the army and the air is vibrant with the sound of planes.

The grounds of the War College and Washington Barracks are entered through a sentineled gate, and the College building is beyond a green parallelogram. It is a great brick building at the end of the open esplanade and is fronted by a wide terrace. It is a sort of huge classic, hall-like building, dominated at the ends by two very large and quarrelsome-looking stone eagles.

Stanford White was the architect, and it is said that after he designed the college, he was asked if he would not design some homes for the officers, whereupon, limited as to expenditure though he was, he built the most attractive homes offered to officers at any Government post. They back toward the water and Potomac Park. They are square, of brick, with roofs of heavy slate, with lovely white pillared porticoes, wrought-iron rails, brass knobs, high roofs, huge chimneys and dormers. They are

galleried and trellised and use the river views and there are also lovely river glimpses between the houses, seen in passing.

Along the river front of the Potomac has been created a park of enchanted beauty; essentially a motor park. Until recent years, it was a region of glooming flats. It now includes one thousand acres of reclaimed marsh land which has been developed with wonderful effectiveness.

Until this park was built the river was practically unapproachable to modern Washingtonians, and its beauties were unseen. The river was important to the early city. Robert Morris, the great financier, tried vainly to arouse interest in a three-mile "street" along the waterfront. The White House had a river-face with grounds to the water's edge. Such old houses as remain show that they were built with regard to river views. The Octagon turned a shoulder to the White House to face an upstream view. The old Law house was built on a high basement that its windows might command the water.

Potomac Park is a long, flat promontory which has the effect of being an island in the river. It is circummured within a wonderful drive, picturesque with large black-boled willows and bordered and bowered by what is known as the flowering cherry of Japan.

Mrs. Taft, a month after going to the White House to live, had eighty Japanese cherry trees bought and planted here, because she had seen and

admired them when in the East; and hearing of this compliment to his country, a Japanese resident of New York offered two thousand of the trees as a gift. They were what may be called inhospitably received, however, for they were condemned as infected and all were destroyed. With a patience proverbial to the East, the city of Tokio then gave three thousand, and the waterside is now an exquisite, poetic dream of beauty in the springtime in delicate ethereal color, peculiarly suited to the colors of Washington in the spring, to the blue sky, the river, the delicate green of the willows and grass and the white marble of the city's monuments and memorials.

The grass in the spring-time, pale, lovely, delicate, is green beyond belief in the long field that forms the center of the park, and all one side is a great garden of perennials, of iris and masses of later flowers. But it is the bowers of pink cherry blossoms on the dwarf gray-boled trees, planted in irregular groups, not in stiff precision, that is the famous and the lovely setting of Potomac Park. These cherries are not fruit-bearing trees, and are the flower we know as "hawthorn" on the porcelain jars of the Orient. They are really a sort of plum and are botanically "prunus pseudo cerasus"; but the "cherry" they are, in all usage.

There are several interesting and broad-spirited uses to which this park land has been put. A long stretch down the center is given over for the use of

a great number of citizens who wish to grow their own vegetable gardens. The land is neatly ploughed and apportioned in little patches. It is far from being for the poor, for most of the gardeners arrive in their own motors and fall to, with diligent rake and hoe. There is a public polo field, with bounds tightly set for the balls. There is a great public golf links used under the simplest rules, and with exceptionally good grass. And there is a public camping ground where motor tourists may stay with their cars all night; this being in particular a development from the great number of caravan motors going to or coming from Florida.

The Potomac is still a quiet stream; it is probable that "all quiet along the Potomac!" will be retained in general memory for many a generation to come:

> "All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
> Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
> Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
> Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming."

From the bridge which leads from the park to the Virginia shore, and from the farther side of the bridge after nightfall, is a sprinkling of hundreds of lights with beautiful effect; it is a fairy-land, with every light striking its deep reflection down into the water, and with the firefly lights of motor cars flitting and passing.

The park is a region for fishermen, especially

on Sunday mornings. They fish from the walled embankment along the Tidal Basin, mostly solitary and silent, instead of in groups, and in fact giving an effect decidedly French; "soaking an indeterminate bait in the large, indifferent stream."

John Quincy Adams, when President, loved to walk and ride and row and swim; and one morning early, he set out to cross the Potomac from the White House grounds. His son John and his steward Antoine were with him, and they all took off their clothes in the boat intending to dive into the river. Suddenly came a gust of wind—tidewater streams are subject to sudden capfuls of wind—and the three men had to swim for the farther shore with practically every garment lost in the river. The steward, with barely enough clothes for decency, went back alone to the White House, while the President of the United States waited in gnat-bitten misery in the bushes, where he sat hidden for two hours; which makes a Potomac-side picture that adds to the gayety of nations.

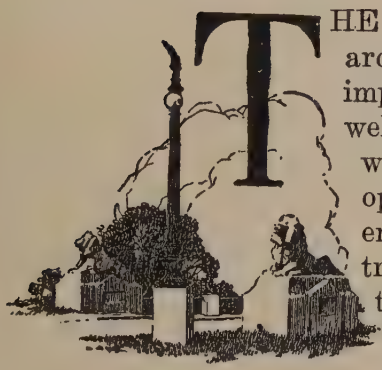
But to President Adams, firm precisionist that he was, the occurrence was excessively mortifying. It held no humor for him! And that evening he wrote of it in his diary, as a "humiliating lesson."

One wonders if this may have given inspiration to the saturnine Carlyle for what is perhaps his most widely remembered writing, for he wrote within a year or two after this Presidential nudity, the early portion of "Sartor Resartus," in which

he set down his weird imagination of a ruler suddenly becoming, when his garments vanished, naught but a fantastically carved forked radish!

CHAPTER XX

GEORGETOWN AND THE SUBURBS



THE name of Georgetown arouses pleasurably vague impressions. The place, a well established little town with an extremely good opinion of itself, was taken in as part of the District of Columbia when the District was established. And its name had not come from any association with either George Washington or George the Third but from George the Second—which somehow adds to the picturesque feeling of it.

Long ago, in 1789, Georgetown College was established and it is still interestingly existent and active, the oldest and largest Jesuit college in the country.

There was a direct road into Georgetown from Washington and the White House from early days; it was Pennsylvania Avenue, and high-dormered houses were built, shoulder to shoulder, along the thoroughfare in expectation of the coming city population. Most noticeable of those now standing are

seven in a tight row in the block of the twenty-one hundreds; very close building for early days and a woodsy location such as this neighborhood then was.

From the first you notice that there are piquant places in old Georgetown. Down there on that lower level, alongside of the ancient canal, are some small ruins which you find are those of a foundry, once operated by a man named Foxhall. These little foundry ruins at which you are looking and which intangibly appeal as something of quite unusual quality, are said to have had a vital connection with one of the most interesting naval battles of the world's history.

While Oliver Hazard Perry was triumphantly doing the impossible in building a fleet on the then wilderness-enclosed shores of Lake Erie, under the eyes of the British squadron which sailed unsuspectingly up and down the lake, the cannon and cannon balls were made at this Foxhall foundry in Georgetown and from here were packed over the hundreds of miles of forest trails.

The Capital and the entire nation thrilled with pride in an intense degree which cities or nations have seldom known, when a native of the District of Columbia, Lieutenant Dulaney Forrest, in September of 1813, appeared before Congress, and laid at their feet the captured battle flags of an entire British squadron, sunk or captured by Oliver Hazard Perry with Georgetown cannon and balls. Never before had an entire English fleet or squadron been

captured. Ask for these flags where they ought to be nobly preserved and you will be told, as I was, that they have been allowed to fall to decay through neglect.

When, not long afterward, the British seized Washington and began their burning the news was carried to Foxhall that they had promised themselves the special joy of destroying his establishment on account of his activity in cannon-making; but the great rain storm in which the British began their hurried retreat, saved the property of Foxhall who, in thankfulness, built over in Washington the original church of the curious name of "Foundry" —a church society prominent to this day.

The spot is still proudly pointed out where Francis Scott Key lived, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," near where the great new bridge, named as a memorial in his honor, spans the Potomac. Key is comparable only to Roget de Lisle in that he expressed like de Lisle a sudden ardent national fervor, permanently accepted by his country as a song from the nation's heart.

A relative of Key, Doctor William Beanes, lived in Upper Marlborough and was so angered by the misconduct of the British when they marched through on their way to burn Washington that he headed a few citizens in locking up the rear-guard of the invaders: which pointed out his bravery rather more than it did his judgment. When the British came hurrying back they unlocked their imprisoned comrades and carried the enterprising

old doctor with them as a prisoner, to the fleet near Baltimore.

Key, man of prominence as he was, hurried to the British Admiral to ask for the parole of his kinsman. Reaching the fleet just as the bombardment of Fort McHenry was to take place, Key was held until the fight should be over. In this emotional condition he watched the bombardment and watched darkness settle over the fort; and at the very earliest touch of dawn next morning he eagerly scanned the water, catching sight with indescribable happiness of the flag still floating over the fort. He was so thrilled by it, so overpowered by poetic joy, that he seized some paper and in a fine frenzy of poetic emotion wrote what has become the national anthem of America.

It is a most remarkable fact that little Georgetown was the home of the authors of two immortal American songs: "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Home, Sweet Home!" This alone ought to make Georgetown a place of pilgrimage, and the most natural road of pilgrimage is over the new bridge with the great bison on it, and on to the old Oak Hill Cemetery on the height. It is a romantic old graveyard, now close-filled, markedly a place of deep ravines and tall trees and steep banks. It is a great sanctuary for birds, and I remember watching the pretty sight, one warm spring day, of two flickers, high-holes, building their nest in an old oak, immediately over John Howard Payne's

grave, and almost seeming to talk as in their excitement they made a succession of cries.

Payne died in Northern Africa while located there as an American consul. It is pathetic to associate such feeling lines as " 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam," with the death of the author in such a remote spot—for Payne was buried near the ruined palaces of ancient Carthage.

But a Georgetown-born man, William H. Corcoran, who seems to have been unsurpassed in thinking of fine things to do to pleasure his fellowmen, had the body of his townsman, John Howard Payne, brought back to his home-town and to this quiet graveyard, where in time Corcoran himself was to sleep. A simple monument marks the grave, bearing a bust of Payne, showing him as a gentle and pleasant-faced man, with slender moustache and a tuft on his lower lip. Edwin M. Stanton, the restless-spirited Secretary of War, is buried near by, beneath an obelisk that is neither too high for modesty nor too low for fame. And the over-ambitious Salmon P. Chase, a disappointed man, is also buried here.

On M Street, the business thoroughfare, at 3049, is a quaint old yellow-washed tavern, very small, with an outside stair up to a gallery. It must have overlooked the river in early days, on the bank-side above the ferry. This was a meeting place for the planning of the City of Washington by Washington and Jefferson and L'Enfant.

There is a section both poor and picturesque, for country barter and trade, and you see shops with mule whips, fully a score on one stem, and you see truck farmers who with their creaky, worn-out little wagons bring produce into the city. There are also banks and larger stores in Georgetown and it is by no means altogether jocularity which set up at a trolley transfer point: "Transfer for Georgetown's most important suburb, Washington. But first do your shopping in Georgetown." Georgetown is really and officially part of Washington but the two places are often referred to as if they were still separate.

Alexander Graham Bell has lived and experimented much in Georgetown. That he began life as a teacher of the deaf and dumb helps to show how the telephone idea came to him. He has made his home on Thirty-Fifth Street, a quiet house in a quiet hill neighborhood, across the street from the famous Convent of the Visitation. His home, on a terrace, is an unpretentious three-story house of chocolate-colored stucco, with a black iron, fussy, old-time porch. Across narrow Volta Place which runs beside the house, is a little yellow brick library-like building, new perched and of classic design, made for the dissemination of knowledge in regard to the deaf and for actively aiding them.

There is a considerable amount of old-fashioned conservative living in Georgetown. A positively beautiful eighteenth-century house is Tudor Place, standing in the midst of a lawn of enormous extent

on Q Street. The mansion rises in tawny beauty, a great, long-fronted house, squarish and hip-roofed, with a center and long balancing wings. It was one of the great houses of its time and is now one of the notable survivals of the architecture of the early days of our country. At the front door is a striking semi-circular portico, with four tall pillars and two pilasters, with a wonderful roof, a half-dome. Tall French windows, curve-topped, are at either side of the pillars of the portico. The first mistress of this house was the little Martha, who was given by Lafayette as a namesake of her grandmother, Mrs. Washington, the little inlaid dressing table of king and tulip wood, which still delights us at the National Museum.

This was one of the remarkable homes of that building family, the Custises. General Robert E. Lee became by marriage a connection, and it is remembered that he visited here, not far from his lost Arlington, after the close of the Civil War.

The three sisters and a brother of the Custis family built four notable houses, still standing within an afternoon's ride of each other in the neighborhood of Washington, Martha Parke Custis, Mrs. Peters, here at Tudor Place; Eleanor, "Nellie," Mrs. Lewis at Woodlawn between Alexandria and Pohick; Eliza, Mrs. Law, by the riverside near the War College; and George Washington Parke Custis, at Arlington on the Virginia heights looking over at Washington. Surely a great building family!—and a remarkable thing that these four

houses have survived wars and fires and demolitions.

Facing Tudor Place, far off on the other side of Q Street, is another fine old town-house. It is of dull red brick; it is large and dormered and winged; and the two survivals of long ago are so beautiful that each is a foil to the other.

Northward from Georgetown, and still to be reached by trolley through that town, but by motor driving directly out either Connecticut Avenue or Massachusetts, the great new Gothic cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul is rising. It has already made a notable start in building but will still require many millions of dollars and years of time to complete.

The portions already standing in white and crocketed beauty above the wooded height of Mount St. Alban, are admirably and impressively to be seen from the arched and lion-guarded Connecticut Avenue Bridge, over Rock Creek Valley; and when the nave of the cathedral is completed and the structure shall stand in its full glory of great square central tower, with two Westminster-like towers at the front, and a general exterior beauty of gray color almost white, with pinnacles, flying buttresses and traceried windows, all in pure pointed Gothic, it will be one of the notable Gothic cathedrals of the world. It ranks in length with the cathedrals of Canterbury and York and suggests mighty Durham in its beauty of tree-clad hill location.

IN ROCK CREEK PARK

The apse, the only part thus far rising prominently, has a very successful churchly air. Beneath the altar is a crypt with heavy pillars and groined arches; and already the tomb is here of the first bishop of Washington—Bishop Satterlee. On the tomb lies at full length, carved in fine alabaster, the churchly figure of the bishop, looking like a carved recumbent figure of feudal times, and with little angels at his feet. The distinctly modern moustache is the only detraction from the Crusader-time effect.

The Cathedral has already had some unusual gifts. For the construction of the pulpit, the Archbishop of Canterbury sent stones from Canterbury Cathedral. From the ruins of remote and ancient Glastonbury, stones were sent for the making of the bishop's cathedra, his formal seat; the Glastonbury stones having been chosen because that ruined abbey bore the name, as does this cathedral at Washington, of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. The high altar is made from the ledge of rock in which Christ's sepulcher was hewn.

Upon this cedar-dotted height, are the beginnings of a cathedral close of ecclesiastical buildings, with richly endowed schools for boys and girls. On a height of equal prominence some distance southward, stand the buildings of the Naval Observatory, which mark the site of the camp of the army of Braddock and Washington with their fated expeditionary force.

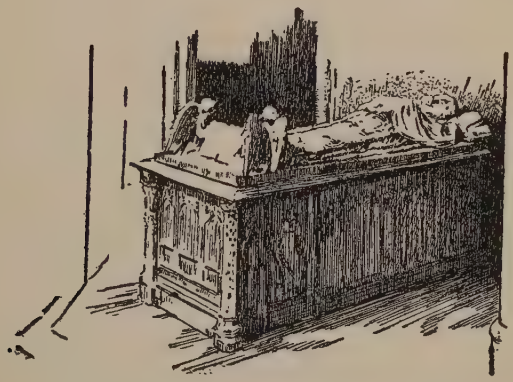
Confronted with the idea of writing of the suburbs of Washington one is likely to feel like the man who was offered Punch's advice to those about to get married—"Don't!" For Washington is a city without suburbs, with the exception of a single fine one. Of course there is delightful Alexandria but it has never seemed suburban, but the recent war has given it an impetus in that direction. Fort Myer has a military life of its own. There are several little towns near Washington but not precisely of a kind to call suburbs. In fact there are hundreds of square miles near at hand of poor desolate country or of uncultivated pine woods, unused, that ought to be suburbs to meet the high rent problems of the city, and it is astonishing that this feaure has not been developed.

The one real suburb is near but just over the Maryland line, a charming place, charmingly named. It is Chevy Chase and it is an accessible suburb of the finer class of living, with many estates, with delightful homes, with country clubs and golf links, with the natural landscape advantages of trees, and rolling country, through which wind cedar-bordered roads. And its great advantages for growth are that it has been unspoiled by anything but residential use and that it connects immediately with the finest living section of the city of Washington.

Chevy Chase has so many army officers living there and offers so many combats on the golf links,

even if of no other kind, that the old war-like ballad name fits the place:

"The fray began at Otterbourne betwixt the night and day,
There the Douglas lost his life and the Percy was led away."



CHAPTER XXI

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO FREDERICKSBURG

FROM his early youth George Washington was a man's man. He made friends with all classes, rich and poor, British, French, German, Indian and American; and among the amusing examples of this was his becoming a volunteer fireman, a member of the Alexandria company organized in 1774. He bought for them in Philadelphia an up-to-date hand engine and had it drawn by oxen to Alexandria; that being an old town even then.

Alexandria was always important to George Washington as the town nearest Mount Vernon. And Alexandria gave one of the most remarkable examples of his life in his successful way of meeting men, for here he conferred with General Braddock and five Colonial governors, and impressed them all, before the Braddock expedition started for the Ohio River country.

The original fire engine has gone, but the house and the very room in which Braddock held his meeting are still there.

Alexandria is a trifle less than eight miles down the Potomac from Washington. You drive into it through King Street, an old brick-housed thoroughfare; the houses showing an unexpected medley of color in cream, red and yellow, and in all with a decided sense of attractiveness. King is only one of the many old-fashioned street names, there being also Duchess, Princess, Royal, Queen, Prince, Duke and other rolling titles of monarchy in this old aristocratic little town—itself named Bellhaven in early days, a name put upon a charming volume of short stories regarding it by one who was a child here. There is also a St. Asaph Street, remindful of the English bishop who was Franklin's friend and at whose home Franklin wrote most of his Autobiography. Cameron Street was named for the Baron of Cameron, better known as Lord Fairfax.

Among the colored people of Alexandria "Marcus" still survives as a name, a run-to-seed form of Marquis, from the Marquis de Lafayette who was often here. When he was welcomed on his 1824 visit the entire town turned out and at every opportune moment a live eagle on an arch, flapped its wings and screamed a welcome—a boy hidden in the decorations jabbing it at the opportune moment with a pin. It is not every little town that could so spiritedly arrange matters!

Down near the Potomac's side stands the Carlyle house, where Braddock summoned his conference. At that time, it stood at the very water's edge and was prominently in view as a distinguished town-house. It no longer shows from the street but is hidden from sight by an old hotel of Civil War days.

The Carlyle house was built on a terrace formed by the foundations of an early fort, and within these foundations are still the original vaults and passages. It is a huge, hip-roofed, square-fronted, three dormered old house, of stuccoed stone with cut quoins at the four corners.

It is fascinating to realize that up the outside steps and through this front doorway and into the meeting-room walked Braddock and Governors Shirley of Massachusetts, Delancey of New York, Sharpe of Maryland, Morris of Pennsylvania, Dinwiddie of Virginia and George Washington.

The blue room, beautifully paneled and corniced, in which they met has an open fireplace surmounted by a paneled and pilastered chimney-breast; on each side of which is a superbly topped doorway, with the fine curve of an old open pediment.

There are few rooms in America more filled with intense feeling for the past. Not only was the Braddock campaign discussed in this room but it represented the first meeting of representatives of the colonies to arrange a harmony of action. Washington, at this first meeting, in 1755, in spite of some criticisms of the British general's plans, was given

a commission as major and a place on Braddock's staff, he not only being an unusually impressive young man but he had commanded in the Ohio River country the year before when he was scarcely more than of age; and even before that had been in the same country as a commissioner from Governor Dinwiddie to the French.

Washington's familiar title of colonel was given him by Virginia. And as to "major," Hawthorne had a curious story, for standing one day, with a friend, on a London street corner, an English regiment went marching by, bound for the Crimean War, and Hawthorne's friend remarked that it was the very regiment with which George Washington had marched as a major a score of years before our country came into existence.

There is a quaint and ancient church, Christ Church in Alexandria, a squarish church, square-sided, with square flat ceiling with a broad gallery on each side, with carved cornice, a church which shows a pew which was Washington's. There is an hexagonal, high-perched pulpit, on a slender pedestal, with a beautiful, suspended sounding-board above, standing squarely in the middle of the chancel—here pronounced carefully, "chauncel"—and flanked by two great panels of the creed and Lord's Prayer.

A lovely old churchyard with shade trees and ancient stones adds charm and setting to the old mellow brick church. There is a sweet old belfry

rising from a square tower in front of the church to an octagon of brick and gradations of white pillars above.

Robert E. Lee had a pew in Christ Church and here he attended service on the April Sunday of 1861, between the Saturday on which the resignation of Lee was received by the National Government and the Monday on which he left for Richmond to take command of the Virginia forces of the Confederacy.

The Masons of Alexandria have done a great deal to preserve the important relics of the town and to uphold its traditions. Their meeting hall is a replacement after a fire, in which much of value was lost, but an astonishing amount preserved! Here is still shown the portrait of that amazing landowner, Lord Fairfax, ruddy-faced, stout, white-wigged, wearing a claret-colored coat. Here is the portrait of that man of unique record, Doctor Craik, "my old and intimate friend, Doctor Craik" as Washington's will has it. He wears a blue coat, a dull red waistcoat, and a white stock, and has dark unpowdered hair. He was with Washington in the fight at Great Meadows, in 1754, and it is declared that he was likewise with Washington in every conflict after that date including the fighting at Yorktown. His Scotch blood showed, he stayed to the finish: for he was at the deathbed of Washington, and later at that of his widow.

Among the distinctly Masonic relics is the chair in which Washington sat when he presided at meet-

ings. After his death it has been used only by important presiding visitors, among whom Lafayette was one of the first. A few years ago it was used by President Taft and, as they naïvely tell you, "it is now kept in a glass case."

The Great War added much of the new to Alexandria but fortunately without destroying the old. There are wide old streets paved with the most impossible cobblestones and they alternate with smooth-paved thoroughfares. There are old town-houses with queer gables. There are fine houses on the corners and at length as you turn down South Washington Street, you find old mansions, large and dignified and full of charm. Here is one of yellow fronted by huge fluted white pillars. Here is one oddly with a half gable to the street, with two-story galleries and with dormers, adjoining an ancient garden shaded by tall trees. There are brass knockers and delightful doorways. Most of the houses are directly on the sidewalk, as they were made for old-fashioned town living, but there is much of delightful brick-walled gardening. A great deal of wealth was centered in Alexandria in the old days, and you think it must have grown up as a highly precise sort of town when you see such a sign as "Five hundred and ten feet to R. R. crossing."

Market Square, in the heart of the town, is now largely covered by court and market buildings, but it is where Braddock's troops were paraded and drilled—think of Washington quickstepping to the

tune of the "British Grenadiers!" By going into the old market-house and looking about, you find an old, brick-paved square, and you visualize the old market place and drill ground, surrounded by the taverns and mansions of the old town. And in particular you may find an ancient inn, bordered by still existent galleries, such as might figure in Pickwick or even the Three Musketeers. Lovers of the old get great satisfaction out of Alexandria, and its old houses and its streets like the one named Orinoco, reminiscent of the old shipping days.

From old Alexandria we may drive in a few hours to much older Fredericksburg, which is halfway between Washington and Richmond, over an excellent road and through the heart of typical Virginia. It is not a farming country, yet now and then there are farms, and there are not infrequently orchards. There are few towns. It is generally wild country, a country of old pine woods and young pines overgrowing old fields.

Myriad white birds twinkle in the sun on the water of the inlets. Buzzards go sailing in circles high over the cedars against the blue sky. Cedars and laurel grow freely on the hillsides. A sort of rough brown sedge-grass covers much of the scant meadows. It is a wild country with few crossroads. You come to a fork in the road but continue straight onward, for the road leading to the left would take you to Mount Vernon.

A distance farther through the green pines and you see a great house on a hillside at your right.

It is a large house of brick and white stone, of admirable design, and the architect was that Thornton who designed the Octagon, the Tudor House in Georgetown, and a great part of the Capitol. The house is Woodlawn, the home built for Lawrence Lewis and his wife, who was Nellie Custis, the adopted daughter of George Washington, the granddaughter of Martha Washington, and Lawrence Lewis being Washington's sister Betty's son.

The house stands well up from the roadside on the top of a ridge and is reached by a cedar-bordered drive beginning at a great brick gateway with brick posts topped by stone balls.

The land was a wedding gift from Washington to Nellie Custis and her husband, he deeming it a "most beautiful site for a Gentleman's seat." The house was built after Washington's death. It is a great wing-balanced mansion of brick, with small portico over the door, with white entablatures which show well at a distance, and with a small pediment over the center. Beyond the wings the front line of Woodlawn is extended by garden walls of brick, with a square garden house at each end; and great box gardens continue the line onward. It is one of the finest of the old type of great Virginia mansions.

Continuing by the main road through the piney woods, Pohick is reached in two or three miles, a trifling collection of scattered homes at a cross-road. The central building is old Pohick Church, a venerable square structure, hip-roofed and oddly

without either belfry or portico. When the parishioners were discussing the building of this church, Washington and his close friend, Colonel Mason of neighboring Gunston Hall led opposing factions as to the location. When the parishoners met to decide, Washington, surveyor that he was, was equipped with the actual distance from the front door of every house to the two localities; and he won!

In one of the many fiction stories of Virginia, a brother and sister, before the war, are pictured in an isolated home, and a visitor from the North asks if they have ever been at Washington. "No," responded the brother, with proper dignity, "but my sister has been at Pohick!" The full paucity of this worldly experience strikes you as you come through the lonely pine woods to the solitary old church and the two or three chicken-scratched old dooryards and forlorn cabins and farm houses. Yet in early days this little brick church was the center of a distinguished parish, and its list of vestrymen, before the Revolution, shows that eleven were members of the House of Burgesses, and Washington was a vestryman of the parish as was his father before him.

The ivy-hung cedar-surrounded church was a ruin after the Civil War, but has been lovingly restored; and its original fine stone quoined corners, its old worn doorsteps, and fine paired doorways, are still in place. If you are there on a pleasant Sunday morning, you will see a few motors and country carriages scattered among the trees, and if

service has begun, you will hear the echoing sound of responses come softly through the windows. Enter, and you find the congregation standing, in their square pews, and facing the rector and pulpit on the side toward the road. As if continuing an old idea, the country carriages and the motor cars are not in line on the road but are scattered among the trees, past the old graves, below the church.

It is a small and intimate group who worship here, and the faces of most of them show breeding. There could not well be a more peaceful setting, with the Sabbath quiet, and the sunshine and the gentle breeze.

Farther along in the road you see that it is a country of peepers in the swamps, and near the nicer of the little homes, you will see bird-houses on poles, sometimes six or seven in a group, a little thicket of bird-houses, and if it is early spring, these old, old homes are bowered in clouds of white plum blossoms.

A careless desolation lies over the entire countryside. Nor is this to be ascribed entirely to the Civil War, for Charles Dickens, driving to Fredericksburg twenty years before that time, wrote that the country approaching that city had once been very productive but that the soil had been exhausted by employing slave labor without strengthening the land, whereby it had become little better than a sandy desert overgrown with trees; and George Washington, before the Revolutionary War, wrote of the evils of tobacco crops and said: "Our lands

were originally very good, but use and abuse have made them quite otherwise."

There are still fords on the road and the water splashes high as you drive through.

One notices the remains of three great old brick and stone Colonial mansions, among the small houses of the little village of Dumfries. One by the roadside is used as a lodge and thus kept from ruin. Another is barely more than a chimney—but such a chimney! a tall chimney, Jacobean in style, with an insignificant wooden cabin built against it and using the flues of ancient grandeur. Another great old house upon the green hillside, faces out over the landscape with empty window sockets, with the stone steps crumbled away from the door and horses stabled in the cellar; a house that has been beautifully paneled but which has had its paneling torn out within a year for kindling wood; and around the old place rose bushes and daffodils still grow.

There are amber lights in the misty distances. There is the pervasive smell of the piney woods. The singing of birds, the thorny hedges, the lush beauty of spring time, all are here.

The road turns down a hill as if hanging against a cliff of yellow sandstone to a broad stream at the picturesque old crowded riverside village of Occoquan, with its old ruined stone mill much like a medieval ruin, with the waterpower still tearing through, although the wheels have not turned for half a century.

It is hard to realize that amid the lonely pine woods that border the road for mile after mile were great camps for the soldiers during the great European war; the road leads, high-causewayed and dry, across a great swamp, formerly a complete bar to traffic in wet weather, and at length you come to a point where you may look down and off at the broad Rappahannock, hurrying on through its rocks. You go down a long steep road into old Falmouth, passing a little courthouse always spoken of locally as the "third seat of Justice in America." It could never have held a jury, twelve men couldn't get in! This old miniature seat of justice ranks in impossible tininess with the miniature old custom-house of Stonington in Connecticut—which, carefully built, does not look as if a chair and a table could be placed inside. Yet in this now shabby and forsaken old Falmouth, literally down hill, George Washington went to school.

You turn sharply into the road which parallels the riverside and in a few minutes you are opposite Fredericksburg. But before crossing the long, narrow bridge, you look first at the nearby farm where Washington's parents lived, and where his mother lived for some years as a widow. It is a high-set, riverside farm beautifully situated. The original house has gone but another is on the same site. This is the farm where the cherry tree grew: and the story told by Parson Weems does not seem impossible or absurd except in his method of telling. Weems knew everybody in the countryside

and was liked by everybody and nothing is more probable than that the small boy chopped the tree and told about it. The neighborhood still abounds in human stories of George Washington and of his mother and sister. The grandeur of Mount Vernon was far away and they here remember the simple days.

A dear old lady, over in Fredericksburg, looked back with me at this farm across the river, and told me, as if it were confidential and as if it happened but yesterday, that over there, little George was taught by his father to plant the name George Washington in cabbage seed, so as to give him the delight of seeing his own name spring into life, and that his father taught him also carefully to pull up the weeds, they being like vices or sins that needed uprooting. And all this as if it were about some little boy of yesterday!

The bridge leading into Fredericksburg is slender and high-set. The old town, officially organized two hundred and fifty years ago, has many quaint old houses, all fresh and prosperous. And there are charming gardens. There are hard-paved streets, for it is a busy prosperous place—an odd thing to find after a drive of hours through wilderness. And this thoroughly descriptive word marks one of the famous battlefields within a few miles' radius from this place.

This sunny, prosperous, church-steepled town, nestled in the Rappahannock valley, has the terrible record of more dead in the Civil War within a radius

of twelve miles, than anywhere else in America. The most terrible battle of the region was here in Fredericksburg; General Lee and his men occupying Marye's Heights, the slight rise of land hemming in the town. It was a pitiful fight, for to begin with, Burnside lost heavily in trying to force a crossing from the north side of the river, a task at which he stubbornly kept, though his men fell off the pontoons and the skeleton of the bridge with sickening steadiness, until Lee, who really wanted his opponents on his own side of the river, stopped his firing to let them walk into the trap. Through these streets, the Northerners marched only to be slaughtered by thousands as they attempted the hopeless task of driving Lee from his Heights. You see the locality just as it was on the battle day, with the cedar-bordered sunken road at the foot of the rise—a green, pleasant country lane. But Fredericksburg has lived down its tragedy.

Both armies, in their shelling, avoided any serious damage to the historic home of Washington's mother—she having, as a widow, lived in the town; and the old home of Washington's sister, Mrs. Lewis, was also spared.

A steep-roofed, dormered little house of wood at a quiet little corner of two quiet streets, in a good neighborhood then and now, as shown by the old houses still there, is where the mother lived; what is now the center of the house has been changed since her death but the corner wing with its brick chimney-end and the garden are as she left it. It

was in this little dooryard garden with flowering shrubs and box bushes, busy with her potherbs, that Lafayette found her when he called, and a delightful description of the old lady's spirited conversation and Lafayette's admiration of her, the mother of his great chief, has come down to us.

Kenmore, the beautiful home of Washington's sister Betty, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, is a large brick mansion, delightfully placed as the important house on the green, and explaining why Thackeray drove down here to look for the home of the Warringtons.

On the green, beside Kenmore, is the monument to the distinguished General Mercer who fell at Princeton, one of the American officers who had served in the army of Prince Charlie and had in consequence come to America.

In an old graveyard near the green is the monument to Washington's mother, of which it has often been said, that it is the only monument erected by women to the memory of a distinguished woman.

One of the most familiar stories of Washington is still told in connection with the Rappahannock here, although it is often mistakenly placed beside the Potomac: the story that Washington once threw a silver dollar across the river, which was a possible thing for a man of unusual strength to do at this river; but in need of the witty elucidation of Choate that "money went farther in those days" when applied to the broad Potomac: to which remark Choate added, after a little reflection, that Washington did

more than that, "having thrown a Sovereign across the Atlantic."

Even now, a century and a quarter after the death of Washington, you will still find Fredericksburg people as full of the oral tradition of him as if he were alive but yesterday.

And a man of perhaps fifty told me, with as much sidewise caution as if telling of the doings of some distinguished citizen of to-day who might come upon us around the corner, that George Washington, coming to visit his rigid mother at Fredericksburg, did not always spend all his time in visiting, but that on occasion he would meet with friends at the little tavern, the Indian Queen, still standing there, and would not only talk, as wise men of old loved to do, and drink, which every gentleman did as a matter of course, but would at times join in a friendly game —and that he was not by any means always the winner; and of how, one night, he left for home by the ferry, having lost all his ready money, and met a stranger who wanted to buy his fine black horse, whereupon he sold it and with the money returned to the tavern, found his friends still there, sat in again with them and, amid uproarious gayety, won back all that he had lost, and more!

His sister Betty was tall for a woman and well set up, and her face so much resembled George's that when, for fun, she would throw a cloak around her shoulders, put on a Continental hat, and draw herself up like a soldier, it was a famous matter in

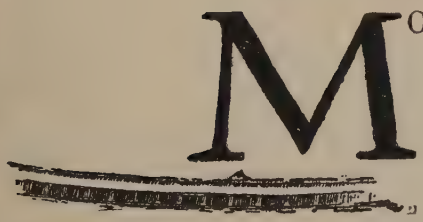
Fredericksburg how much she could look like her brother!

In early days Fredericksburg had odd and important connection with the sea. The people are proud of an old house, so made over as to seem new, lovingly known as the "sentry box" because from it the Rappahannock was watched during four wars for sea-raiders. And another old house is at least locally believed to have been "the only legal home in America" of John Paul Jones; a sidewalk-set old wooden house of two plain simple stories.

But twilight is coming on and we start back on the long run to Washington. We look off in the sunset light into sapphire and rosy distances. The views seem more sweeping than on our approach. The pines are of an extraordinary vivid green. As darkness settles we realize that this is the very heart of old Virginia.

CHAPTER XXII

MOUNT VERNON



MOUNT VERNON gave remarkable opportunity to George Washington to show his superman qualities. As a general he was a genius. As a President he was of vast ability. But at Mount Vernon he displayed what would be termed, in modern phraseology, in super-degree, the qualities of a buyer.

He filled Mount Vernon with the most delicately beautiful furniture of his time. Silver, china, glass were purchased by him in great quantities and in great good taste. Upholsteries, hangings were freely bought. And all this was done without being in touch with shops where things of value could be purchased. He was never in England. But he dealt in London!

Nor should it be thought that he merely transferred his problems to others. The important point was that he knew what he wanted.

He was a superman as a manager and administrator. The same basic qualities which made him do the impossible at Valley Forge, which made him hold the army together in defeat as in victory, and even through the impossible two years between the surrender of Cornwallis and the Treaty of Peace, gave him the power to manage Mount Vernon and its multifarious concerns. He could be absent from home for years at a time and, returning, find that his explicit orders had been carried out as if he had been there to see to them. With what might almost be called modesty, he quietly saw to the controlling of everything that needed his control.

In the long lists of ordered purchases from abroad, he even specified precisely what cloth he wanted for his splendid and colorful clothes, and he even wrote out directions as to cloth for the gowns of his wife. But it may fairly be presumed that in this last respect she had supplied her ideas, for he would have been the last man in the world to be discourteous or disregardful toward his wife.

His mail orders sometimes covered two hundred items at a time. And the difficulty of buying was much increased by his being compelled to use a system essentially of barter. He looked on tobacco as an injurious crop, but grew on his estate

a sufficient quantity to sell for enough to make all his purchases.

To those handling his orders in London his letters were full of precise directions, such as—this being an excellent example: "1 fine bed coverlid to match the curtains. 4 chair bottoms of the same; that is, as much covering suited to the above furniture as will go over the seats of 4 chairs (which I have by me) in order to make the whole furniture of this room uniformly handsome and genteel."

He makes use now and then of the words "handsome," "genteel" and "fashionable," and mentions leeway in judgment when there is doubt regarding a possibly changing fashion. And steadily he brings things to pass.

Now and then, even the great Washington met with temporary setbacks. When he pleased himself by ordering busts of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charles of Sweden, Frederick the Great, Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Marlborough, with the idea that he would have great pleasure in contemplating these military leaders, picture his dismay at finding that the dealer had supplied, instead, such things as busts of Æneas and Anchises, and two groups each of Bacchus and Flora! But it was seldom that, either by inadvertence or inability, any one sent Washington anything other than he ordered. His word was law.

Washington loved the soil. He was an innate farmer. In himself he fitted the ancient myth of

the man who regained his strength whenever he touched the ground, and I remember coming somewhere upon some writing of his in which he was positively lyric in praise of the triumphs of the farmer, compared with those of the soldier.

Admiral Vernon, Admiral of the Blue, was the man for whom Mount Vernon was named. The Admiral had won fame and immense public interest by attacking Carthagena, and he had also won the devotion of his men. Among others he won the loving admiration of one of his officers named Lawrence Washington, who named in his honor his estate of Mount Vernon, which he had inherited from his father.

Lawrence Washington, retiring from the service, was taken ill and went to the West Indies in an effort to recover his health. His young half-brother, George Washington, accompanied him to care for him—the only time when George Washington left the confines of what was to be the United States of America.

Lawrence returned home in time to die here, and he willed Mount Vernon to his half-brother George. From this time until the close of his life, George Washington loved Mount Vernon with a love that was unfeigned and unbounded.

To take advantage of the glorious river view the house, which stands on a bluff one hundred and twenty-five feet above the water, has its greatest dimension in its lengthwise front, giving thus the

THE LANDWARD FRONT OF MOUNT VERNON

opportunity for views from many windows. It is ninety-six feet long by thirty deep and each of the long façades is a finished front for the building, one facing toward the river and the other inland.

A little octagonal weather-vaned cupola, or lantern, with each of its eight sides holding fifteen panes of glass, surmounts the roof and gives an unrivaled outlook in every direction. Below the cupola are several dormers, almost hidden behind an openwork rail extending along the whole piazza roof, above the line of eight tall, two-story square pillars, which form the most striking feature of the mansion's front.

The house, originally built in 1743, is much longer than when Washington acquired it, it having been quite typical of his methods that, when about to leave on an indefinite absence, he ordered changes that added forty-four feet to the front. When he returned, he found the changes and additions made as completely and satisfactorily as they could have been if he had given them personal supervision.

Along the riverfront of the entire house is a piazza, fifteen feet deep and twenty-five feet high The floor of the piazza is paved with flat stone flags, carried here from the Isle of Wight. Back and forth on these stones was the rainy day walk of the Father of his Country. Here he received many visitors and seated them in the thirty Windsor chairs that originally stood here.

There is considerable of the original furnishing in the house, but it is all a matter of restitution, for

after the death of Washington and his widow the entire house was emptied by bequest, gift and auction. When the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association was organized in 1856 and the National Government and the entire nation began to take an interest in the matter, many of the original furnishings and ornaments were restored, and the rest of the space was gradually filled with similar things of the period. The ladies to whom has fallen the heritage of caring for Mount Vernon manage it with most devoted and efficient care.

Mount Vernon is sixteen miles south of Washington on the opposite side of the Potomac. It may be reached by steamer or by trolley or, as most people nowadays go, by motor-car. The road is well surfaced and leads through Alexandria. This road is strikingly in appearance as it must have been generations ago, though there are more woods and fewer fields, with here and there a cabin beside the road, with clothes drying on the fence; and the last time I went over it I met an old negro woman who seemed to have walked directly out of the distant past, stooping as she was beneath a large basket filled with pussy-willows and sassafras bark and poke-root shoots.

And, so long as you make the single turn at the fork not far from your destination, there is only one way to go, as is generally the case in sparsely-roaded Virginia. The Potomac sweeps for miles near the road, alternately coming into sight and disappearing. The country-side is gently rolling and

is wooded with insignificant trees. You pass by the roadside a spot associated with one of the many visits of John Marshall. He and a friend and a servant rode down on a day so hot that they rode in old clothes and decided to change in the woods near the house, to be fresh on arrival. They stopped here by the roadside and took off their dusty clothes and the servant opened the bag to get out their better ones—when out poured the general medley of a peddlar's pack! The bag had been changed at the Alexandria tavern! The friends shrieked with laughter and rolled, unclad, on the ground!—and the Father of his Country came riding out to learn the cause of the extraordinary mirth.

Approaching Mount Vernon, it is surprising to notice, clustered about it, some two hundred enormous trees. They are largely of unusual varieties and most of them were set out by Washington himself with all the care of a tree-lover, and can be identified from his diary. Washington was a tree-collector, as well as a tree-lover, and often wrote for specimens to friends or to scientists in various parts of America and Europe, in addition to gathering trees personally in localities that he visited.

Elms were an especial choice and there are a number of these now close to ninety feet in height. There are giant tulips that he set out and huge hemlocks somber in dark green. There are beech trees of his planting. There are ash. There is a sugar maple which has reached to ninety-one feet; and those who study his trees declare that the

tallest of all is well over one hundred feet high. There are lindens and honey-locusts; and he has somewhere written that on a March day in the late seventeen-eighties he planted more than seventeen thousand honey-locust seeds. He often brought home in his saddlebags tree seeds from distant places to which he had gone; and some rare buckeyes were gathered in the Cheat River region—even now wild and beautiful with rhododendron thickets.

Thomas Jefferson gathered things animate and inanimate, and, himself a devoted tree-planter, gave to Washington the three pecan trees which grow in the front lawn of the mansion. Box was an especial favorite of the master of Mount Vernon and he was very successful in growing it. It was rooted under his own supervision by beating it firm in sand, and large areas in the vicinity of the house are geometrically outlined with billowy box masses, four feet high.

Mount Vernon is entered by the driving road through and beside these groups and single giant trees.

One approaches the immediate grounds beside a long line of servants' quarters, dormer windowed, red-roofed, surrounded by flowers, and overgrown with thick masses of ivy.

Although the driveway leads to the house, it is not now to be used, and you leave your car outside and walk in. Thus the modern, the noisy, the risk of fire, are left well outside and rich and poor go in alike on foot—on an equal footing.

Nothing could be more different than the two fronts of Mount Vernon: the superb pillared front toward the water, and the beautiful unpillared front facing inland, with its central door, its fine pediment on the cornice line with its round window, charmingly spider-webbed in design. Washington took great pride in the doorsteps of this front. They are square, they are of stone, they decrease evenly in size, as they go up.

If it were not for the altogether charming and altogether unique little cupola on the roof it would not seem that this could be the same house whose river-front is so familiar to every one.

Sweeping away at either corner from this inland front are delightful curving arcades connecting with the kitchen and offices. There are quaint outlying kitchen and wash-houses, a perfect village of tiny household dependences, with roofs dormered and delectably steep and with chimneys quaintly large throated.

The curving sweep of the old driveway swings around the old lawn-like bowling green in its central position, and passes the exquisite gardens at right and left, in all their beauty of paths and boxborders, old walls and charming garden houses.

The superb river front of Mount Vernon has never been broken by driveway or footpath. The house is perfectly set and looks out in restful dignity at the superb sweeps of river, at the glimmering glory of the unspoiled distances.

When you visit Mount Vernon go, if you can, on

a pleasant day at an early hour so as to miss throngs. The custodians are many, but they are necessary and unobtrusive. It is the peeking and peering and pushing of people on your heels that destroy effects. Have Mount Vernon as nearly as possible to yourself—and your imagination will picture and people the mansion with the life of the past, and you will think of Washington pacing solitary on the long piazza on rainy days, or walking there alone on sleepless nights.

In every detail the building, the outbuildings, and the lawns, parks and gardens, represent the splendid taste, the boundless enthusiasm, the tireless industry, the loving care, of the great man who planned everything there.

Washington was among the great landowners and increased the size of Mount Vernon to eight thousand acres. Now the estate measures two hundred and thirty-seven and a half.

In the greenhouse is a much-traveled, tall-tufted sago palm, twelve feet in height, with a most striking history. It was sold at the auction in 1802 and remained in a greenhouse up the Hudson River until the very recent year of 1920, when it was restored to Mount Vernon. Close by, hanging on the wall are two of the quaintest imaginable sprinkling cans. They look like lead but are really of copper. They hold many gallons of water and have queer, circle-sweeping handles. They were here in use in the famous days of the house and gardens. Among the other little buildings is the ice-house over which

the emotional old lady was found weeping, according to the story of half a century ago, under the impression that she was weeping over the tomb!

In one of these little houses, in 1787, lived an especially good gardener named Baxter, whose single defect was that he drank too much; one of the surprisingly many white servants that Washington maintained. Baxter drank so freely as to destroy his usefulness, and Washington avoided the necessity of discharging him by making what might be called a psychological contract with him. He had a bond formally drawn up, binding Washington, on his part, to give certain money and clothes to Baxter in the course of the next year, and binding Baxter to do certain daily work, and permitting him to be drunk just four days and four nights at Christmas, two days similarly at Easter and two at Whitsuntide—and it worked!

In another little house lived Bishop, the English body-servant, who had been left by the dying Braddock to the care of Washington, and who was for forty years a faithful caretaker of the place.

Mount Vernon is a building of pine whose long boards are cut to resemble blocks of cut stone. With some amusement one remembers that Washington, on passing through Connecticut, wrote of his amazement that there the houses were built of frame instead of stone!

Washington lived as proprietor at Mount Vernon for a few years before his marriage in 1759. It would seem that his independent-minded mother

was here at least once in that period, but it would also seem, with somewhat of vagueness, that she never visited there after his marriage. Toward the close of her life she intimated her readiness, strong-willed though she was, to end her days with her son, but Washington, knowing that she had her comfortable home in Fredericksburg near the foot of her daughter's garden, did not accept her suggestion.

The house centers about the hallway. Innumerable times here stood George and Martha Washington receiving formal guests, and one gets a general impression that they welcomed all of America and half of Europe! The hallway extends through the house with a great door at either end. The paneling is as Washington built it in 1775. On either side of the heavily corniced wall are two broken-arched doorways, and there are beautiful articles of furniture.

Here in the hall is the huge key of the Bastille, sent as a personal gift from the man who ordered the great prison torn down, the rapidly developed Lafayette who only eight years before had finished his youthful American warfare. Here also in the hall are three of the four swords left by Washington to his nephews, with his unforgetable injunction: "Not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be in self-defense or in defense of their Country and its rights, and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

The easy-rising stairway of black walnut mounts at one side of the hall with delightful balusters—three on each step—and a fine ramp, and with a turn half way up, where stands a tall clock that was owned by Lawrence Washington. One pictures Washington roused from sleep and descending the stair with a candle, the night that Houdon, the sculptor, sent from Paris by Jefferson and Franklin, to model Washington, arrived with three companions by water from Alexandria, getting Washington out of bed. The original statue is in the State House of Virginia; and a clay study of the head only was left at Mount Vernon, where it may still be seen.

In the music room is a harpsichord which Washington imported from England as a thousand dollar gift to his wife's grandaughter, Nellie Custis. It is still a beautiful instrument, tawny colored, slender legged, something the shape of a little grand piano of modern days and with a double-tiered keyboard.

Of all the musical instruments that the imagination could associate with George Washington the flute would be the most romantic. The picture of the Father of his Country puffing and blowing away his very soul, while his foot tapped time to the music, is a picture you love to turn over in your mind! And the flute which was his very own is in the music room.

In the west parlor, a paneled room with stucco-ornamented ceiling and containing some beautiful

Chippendale chairs, is a large Aubusson carpet which was sent as a gift to Washington by Louis the Sixteenth. Washington could not, under the law, accept a gift from a foreign potentate; and the carpet, centered by an eagle surrounded by stars, was sold to some one in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In 1897, after years of use, it was presented to the building for which it was intended more than a century before.

The intimate little family dining-room, is reminiscent of thousands of guests, for it was freely used with intimates; and it is said that one day in the late 1780's Washington suddenly laid down his knife and fork, leaned back in his chair, and said to his wife that he believed this to be the first time in their married life that they had dined alone! Guests were always welcome at Mount Vernon. Washington was willing in those early days of the nation to have his home treated essentially as a building of the Government. His managers even had his careful instructions as to what to offer in food and drink and general hospitality to unexpected guests who arrived when he and his wife were absent.

In this room there is a Heppelwhite sideboard of Washington's, presented by Mrs. Robert E. Lee in 1860, of positively lovely curves, and there are mahogany chests filled with great square old bottles. One case came from the Fairfax auction at Belvoir, the adjoining place, just before the Revolution, when that Fairfax family returned to England. Washington always remained young enough to enjoy an

auction, and from his diary may be picked out many an item of auction purchases.

Both for this room and the great dining-room all food was carried in from the outside kitchen along one of the covered colonnades—one can picture the running back and forth with covered dishes!

The only time in all his years of life at Mount Vernon that any one there succeeded in passing upon him even a jesting impertinence—the stories of the personal awe inspired by Washington being almost incredible—occurred one dinner-time when the famous Light-horse Harry Lee, whose mother was a friend of his youth, was a guest. Washington remarked that he would like to buy a pair of carriage horses, whereupon young Lee facetiously responded that he had a pair for sale but that Washington could not buy them. "Why not?" asked Washington incautiously. "Well," replied Lee, "you never pay more than half price for anything and I won't sell except for full price." Mrs. Washington laughed and her parrot burst into a torrent of mirth. At which Washington, whose face had begun to chill, laughed too and said: "Well, Lee, you're a funny fellow; see, even the bird is laughing at you."

Perhaps the only other formal effort on record of even an attempt to shake Washington's *amour propre* was made by Gouverneur Morris, when, on a dare, he entered the dining-room in Philadelphia, and with a familiar greeting, slapped him on the shoulder. There was no parrot to relieve this much worse situation, and the guests watched in horror

as Washington turned his eyes on the culprit and froze him with a silent look. It was rather curious that Gouverneur Morris, over in Paris, posed for Houdon for Washington's legs, which the artist had not been able to make for the statue while in America; and as the legs are disturbingly queer for their great subject, one wonders if Morris did not have a fine revenge!

Throughout the house are scattered many military pictures of men or scenes, for which Washington had a great regard. They used to line the whole staircase.

The great banquet-room was planned by Washington personally, and was added by him just as the Revolution was beginning. This was one of the changes that developed the house into a mansion. The great triple Palladian window centers the end of the house and was always a point of pride. The elaborate marble mantel, in the center of the wall, opposite the great window, was sent as a gift at a later date from an English admirer of Washington named Vaughn. It is a great Siena marble mantel in three colors, with entablatures in relief showing scenes in agriculture. One of the most interesting of Mount Vernon stories is that the ship bringing it was captured by French pirates, who, when they found it was intended for George Washington, sent it most carefully on its way.

The library at the other end of the house was made for quiet retreat, for isolation, and for study, and at the same time with a splendid view; a room

which looks as it did when the great owner was here, for one wall is lined with glass-protected bookcases and the cases are filled with books. Most of the original volumes are in the library of the Boston Athenaeum but great pains have been taken to fill these shelves with books of the same titles and the same period. Even the old tambour desk and revolving armchair, left in his will to his old friend Doctor Craik, is here where it used to be, and the only long windows in the house permit the eyes of the one seated at the desk to sweep down to the river and the wharf. Washington was frequently at his desk in this room before daylight and built his own fire on the hearth.

Mount Vernon had many bedrooms to hold its many guests. Whole neighborhood parties used to stay the night. John Marshall tells of a night he stayed here. He had no idea that anything was to be asked of him; to him it was only that as one who had been a young officer in Washington's army, he had been given an invitation.

But when evening came, the two men sat together in front of one of the fireplaces and Washington outlined a task which he wished to be performed. Marshall, who tells the story himself, omits to mention precisely what the task was, but tells that it was something which he was extremely anxious to avoid. Washington, however, would not listen to him and treated the matter as if settled.

Marshall has narrated how he lay awake for hours until nearly daylight, when he silently got up and

began to dress, preparing to make his escape, but he could not find his top boots! English-fashion they had been slipped quietly away by a servant to be cleaned. There was only one thing to be done. Marshall felt his way down the stairs, opened an outside door and made his way to the servants' quarters to find his boots. Suddenly there was a slight sound behind him. He turned, still in his stockings, and above him towered a tall form, fully dressed—and Marshall took the work!

The bedroom in which Washington died, the south bedroom on the second floor, has a staircase by which he could reach his library below, and also out-of-doors, without going into the main hall. Most of the furniture now in this room was here in his day, including the four-poster bed upon which he died—a bed of a strange shortness for a man as tall as we know Washington to have been.

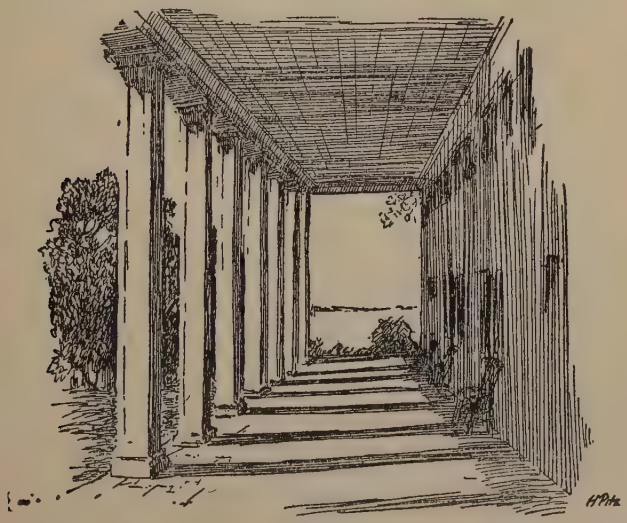
After his death his widow did a fine and thoughtful thing. She destroyed his personal letters to her. His diaries, his letters to friends, his state papers all were kept. But the letters to herself were to be seen by no eyes but her own. To this she made one exception. She kept the letter, for all to read, in which Washington told her of having to go at once to take command af the American forces; a letter which he ended with affection for his "dear Patsey." By this letter the world knows the affection around which this household grew.

His body lies within a brick vault at some distance down the slope from the mansion. There

George and Martha Washington lie side by side, each within a marble sarcophagus. There is a wonderful growth of dark ivy about the tomb, and against the brick wall clings early-blooming jasmine.

Never was any place so full of the personality of the man who made it his own. He loved every corner of the house, every article of furniture, every tree and shrub and ha-ha wall. They were his!

A thought freely evoked with Mount Vernon is that of mounted officers riding the pine woods road thither as daylight began to wane; for military men from either side of the Atlantic were always treated as brothers in arms. And one evening, as I drove back toward the city, just as darkness was coming on, I was almost startled, for there, riding in the direction I was quitting, were three carefully groomed officers on horseback. It was ghostly.



CHAPTER XXIII

ANNAPOLIS

AT the National Museum, the old building, there is a child's christening robe, of white silk brocade, a robe so delicate and attractive that it would draw attention even if it were not associated with any known individual. Its interest is therefore immensely added to when it is learned that it was the christening robe of George Washington.

Near it is a uniform, so fine as also to attract attention; a Continental General's uniform, with blue coat, buff waistcoat and breeches, and a buff turned-over high military collar. The high-cut military coat has buff-facings, with ten big brass buttons on each side and there are a dozen smaller ones down the waistcoat. This is the uniform in which General Washington appeared before the Continental Congress in Annapolis to resign his

military commission at the close of the Revolution. And you are overwhelmed to realize that there could be such a span in human life as between this christening robe and the wearing of this Continental uniform. And this reflection adds zest to a pilgrimage to Annapolis.

Washington is left by motor, by way of Pennsylvania Avenue, leaving the Congressional Cemetery on the left and crossing the bridge over the Anacostia. It is a hilly way and you shortly come to where there rises beside the road, on a commanding height, a fort, Fort Dupont, still well defined and cared for, and with the fort covered with tall trees and greenery. This was one of the Civil War ring of forts built for the defense of Washington, and in its location, somehow suggests Mont St. Valerien, protecting Paris. Fruit trees are in blossom about the fort, peach and apple.

Continuing there is a little cottage bowered in lilacs and honeysuckle thickets which are a feature of Maryland highways; and you begin to realize that this is a very attractive road. There are fieldbeds of daffodils for the street flower venders of the city, and a neighborhood of small market-garden holdings.

Motor-loads of little calves are going to their fate. There are old Maryland houses, set in the midst of farms, with black-boled locust trees, with galleries and outside kitchens and old flower beds and with old shaggy cedars along the highways. Farther along there are other farmhouses, with outside

chimneys built against their ends, with tangles of vines on them. The houses are far apart as you get well away from Washington and into the region of salt water inlets and now and then there are seen the quaintest old log cabins, perhaps old slave quarters.

As we approach the neighborhood of Marlborough we come to a succession of big, old houses mostly brick, Maryland manors, as such places are called, set well back from the road, acre surrounded, amid fine old trees. One old house at the edge of the town stands on a hillside surrounded by a circle of giant oaks. If you are so fortunate as to live in this county you would call yourself a "Prince Georgian" —fascinating name!

Upper Marlborough is the principal town on the road between Washington and Annapolis, a queer, quaint eighteenth-century county-town, at a meeting of roads, with fascinating old houses, with paling-enclosed gardens and with enough of modern banks and garages to keep in touch with the times. A tremendous ancient elm, the gate-tree, guards a school house where stood the home of the town hero, Dr. Beanes, whose bravery had the unthought-of result of the writing of the Star Spangled Banner. Had there been many more such men the British army would never have reached the Capital.

A causeway road leaves Upper Marlborough twisting with many bridges through swamp land. And you see such queer looking growths in these queer open swamps that if you were told they were

lotus and papyrus you would hesitate before disbelieving it.

On crossing a river you enter a gravel country whose roads are well and naturally made. And as the highway goes through old Harwood, it loops and bends around the ends of deep ravines; and you see this must be a terminal moraine of an old ice age to account for such curious deepness.

Eight miles out from Annapolis is a lone brick church, a little old church on a knoll, with giant oaks, with old graves around it hidden in the white myrtle which blossoms wild and free over the field. There are old armorial bearings and titled names and an air of the long ago past; it represents church and state; it stands for the time when they were united, and just such little brick Episcopalian churches still exist all through Maryland.

Approaching Annapolis the road runs through estuary country and over the long South River bridge, a region of enchanting views; there are sailboats with patched sails swelling in the breeze; there are seine-poles in the water; and there is an old low-set house—it seems as if everything is back a hundred years—and in its dooryard is a long ancient bird-house on four high posts, with a roof along whose lower edge are twenty little doors for the birds to go in.

Entering Annapolis, the attention goes instantly to its center, the State House, one of the three remarkable eighteenth-century State Houses of America—the other two being the old red brick

State House of Boston and Independence Hall of Philadelphia. Again and again, one is amazed by the splendid building effects of that age.

The Annapolis State House from its position on a knoll draws the narrow streeted town to itself as a center. It is a beautiful building of brick with a great quantity of white to relieve it. There are little white pillars at the entrance, with gable and oval window above, and over all the huge white dome rising in great towering octagon gradations until it becomes the great liberty cap of the whole town.

Annapolis has atmosphere. It has an air. It has always had atmosphere and an air. Since the days of its founding, far back in the sixteen-hundreds—for it is one of the oldest of American towns and at the same time keeps up an active modern life—it has always been a little capital, in fact as well as in formality. Annapolis is, as it has from the first been, alert, gay, cheerful, mellow, composed, serene, a town of happiness, a town of social life.

Wherever you look, wherever you go, there is something of interest. Turn down one street and it is the Duke of Gloucester Street; try another and it is Prince George and the next King George; in the church you find King William's gift of silver. Turn into Main Street, and at once you see a red garden wall enclosing a green garden, a yellow house, gambrel-roofed, a captain's walk upon the top, remindful that this has always been a port; a house over which the State House dome rounds

against the blue sky; a very old house this, now the Elks home—and you want to be an elk to live in such an animal house!

The atmosphere of Tilghman, Lafayette, Charles Carroll of Carrollton and their friends, is intangibly felt. Charles Carroll was born in this town and was looked upon by many as the richest man in America when he signed the Declaration of Independence. John Adams, always curious about his fellow-man's affairs, wrote immediately before the Revolution that Carroll's income was then ten thousand pounds sterling. The old Carroll house is now a home for young priests. In the old days the family always maintained a resident priest and an upstairs private chapel.

The house is large and dignified, and very plain, and stands in the midst of broad and terraced grounds overlooking the tidewater, whose quaint gazebos are now only billowy masses of box. Carroll was the last survivor of the honored band of "Signers." George Washington was on terms of social intimacy with him and diarizes, in 1771, that he dined with Charles Carroll "and went to the ball."

The town and its immediate neighborhood are dotted with fine old mansions. Sloping to Spa Creek are the broad grounds of Acton, which has in a high degree retained its original setting. It is a double-front-gabled house with pillared portico.

On the narrow town streets are an astonishing number of beautiful brick eighteenth-century

houses, with large central portion, flanked by a wing on either side, balanced and alike. Some of these are now hotels, some are endowed homes, some are still private houses. One of the houses is a stately Colonial mansion now occupied by an order of nuns. This is the Scott mansion, and has been looked upon as the original of Winston Churchill's Carvel Hall. The novelist himself, however, has always declared that he had no single house in mind.

The old town of Annapolis abounds in box gardens and old trees and there are enough retired admirals and commodores to preserve the old traditions and keep the box and the daffodils dreams of beauty about the old houses, and there is many a water view of unusual charm across some one or another of the sparkling inlets. The town is a revel of fine doorways, staircases, fireplaces and paneling.

The old waterside with its oyster boats and memories of shipping and old shipping fortunes is rich in tradition and tales of important happenings. They had a highly impressive tea-party here in 1774. The *Peggy Stewart,* Annapolis owned, sailed in with two thousand three hundred and twenty pounds of tea, and the townfolks, led by Charles Carroll insisted that the boat and its cargo be burned! Thoroughly frightened by the fury of his fellow Annapolitans the owner ran the boat ashore and himself set fire to the costly material, the ship and all the tea. His sick wife watched from the home window. Liberty lovers could often show themselves very cruel.

The Naval Academy is on the waterfront of Annapolis. It was not established until forty years after the Military Academy at West Point. From the first it made itself seem part of the town, and the blue clad young men add much to the aspect not only of the great academy grounds but of the old narrow streets of Annapolis. The Naval Academy is not away from the town but so intimately placed at the foot of old mansion-bordered Maryland Avenue as to seem closely a part of Annapolis.

The sparkling salt water stretches off for miles. The white gulls circle and cry and dive. The Academies at Annapolis and West Point are alike in having retained the beautiful inspiring surroundings in which they were first placed. There is nothing sordid with either, such as has crept into the surroundings of even Harvard and Yale.

You are fortunate if you are there when picturesque boat practice is in progress on the waterfront.

The Naval Academy grounds are a large white city with the white stone buildings that within recent years have been built. The great Bancroft Hall is the principal structure and it is of enormous size and solidity. Its entrance is approached by broad granite steps and faces immediately upon a great, long dazzling terrace, made for effectiveness and for the assembling of the midshipmen.

At the entrance are magnificent ancient patina-green cannon, cannon that are personally named and given inscriptions and coats of arms, cannon of French and Spanish make, brought here from the

Spanish Main, cast in a time, the first half of the seventeen-hundreds when cannon making was one of the fine arts. On entering the building you see corridors a tenth of a mile long, leading right and left to the dormitories, and traversing a great marble corridor you mount a great granite staircase and enter a superb assembly room called Memorial Hall. It is a magnificent awe-inspiring hall, barrel-roofed in white stone with pillars at either end and a fine polished oak floor. Its great windows reaching to the floor give great views of the new parade ground and out over the water, the Severn, with its green headlands and landlocked beauty. The walls are richly impressive with portraits of American naval heroes of many wars.

The Chapel is green domed, modern and dominating, frankly showing the influence of the chapel of the Hotel des Invalides. The crypt beneath the chapel is circular and very impressive and well fulfills the purpose for which it was made, the holding of the body of our country's greatest naval hero, John Paul Jones, brought here from Paris after having been lost for a century and then sought for and discovered by Ambassador Porter.

The round pillars of the crypt, the black and white marble, the heavy plain impressive sarcophagus, the path around the crypt behind the pillars of Pyrenees marble, beside heavy robes covered with gold hanging from pillar to pillar—make a fitting memorial.

Leaving the grounds through the gated entrance

STATE CAPITOL AT ANNAPOLIS

you are back instantly within the narrow streets of Annapolis. Returning to the State House, this time to enter, you go into the old Senate Chamber, forever to be famous as the room in which General Washington resigned his commission as General. He had been received with great honors, on his arrival in Annapolis where the Continental Congress was then sitting, and men and women of the highest distinction crowded the room and its gallery to witness the solemn ceremony.

It is a beautiful room about square, gloriously corniced, with five broad windows slat-shaded and with deep paneled window-seats. A room with a great throated fireplace, probably a very practical affair on the December day in 1783 in which Washington resigned his commission.

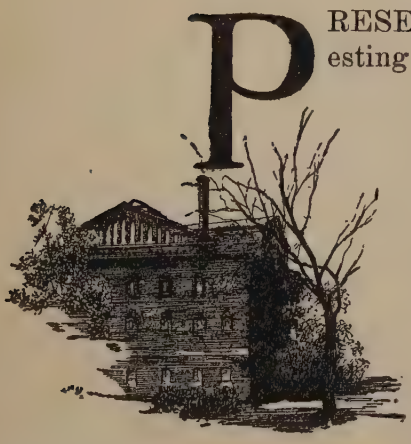
The speaker's seat is in a niche, up three steps, a niche set within an elaborately designed frame with curving top and pointed pediment. Opposite the speaker's seat is a little gallery supported by beautiful pillars above which is a long fillet of laurel leaves, a design which is also used on the mantel and over the speaker's niche.

When that migratory monarch Louis Philippe met Healy, the American artist, he expressed his immense admiration for George Washington and commissioned him to copy and send to the Tuileries, Gilbert Stuart's best portrait of the first President. When Daniel Webster was in Europe he met King Louis Philippe a number of times and the king told him that he had been present on the occasion of the

ceremony at Annapolis, when Washington resigned his commission to Congress. Louis Philippe both spoke and understood English and told of every detail of Washington's appearance, so profoundly was he still impressed after all those years. He declared to Webster that Washington was the most extraordinary man that ever had lived; a great deal for a Frenchman to say; and that the speech of resignation at Annapolis had: "for sublimity and grandeur never been surpassed."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE GOAL OF HOSTILE ARMIES



PRESENTING it as an interesting discovery, which it certainly was, a friend, a Washingtonian of fifty years' standing, told me that in traveling through Ireland he chanced upon Ross—the home town of General Ross—and read upon a monument in his honor that he was the "Hero of the Battle of Bladensburg." And it still thrilled him to think of finding little Bladensburg so memorialized in a distant land.

The English really thought much of the battle at Bladensburg because it meant the capture of America's capital; and Parliament ordered a monument for General Ross in Westminster and added to his arms the phrase "Ross of Bladensburg" just like Kitchener of Khartoum.

General Ross was an officer of highly respectable abilities and was sent to America in command of a

force, at the time when what may be called the Leipzig-Elba period permitted the withdrawal of troops from the Continent, just as, a little later, there was a still more important withdrawal for an attack on New Orleans.

The American Government, for some unimaginable reason, refused to believe that the English would attack the city of Washington. Even after it was learned that Ross was on his way from Europe and was so near that he had put in with his fleet at the Bermudas, our Government felt sure that it was only Baltimore that was to be attacked.

Inside of the capes of Chesapeake Bay Ross and his ships were joined by Admiral Cockburn, with three line-of-battle ships and several frigates and other boats. Cockburn had for some time been cruising up and down the Chesapeake and was charged with much of devastation and cruelty. The fleet carrying the army of Ross, added to that of Cockburn's made about forty ships of war ranging from large to small.

Ross determined that the attack on Washington, which he was under orders to make, should be made by the unexpected route of the Patuxent. They landed on August nineteenth, the year being 1814, at Benedict, at the mouth of the Patuxent, which parallels the Potomac.

Ross took several days of cautious marching with Bladensburg as his important objective, but feeling that at any time he might find himself in conflict with the Americans, of whom from time to time, he

caught glimpses, in companies or cavalry squadrons on the hilltops. For a great part of the distance along the Patuxent, his troops were convoyed by British gunboats, who slowly pursued a number of American gunboats that had incautiously gone into this estuary and which, before long, it was necessary to blow up and burn, on which the crews marched off and joined the land forces.

Bladensburg is, and was, a small old village, only a few miles from Washington and on the direct road between that city and Baltimore. The road led far enough inland to avoid any deep affluents of either the Potomac or the Patuxent. The British merely found a few little bridges and fords.

Bladensburg, so important in those days in its relation to Washington, looked very much the same then that it does now, except that in the course of something over a century, a great shabbiness has gathered; and it is no longer a port. It is a village of many old-time houses. One, on the north side of Sand Street, of brick in Flemish bond was used for British wounded and bears the date of 1749.

Older, is the Stevens house, on a hill to the eastward, also of brick and it was Ross's headquarters. There in the village center are little cabins with outside chimneys, with ends to the street, and one with a great buttonwood tree and an old bench under it, has its great-based field-stone chimney worn shiny by the backs of the old negroes, who lean against it on winter days to warm by the fire burning inside. Two little old inns, famous for

Congressmen's dinners in years gone by, are broken-down mementoes of long ago.

General Ross led his steady Peninsular veterans with trained caution, much wondering why he was not intercepted. He had four thousand men, but he knew that the Americans could be extraordinarily good fighters and that their fighting force could greatly outnumber his. He did not know that an amazing farce was being acted in front of him.

The American commander was one Winder, a lawyer, given a brigadier-general's commission but apparently with no knowledge of war. He galloped aimlessly around, much disturbed by the still more aimless and wilder galloping of President Madison, Secretary of State Monroe, and several other members of the Cabinet. All sorts of contradictory orders were given, one of which displaced Winder, but another order put him again in command.

Ross knew that at Bladensburg, if not sooner, he would have to try conclusions. His force appeared, winding along the cedar-bordered road, through a wild and wooded country, with higher hills rising beyond. He entered the little old village and found the Americans drawn up at several different spots along the highway into Washington and especially on the height rising opposite the glade which was afterwards to be the great dueling ground of Washingtonians.

The battle was hotly contested. Some of the Americans were entirely untrained and they were left to bear the brunt of the attack. The most cap-

able defense was made by Commodore Barney, from the Navy Yard, on the height opposite the dueling ground, and he made such a defense as to lose heavily but at the same time to exact heavy loss from the British. Barney was badly wounded and was personally seen to by the two British commanders, who put him in charge of an English surgeon. One gathers the impression that neither Winder nor the high Government officials were in any danger of being hurt; the theory of men in high command staying back and being safe was not popular at that time.

The battle was on August twenty-fourth. It was lengthily contested. Outnumbered though he was, Ross and his steady veterans drove the Americans completely from the field. The President and the Cabinet members, when they saw it was a defeat vanished into the limbo of approaching night, and as a ballad-maker of the day wrote:

> "Then might all people well discern
> The gallant Little Man;
> His sword did thump behind his back
> So merrily he ran."

Madison did not even take the trouble of going to the White House to get his wife. The American Army was understood to have lost less than one hundred men. Disorganized though they were and practically officerless, they retreated to nearby Tenallytown and from there seriously menaced the English.

The English marched into defenseless Washington by the way of Maryland Avenue. They lost for the day, including a considerable number killed and wounded by the accidental blowing up of a well filled with powder, near the Capitol, something approaching five hundred men—one in eight—a proportion which appalled Ross.

The British promptly began the burning ordered by the home authorities. Cockburn joyously led troops into the Hall of Representatives to the playing of the "British Grenadiers," and there he ordered a fire started. Another fire was started in the Senate Chamber. They marched to the White House and found that Mrs. Madison had barely left, whereupon they ate a supper which they found prepared and set fire to that building also.

Dolly Madison had had a busy day, a day of messengers arriving and departing and of most capable packing of state papers and valuables, including the imitation Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington, which she entrusted to careful hands. In spite of her distress and occupation she wrote at the time a letter of description of interminable length, giving every detail of alarm and happening with page after page, page after page, describing every incident, every message, every flutter of her heart, up to the moment she herself had to flee.

It seems impossible—as if she may have rewritten it afterwards—but Southern women have a great letterwriting habit and ability, and a letter was written by Constance Cary Harrison, that seems

fully as long as this of Dolly Madison, telling detail after detail of the heart-breaking evacuation of Richmond, while the Northern soldiers were actually entering.

General Ross frankly expressed his dislike of burning as a campaign method. He said that he had been ordered to burn the public buildings of Washington because of the wanton burning, the year before, by the American General McClure, of the public buildings of the seat of government of Lower Canada—now known as Toronto but then as Newark —and of one hundred and fifty homes, causing terrible suffering to the inhabitants, for it was in December of a Canadian winter. It was a war with much of disgrace on both sides, and even the name of Winfield Scott is connected with the burning of the public building and transports at York in Canada. From one of the Newark buildings a bunch of fresh scalps from the Chicago massacre, governmentally paid for by the British, had been brought to Washington by the American troops the year before.

Although private property was untouched in Washington except for the burning of the house from which a shot was fired just missing Ross but killing his horse, as he rode into the city, Washington was at its lowest ebb, with destroyed buildings and smoking ruins, and the Navy Yard blown up by the Americans themselves and the Government disgracefully scattered.

As evening came on a heavy storm broke over the city, extinguishing much of the burning and on the

second night of the British occupation there was another storm of even greater severity than that of the night before.

Ross decided to retreat without delay. He knew that his army would be lost if the Americans should find a capable leader. So, throughout the night, he withdrew his men to and beyond Bladensburg, leaving sentinels marching beside watchfires to deceive the Americans.

With the departure of the British that summer night out Maryland Avenue the city of Washington mended its ruins and saw half a century of peace, prosperity and quiet living till the coming of the Civil War, during the four years of which the possibility of capture was constantly thought of. Lincoln knew how serious would be the effect on the public mind not only of this country but of England, of the Confederates holding Washington for even a single hour, so he frequently urged his generals to extraordinary caution.

Many thought that after the first Battle of Bull Run there was great danger. Absolute though the defeat and rout of the Federals were, with wreckage of the army and spectators—for many men and women had gone out to see it as a show—there was no chance for the Confederates, with what was after all only a small force, to make their way in a sudden dash, along the road packed and blockaded with the broken rout of the Northern army and with dead and wounded men and horses, and broken caissons,

cannon and vehicles and terrific jamming across "the old Long Bridge" itself.

It would have meant crossing the Potomac to get to Washington into which city were every moment pouring reinforcements from the North, under the stirring summons of "The defence of the Capital" sent out before Bull Run was fought. Long Bridge, now vanished, was highly important during the Civil War. It was a mile long and crossed the Potomac from the southwest end of Maryland Avenue; it is curious that this avenue should have been of such importance to hostile armies at both of its ends.

The justified exultation of the Southern soldiers was all that was thought of after Bull Run or Manassas, as the South called it, but I remember a description of a frightened, huddled group of Southern women, listening to the cannon and rifle firing, waiting in agony for news of Manassas and after darkness had come, gathering around the first man from the field. Even victory from the first, had its terrors.

Had General Lee won the Battle of Gettysburg he would have seized Washington. The one serious danger of capture aimed directly at Washington was when an army under General Early advanced rapidly upon the city. Early was not in the front rank of generals but he came close to winning a prize of which the greatest general would have been proud. Choosing a time in July of 1864, when he

knew that the garrison of the city was depleted to assist in some other important movements, he suddenly broke through from the direction of the Shenandoah, planning to use roads which would take him to his destination without any trouble of bridging or fording around Washington.

General Lew Wallace was hurried out with all available soldiers, to meet and hold General Early's advance. Quite outnumbered, it was understood that he would be pushed aside, but he was told that what was expected of him was to delay Early until a large force should have gathered in Washington.

Early was coming down the National Road by way of Frederick—not the Virginia Frederickburg but the Maryland Frederick, the town of Barbara Frietchie. There it was that Wallace met him and where the resultant battle of the Monocacy was fought.

It is pleasantly worth while to drive to Frederick for it is over a charming road out of Washington. You soon come to where there are long views over fertile hills and dales with the Blue Ridge lining the horizon for miles with their fascinating and irregular outline. There are large old barns, many of squared logs, chinked with stone and clay. Much fruit is gloriously in blossom. It is the sunniest of shadeless roads but you feel cool from the outlook upon the blue mountains.

You come to old Richville, with a court-house square and old houses, with an old inn, pointed toward the road. Newmarket is reached, a quaint

old town which is just a single street with fields immediately behind; a quaint brick village with each house set directly on the brick sidewalk, and with the odd old village chopped off as suddenly as it began. You have begun to notice that you are in a Pennsylvania Dutch country. Here are many immense red wooden barns with twelve white windows painted on their sides, and ten white windows on both ends! These farmers drifted over generations ago from Pennsylvania into Maryland and still speak German. The people are slow and judicial and when I asked one of them whether or not there would be an afternoon storm, he pondered lengthily and then said: "Well, perhaps a heavy rain, perhaps a light rain, perhaps a shower, perhaps no rain at all."

A series of remarkable curves leading down in this old National Road is a triumph of road engineering of one hundred and ten years ago. This is the Old Jug Bridge, stretching across the Monocacy at a height of sixty feet above the water and made on a slope continuing from the steep curves. This road was a favorite enterprise of John Quincy Adams, and continues, with no difficult gradients across Maryland, West Virginia and Ohio.

Frederick is now quickly reached: practically a long one-street town, with little brick houses, shoulder to shoulder, and each one with a few steps up from the sidewalk. It represents the heart of the Maryland Pennsylvania Dutch district of fine farming and quiet living. The houses are small;

red brick houses with green shutters, gray brick houses with green shutters, yellow-gabled houses with green shutters; all neat and almost all old, and with glimpses of garden dooryards behind.

The Barbara Frietchie house has gone but there is no difficulty in fancying it still there. And Whittier's lines admirably describe the place and the neighborhood:

> "Up from the meadows rich with corn,
> Clear in the cool September morn,
> The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
> Green-walled by the hills of Maryland."

Round about them orchards sweep. Apple and peach trees fruited deep. It is all there, in fact and in poetry. Especially interesting are Whittier's words "the clustered spires of Frederick," for in this extraordinarily long town, the three churches are clustered close together and the Maryland hills are like walls about that fertile plain. He was picturing the advance of Stonewall Jackson toward Pennsylvania the preceding year.

For two days the armies of Generals Early and Wallace maneuvered and skirmished, and on July ninth came the actual battle on a great meadow between Frederick and the river—a grassy meadow so dotted now with monuments as to point out the heavy losses on both sides. The actual fighting of that day was for eight hours. And then Wallace had to withdraw—but with his work well done. So savagely had he checked Early that the Confederate

leader could not move till noon of the next day; nor, hurry as he might, he could not reach the outskirts of Washington until the eleventh of July. By that time so many thousands of reinforcing soldiers had arrived, and so many thousands of department clerks were armed and put into the trenches, getting thus sixty thousand men, that there was small chance of his success.

In a short story, known as "Una and King David," there is a description of this raiding army met by the little Southern girl and the old negro; the soldiers with bare and bleeding feet, with faces flushed, with eyes bloodshot, with clothing white with dust, with empty haversacks—yet moving with keen exhilaration as the futility of it had not permeated the ranks.

Fort Stevens, where Jubal Early actually made his hopeless attack on Washington, was one of the circle of forts constructed for the defence of the city. It is still in existence, and is readily reached by driving some miles out Seventh Street and its extension, Georgia Avenue. Just off the road, in Brightwood, are the still existent deep trenches of Fort Stevens. At Fort Stevens, in his anxiety for the capital of his country, President Lincoln hurried out to the scene of fighting and stood there actually under fire, watching the attempted advance of the Confederates and watching the arrival of Federal troops and of armed clerks from the Treasury. There are now many little negro cabins built about Fort Stevens; and a bronze tablet marked with the

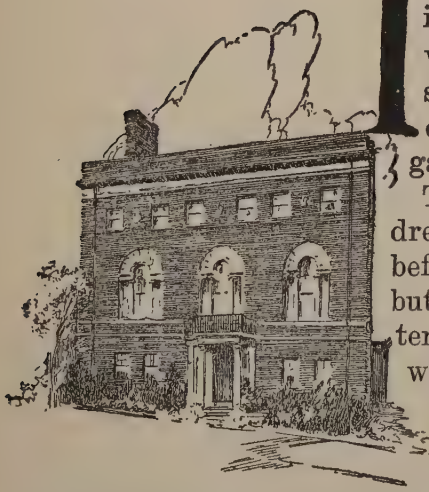
date July twelfth, 1864, declares that here President Lincoln stood under fire.

On the other side of Georgia Avenue is a small National Cemetery, believed to be the smallest of all the National Cemeteries, established for the burial place of the forty-four Ohio and New York men who were killed in this defence of the Capital.

General Grant, who was not free with praise, especially for officers who were not West Pointers, declared unreservedly that Wallace's brave and capable stand at the Monocacy saved Washington from capture, and one can never forget the tall figure of President Lincoln standing actually under fire at Fort Stevens in his anxiety for the capital of his country.

CHAPTER XXV

AN INAUGURATION



IT was a cold morning, but the sun was shining and the sky was blue. The crowd began to gather early.

The inauguration address was not expected before half past one, but when I got there, at ten o'clock, thousands were already in place.

I had decided upon a stone seat, a long granite bench with granite back, circling about a large grassy space as a retaining wall a long distance from the front of the Capitol, a long distance from the spot on the Capitol front where the incoming President was to stand. I took a steamer rug with me, so as to be able to sit down on the stone bench whenever I wanted to: and when I arrived there was space left for only one person and I gladly took it.

Every moment, more and more arrived, filling the open space in front of the Capitol, in front of the long granite bench and far behind it. By eleven o'clock the space was crowded, by eleven thirty it was jammed, by twelve it was only with the greatest difficulty that any one could twist and squirm through the jam, and, so it was estimated by those looking down on the crowd, at least a hundred thousand were there.

On previous occasions only a few people had ever expected to hear an inaugural address. It would be sufficient if now and then a word could be caught, and if the ceremony itself could be witnessed, but this time was to be different. For the speech of Harding was to be heard for what was really an immense distance.

Many a night, leaving the Library of Congress at closing time and emerging upon the great space then almost always lonely and practically deserted, I had heard mysterious and almost ghostly sounds sweeping over the empty space. Here and there I would come upon some one listening and noting: for it was the testing of a new apparatus, a sound conveyor, a transmitter. It was to be used to carry the words of the speaker to a distance hitherto undreamt of. It was placed upon a small porch, of classic design, directly above where the incoming President was to stand, at the foot of the platform on the central steps of the Capitol. The porch was strangely like the one designed by Latrobe a century before for that very spot.

As the great throng waited for the ceremonies to begin it was curious to notice that the flag that floated above where the new President was to stand was at half mast. The explanation was that a leading Congressman had just died: but none the less it seemed odd to leave the flag in that way: and shortly before the time when the ceremonies were to begin some official noticed it and it was raised to full height.

While the immense throng waited, the transmitter was not inactive. A talking machine had been placed under the porch, and tune after tune was turned on and speech after speech. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was solemnly given, to a highly astonished audience, and then, with impartiality, came "Dixie!" And there followed an almost unceasing line of talk and music, with now and then a rest to allow the scarlet-coated Marine Band to play. But the bandsmen were not seated beneath the canopy and so had none of the benefit of the transmitter, and although, from where I sat, I could see the leader vigorously leading and could see that the instruments were at the players' mouths, it was only now and then that even a single note was heard, at the distance at which I sat and over the heads of a restless chirring mass. Then again the transmitter and the talking machine, with perhaps gay dance music or a solemn Ave Maria. There was no censor for the apparatus and, fortunately, none was needed, although there easily might have been need: and even as it was the effect was not at all in keep-

ing with the solemnity of the occasion that had called the people together.

A thin page came and hung a row of funeral-like wreaths along the front of the speakers' stand causing mild excitement among spectators. A fat darky came with a broom and swept the spot where President Harding was to be and there was another slight wave of mild excitement. Here and there, in the crowd, colored toy balloons were sent up, and there were again slight waves of mild excitement.

A greater wave of interest swept the crowd, and a line of motor-cars came slowly on, crowded with wounded soldiers. The cars stopped in front of the central portico, and the soldiers were assisted to seats that had been reserved. There were other mild waves of interest as cars drove up with various important occupants, whose identity only a few could even guess. But when a big motor-car came up, in which were seated, outgoing President Wilson and incoming President Harding, accompanied by Senator Knox and Representative "Joe" Cannon, a stronger but silent interest was manifested. Even from my distant place, the pair of principals could for a moment be well seen, for I had a field glass. Escorted by a squadron of cavalry, with fluttering guidon of red and white, and followed by other cars, the Presidential car stopped at the Senate end of the great building, and Wilson was shielded from sight by assistants, and the crowd knew that the first important act, the swearing in of the Vice-President, in the Senate chamber, was about to take place.

AN INAUGURATION

It was evident, in the swift look, that President Wilson was feeble and broken. The man who had so recently been practically all powerful, in the world, was almost unable to walk, and quite unable to leave the car without some swift assistance from official ushers and helpers immediately beside him.

Harding, fresh, vigorous, almost youthful, was a vivid contrast in appearance and bearing, but there was apparent, in his manner, only a gentleness and consideration for the man whose place he was about to take.

There followed another wait, and all watched to see when the movement from the Senate chamber to the central front should begin, for the windows of the connecting passage-way permitted a view of the connecting corridor.

But even more closely, for a time, I watched a door in the Senate wing, a service door, a little heeded and insignificant door. It opened, and a car moved quietly up, for all had been arranged to the fraction of a moment. President Wilson was not going to wait until the open public ceremonies. He was too feeble to walk down those outside steps to the spot where he would have had to stand. So he was to leave as soon as he should sign a number of just-passed bills that were waiting for him. But only a very few knew, that he was to leave by that insignificant service door, chosen because it was unnoticeable and because it was on the very same level, as his waiting car. An open space was kept there, free from other cars so that he could get

away without being held in a blockade even for a few minutes.

At half past twelve the door gently opened, and in the opening he appeared. He seemed, in the flash of sight, more feeble, more tottering than before, but courteous and brave. It was clear that he had been making and was still making a tremendous effort.

Then followed an incident, immensely dramatic and pitiful. The President of the United States —for he was still the President and would be for another hour—the President of the United States, recently the dominator of the world, with the almost certainty of being formal ruler under the league had not his terrible illness struck him, was not able even to attempt to enter his car. A trained usher of the White House, a broad-shouldered powerful man, swiftly and with precision of movement backed up into the car, took hold firmly of the President's shoulders, and practically pulled him up into the seat. It was all over in a moment. Few saw it. It was a sight to make one gasp. To what a feeble pass had almost infinite greatness come!

It was only a moment. Mrs. Wilson got in beside him. The car instantly moved away. She could not accompany him in the formal journey from the White House, but now was ready to be his companion, ready to resume her place as the wife of Woodrow Wilson.

The car moved off. It went about three lengths before it was noticed, and then, before the few who

realized could raise the beginnings of a feeble cheer, it had vanished, and the outgoing President had started on his way to his new home.

He did not, like almost all of our Presidents, have a home, a dwelling place, a home locality, to return to. Washington had his Mount Vernon. Jefferson had his Monticello. Dolly Madison from Montpelier used to send pickles and home-dried cherries to her successor in the White House, Mrs. Monroe, the British officer's daughter; and so on up to modern times, through the Hermitage, Kinderhook, Canton and Oyster Bay. All, or practically all, had a home. But Wilson was essentially a homeless man; he had to make a new home, which made the change in his fortunes even more dramatic. He had recently purchased a house on S Street, and to that house he went to take up his home.

Under one's eyes was the passing of a ruler, a man born to command and with every faculty trained to that end. And, realizing this, the imagination must needs accompany him. Thoughts came of the mighty Wolsey, and of the words of Shakespeare: "An old man, broken with the cares of state." Not that Wolsey was old in years, not that Wilson was old in years; they were within a year or two of the same age, close to sixty, when power slipped away from them.

Wilson would go to his unfamiliar home; he would sit restlessly for a while; and then would come the realization that all was over. Many a President before him had given place to a successor,

but this was the first of our rulers who could have looked at world possibilities following rulership here.

A few first stragglers began to move through the connecting passageway, and soon the numbers increased, and it was but a little while before men began to dribble down into their places on the central stand.

Soon Warren Harding emerged and walked down to the front of the platform. Soon Mrs. Harding, quietly and with self-possession, took her place at a little distance from her husband. This and that distinguished individual were picked out: a few Senators of note, the retiring and the incoming Vice-Presidents, the Chief Justice. There were other justices, there were ambassadors and there were State governors, there were army and navy men of high rank, there were a few personal friends, there were a few ladies besides Mrs. Harding. For a few moments there was a cloud of tobacco smoke: some could not, even at such a place and such a moment, do without smoking. It was a curious thing to see. A solemn silence fell upon the hundred thousand spectators. The black-gowned Chief Justice and the man who in a moment would be President faced each other, and the silence grew more tense. Then came the words, as formally demanded by the Constitution:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the

best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Harding kissed a Bible as he took the oath, a Bible than which none could be more fitting, for it was the very one used by George Washington on his first inauguration, far back at the beginning of the Constitution. What thoughts come of that far-away day in New York City, when Washington solemnly touched his lips to this very book. And when President Harding, now facing forward, and speaking with a calm impressiveness, delivered an address all American, delivered it soberly, calmly, with manner all dispassionate, and with every word, every syllable heard plainly to an immense distance, it was a wonderfully impressive scene. And all was so simple! Just a handful of soldiers in the throng, indicative of the millions so recently under arms in actual war. A simple grouping, also, of soldiers and sailors around a stand of colors. Above the heads of the speakers and the distinguished group about them, an American flag, horizontally spread. Pigeons circled disturbed in their Capitoline home.

One could not but think of Washington, and his "I conjure you, my fellow citizens," when this latest of our long line of Presidents declared with solemn precision of utterance:

"The recorded progress of our Republic, materially and spiritually, in itself proves the wisdom of the inherited policy of non-involvement in Old World affairs.—We

seek no part in directing the destinies of the Old World."

Yet in how short a time were we to be making involving treaties with Europe and Asia!

From the start to the conclusion it was a speech of Americanism, and the immense throng felt it as such, and were powerfully moved. It was delivered with dignity and earnestness throughout, down to the solemn ending.

Always the incoming President feels the sense of responsibility and the earnest desire, no matter how fleeting, to do something for his country; and always the multitude assembled are thrilled by the promise of the future.

It was all over. This quiet throng, this quiet ceremonial, this quietly delivered speech of Americanism without ostentation, without visible manifestation of power, without display. But with all the impressiveness that comes from the presence of a hundred thousand, listening quietly, with gravity, to their new head.

Quietly the crowd dispersed. Nowhere was there undue haste, nowhere even the slightest disorder, although there were no soldiers to enforce order, and but the thinnest scattering of police. In all, it was an example of Americanism: the medleyed music, the darky and his broom, the absence of all show of power.

And in the minds of the dispersing hundred thousand there silently echoed words and phrases from

the address of the leader whose voice had but just ceased:

"We have seen a world passing and spend its fury, but we contemplate our Republic unshaken and hold our civilization secure."

THE END

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